R. KIRK,
No. GREENMOUNT.

THE

FIFTY YEARS' STRUGGLE

OF

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

1638-88.

BY JAMES DODDS.

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PREFACE.

THE following Work was originally prepared as a Course of Lectures, which I have delivered, at intervals of leisure, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and several other of our large towns. This will account for the direct style of address which frequently occurs throughout the volume.

It will be seen that this little work does not pretend to be an exhaustive history of the period selected, or properly a history at all. It is only a series of descriptive *sketches*, meant to represent in outline the successive phases of the Covenanting Struggle. The subject is a noble one for a history, having an epic completeness—a beginning, middle, and end—with its clearly-defined half century; and I hope that some one having more ability, and more time than I have for literary labour, will yet undertake the task.

The main body of the narrative has been based on a careful collation of the best authorities—those contemporary or nearly contemporary with the events.

Amongst the host consulted and analysed, I may name the following :—Clarendon, Burnet, Kirkton, Wodrow, and Neal ; Principal Baillie's Letters, Sir James Balfour's Historical Works, Bishop Guthrie's Memoirs, and Scot of Scotstarvet's Scottish Statesmen ; Scottish Statutes edited by Thomson, and Records of the Kirk edited by Peterkin ; Strafford Papers, Miscellanea Scotica, Memoirs of Veitch and others edited by M'Crie, Dalrymple's Memoirs, and sundry old Memoirs of received authenticity ; contemporary Journals, Tracts, Poems, and Songs, edited by worthy, faithful, modest David Laing, and other devoted antiquarians ; the various Club and Society publications, Bannatyne, Maitland, Spalding, Wodrow, &c. &c.

Among the writings, more specially *Covenanting*, were the following :—Naphtali, Patrick Walker's Lives of Cargill and others, Shields' Life of Renwick, Faithful Contendings, containing the Minutes and Letters of the United Societies, Informatory Vindication of the Societies, Collection of Sermons by Cameron and others, Renwick's Letters, and Howie's various compilations, of considerable authority as to personal incidents and anecdotes.

I have anxiously compared the conclusions at which I have arrived in regard to facts, with the conclusions of our modern historians—Fox, M'Crie, Hallam, Guizot, and Macaulay. As to the *facts*, I think there is now

little difference. The difference will in general only be *speculative*, in the differing views and estimates of men and events which different persons will always form, very much according to the leanings and predispositions of their own minds.

I have also had the privilege—so invaluable to the modern historical inquirer—of examining the documents of the period in the State Paper Office. I regret that I could only do this imperfectly, owing to the pressure of business, but I received great light and assistance from the examination so far as it proceeded.

In common, I believe, with all who have pursued their researches in that Office, I cannot too warmly express my sense of the liberality and kindness which I there experienced. It seems a model of a Public Department, not only from the richness of its stores, and the simplicity and method of its arrangements, but from the courtesy, intelligence, zeal, and skilled proficiency of the gentlemen who have the charge of it.

This Work having been prepared at first as a course of popular lectures, and not with a view to publication, my collection and analysis of authorities were jotted down on detached scraps of paper, and I cannot now, without much difficulty, retrace and recover them. I have not therefore attempted to load the page with an array of references, but I have already specified the

principal sources from which I have drawn my narration of facts. Where, however, I have quoted, or have derived information from Manuscripts, or from the State Paper Documents, I have noted the circumstance in foot-notes.

Although averse from the obtrusion of personal feelings, yet I cannot part with these Lectures, even in a form in which I hope they may be more useful, without some half-regrets. The delivery of them during the past four years, as a relief from sterner work, has been a remarkable era in a humble life. They have brought to me from large numbers of my countrymen tokens of attention and regard, which have excited my surprise no less than gratitude, and have established many friendships which I trust will sweeten the rest of existence.

J. D.

WESTMINSTER, *June* 1860.

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I.

THE NATIONAL COVENANT—COMMENCEMENT OF THE STRUGGLE.

In entering upon the examination of any particular period of British history, we have now the advantage of being able to take a comprehensive survey of the scope and tendency of that history as a whole. Britain may not yet have fulfilled her destiny. I do not think she has. There may not yet be disclosed to us, in the mirror of her past and present, even the outline of all that she is fated to achieve. Still, the scroll has been so far unrolled that we may, with some degree of certainty, discern the providential purpose which she is meant to subserve ; and in the light of that providential purpose we shall the better understand the bearing and position of any particular period on which our attention may be fixed.

The destiny of Britain, then (shortly expressed, and coming at once to its essence), seems to be—Gradually to bring the governing powers into accordance with the national will, and to reduce all the varied conflicting classes of the community under obedience to law, by which the national will declares itself. The theory which

through many succeeding generations our nation has been aiming to perfect, after which it continues to aspire so far as not completed (and verily it is very far from being completed), is this: Government, purely the expression of the wishes and interests of the people; and Law, and Law alone, supreme over all classes and individuals in the community. The design of Providence, in founding and carrying to such a height this mighty empire, has been to evolve, for the benefit and instruction of mankind, a model of the best system of government which seems practicable in the present stage of human development; a government, that is to say, by representative institutions and equal laws; in short, what is denoted by the trite and well-known phrase, *Constitutional Government.*

I do not mean that the nation has been always striving after this object with a definite conception and intention, as a mathematician labours at his theorem, or an architect designs a cathedral or a palace. It is not thus generally that governments are made. The process is ruder and more round-about; but, perhaps, the surer and stronger in the end. The nation, it is true, has sometimes wrought with steady view and decided purpose at its destined work, but oftener it has wrought *unconsciously.* The corn grows whilst the husbandman sleeps, or looks vacantly on, without marking or helping the growth. All that I mean, when speaking of Britain fulfilling her destiny, is, sometimes consciously, oftener unconsciously, from age to age has she been advancing towards the manifestation of a model of regulated liberty,

from which after times and other races shall derive a lesson, and shall learn—alike the rulers and the ruled—to satisfy themselves with that sober prosperity, freedom, and happiness, which is the utmost measure that man has to expect within the present conditions of his development.

In gradually realizing this theory of Constitutionalism, the spirit of the nation has had to encounter many difficulties and obstacles. Some of these have arisen from the errors and follies, the delusions and imperfect notions of the people themselves; some, from that inherent disposition in all governing powers to separate their authority from the people, and to arrogate a certain mystical authority to rule and command human beings at will; some from the usurpation, cruelty, and wickedness of particular kings or of particular dynasties. Frequently all these causes have been combined and been in operation at one and the same time; popular ignorance and servility, despotism and ambition in the governing powers; and these, exhibiting themselves with extraordinary virulence in the case of some particular king or of some particular dynasty.

One of Britain's chief obstacles was the House of Stuart, from the date of their accession to the English throne, that is, from the time of James I. downwards. Under their *régime* most of the before-mentioned causes of difficulty were in active operation, thwarting and keeping back the progress of Constitutional government.

The bulk of people of all classes in England were sunk in a supine, ridiculous lip-loyalty—lip-loyalty only, for

so it was, and so it proved to be when destruction came as an armed man. There was an exception to this debased, dormant state of the mass. This was in a minority, comparatively small, yet bold, free, and ever swelling in numbers and in weight, who had long been stigmatized under the nickname of Puritans. In Scotland also, though there was a lingering, half-despairing attachment to the race of their ancient kings, still, from the epoch of the Reformation, there had ever been a real antagonism on the part of the people generally against the Stuarts. There was a determination that man's life, acts, and estate should be placed under the subordination of law, and not be subject to the caprices of a court. But the governing powers both in England and Scotland—the minions of the Court—impelled by their own giddy and violent tempers, and inoculated with the dregs of feudal and monarchical domination, claimed to ride rough-shod over the subject people. The Stuarts themselves were steeped to the lips in those arrogant pretensions ; and their own natural propensity to exercise a small miserable despotism was stimulated and set on edge by the sight before and around them,—of adoring ecclesiastics, of corrupt and unscrupulous ministers, of a bawling, ignorant, besotted multitude of all ranks, whose only notions of government and religion were the cuckoo cry of "Church and King!" Perhaps, also, they felt challenged to rush forward in their course of despotism and fatuity combined, by another and a different sight—that of the Puritan phalanx now gathering in England, and the serried mass of Presbyterians in Scotland, who had

long braved their wrath, and were ever engaged in counterworking and baffling their machinations. Being in reality weak as well as rash men, and more the gilded playthings of others than true masters of their own counsel, the Stuarts had neither sense to moderate their pretensions according to the times and seasons, nor caution to refrain from provoking a fatal collision, nor the ability and desperate valour to crush a people whom they foolishly irritated and aroused.

After a long course of oppression, imprudence, and iniquity, and having succeeded almost to a miracle in banding against them the whole leading parties and interests of the State, even those who had all along been their mainstay and support, the doomed House of Stuart were swept away, as with an overflowing flood, in the Revolution of 1688.

The obstacle which they had so long interposed being thus forcibly removed, Britain entered anew upon her predestined path of Constitutionalism.

By an explicit and solemn compact between the people and the newly-appointed sovereign, the rights of the nation were secured; and since the Revolution Settlement, amid many drawbacks and seasons of retrogression, and notwithstanding many deficiencies still remaining, the nation has continued firm to the Constitutional theory, and has made sensible progress in its realization.

The subject which is more immediately to occupy our attention (and whose position in the map of history we

shall the better understand from these preliminary remarks), is one branch of that war for right and justice which the British people waged with the House of Stuart. It is what we term, "THE FIFTY YEARS' STRUGGLE OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS."

This struggle may be said to have continued, with more or less intensity, and more or less of vicissitude, from the Swearing of the National Covenant in 1638, to the deliverance accomplished in the Revolution of 1688 : that is to say, for fifty years.

I do not propose a minute, continuous history ; that were for the studies of the closet, not the more discursive exercises of the lecture-room. Neither shall I weary you with long, vague dissertations. My simple wish is, by a series of descriptive sketches, to help you to *see*, as it were, what was the character of the struggle. The reflections and lessons to be deduced are too obvious to require much formal explication. According to the modern view of history, every people, every party, are entitled to a fair exposition, to be fairly displayed in the light of their own times and their own ideas, and are not to be judged off-hand by abstract rules, or by the standard of modern notions. This is how I mean to deal with the Covenanters. I am no apologist of theirs, no indorser of their opinions and acts, no pre-determined censor of their opponents, the Cavaliers. I desire to follow implicitly wherever the current of historic justice leads. My only test in judging of parties, whether past or existing, is this,—Who have done, or are doing most, so far as the ideas and circumstances of their age will

permit, for the greatest possible happiness and the greatest possible development of mankind ?

I must confess, by reason of this very test, that my sympathies are on the side of the Covenanters. I look upon them as the party in their own time, who, so far as the ideas and circumstances of that time would permit, did battle for the cause of human liberty. Their errors, follies, crimes even, were such as tarnish all men and parties ; such as adhere to poor humanity even in its best efforts,—especially in an age, such as theirs was, of ceaseless revolutions. On the other hand, their merits were all their own. In the constant and unwearied struggle, which at last brought about the constitutional settlement of 1688, they stood alone. Many at different times joined them, but always fell off from the ranks. They alone stood firm and persevering at their post for the whole term of the fifty years. And that which is most wanted at present, I take it, is not long and learned discourses on the principles of the Covenanters, which were never better understood than now ; or the attempts of a novice at historical generalizations, where a Hallam and a Guizot have already spoken ; but the want is, to lift up the veil under which the men themselves are hidden,—to wipe the dust from their brows, and show them with their faces to the sun,—that you may see they are not men to be forgotten and despised as poor silly fanatics ; but men of every species of talent, of every variety of character,—faithful witnesses for principles yet sacred to yourselves,—heroes whom, if you cannot always agree with, you cannot fail

to admire,—patriots, who in life and in death were animated with the noblest zeal to make Britain a free, a pure, a brave, a religious nation, and always the first Protestant power in Europe.

I have to premise, that much of this struggle will seem to turn upon ecclesiastical questions; and oftentimes, in consequence, philosophers and men of literature have been repelled from the study of this particular period of Scottish history, or have only treated it as a foil to set off their own brilliant wit, and refined contempt for priestcraft and fanaticism. They imagine that it can involve nothing of universal human interest; that it was but another amongst the numberless squabbles of rival priesthoods; that it was a mere running fire of Presbyterio-Prelatic controversies, in which the fate or welfare of the nation had no manner of concern.

But this is an entire mistake. It often happens, as every one knows who is versant with the minuter details of history, that in revolutions of vast magnitude and far-reaching consequence, the questions, the discussions, the public documents of the period, shall seem to have very little significance indeed; they are dry bones in which no life appears. But when vivified by reflection, by patient thought, and by an imagination and sympathy which can translate the dead-looking forms of the past into the strong, warm feelings of the present, one gradually awakens to the universality, and grandeur, and everlasting human interest of the principles which those old bygone formulæ half-conceal from observation. Many

a superficial reader, if not warned beforehand, would glance over the clauses of Magna Charta, or the ninety-five Theses posted by Luther on the gates of the Castle-Church of Wittenberg, and never perceive, that in the former lay imbedded the seeds of constitutional government; that in the latter was the fountain from which the Protestant Reformation issued forth. So in the struggle of the Scottish Covenanters. Underneath much that is strange in their dialect, local in their views, polemical in their dogmas, we shall trace, if we search aright, a substratum of principles, in which all men and all generations are vitally interested.

The ecclesiastical tone of the questions raised during the Covenanting struggle arose from this circumstance: —In England (I am referring to the times subsequent to the Reformation), the Parliament was always the people's organ in their pursuit of Constitutional government. The Church, from its birth a creature of the Court, was either kept under close tutelage by its august parent, or if ever chafed to show a little anger, could only offer a feeble and second-rate opposition. Hence the ideas and language of the English Constitutionalists were in the main political; and it was only by accident if religious influences or ecclesiastical dogmas mingled in the current. In Scotland, the reverse was the case. The Parliament, from radical defects in its structure, was either the mere echo of the Court, or the instrument of some dominant faction of barons. But from the days of the Reformation, the KIRK—the world-renowned KIRK —was the true organ of the Scottish people. It com-

bined within itself all the functions, all the energies—and can it be wondered at, if sometimes also it fell into the excesses—of those three great modern organs of popular opinion : Parliament, the Press, and Public Meetings. Through the Kirk it was that the Scottish masses uttered all their complaints, demands, threats, resolves. By the Kirk they were guided and inspired in all their public movements. It was their rendezvous in the time of alarm and commotion ; their asylum in the hour of danger ; the fortress from which they defied the fiery darts of the oppressor. It was more. It was more than any Parliament, or any mere earthly association can be to the heart and soul of man—of man, a spiritual being, and acted upon the most powerfully by spiritual faiths, spiritual impulses, and spiritual institutions. The Kirk, in the eyes of the Scottish Covenanter, was the Mount Zion of the land ; "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth ;" "the city of the Great King." There Jesus Christ executed his office as a king ; guaranteed its purity and final triumphs ; and woe unto him who should lay upon it unhallowed hands,—who should seek to wear its crown, or presume to dictate its laws and ordinances ! It was sacred, imperishable, invincible, and laughed to scorn alike the rage of tyrants, the plots of hierarchies, and the gates of hell itself.

Hence the Kirk of Scotland was always but the people of Scotland, in a different embodied form ; and although, in consequence of this peculiarity, which distinguishes the history of Scotland more than that of any country I know of, the language and the dogmas of the Covenant-

ing period may be strongly ecclesiastical, and tinged with some theocratic pretensions, foreign and offensive to modern conceptions ; yet the principles at stake, and the objects which were in reality struggled for, were the same as, in all ages, nations, and circumstances, have animated the true and the free in struggling against their oppressors : that is to say, freedom of thought, freedom of worship, freedom of social and religious assemblies, judgment by law, and law the expression of the national will.

We cannot realize to ourselves the full force and significance of the Covenanting Struggle, unless we take into view the peculiar and distinguishing dogmas of the Kirk, on the ground of which, more especially, the struggle took place.

An Act was passed in 1560, in the reign of Queen Mary, abolishing Popery ; but the Queen declined to add her consent to it. In 1567 (the first Parliament of James VI.), this Act of 1560 was ratified, and another Statute was passed, confirming and adopting the "Confession of Faith and Doctrine believed and professed by the Protestants of Scotland." One of the articles in this Confession is,—"We most constantly believe, that from the beginning there has been, and now is, and to the end of the world shall be, a Kirk ; that is to say, a company and multitude of men, chosen of God, who rightly worship and embrace Him, by true faith in Christ Jesus, who is the only head of the same Kirk." The "Second Book of Discipline" was framed in 1578

(Andrew Melville taking a leading part in the preparation of it); and in the same year it received the sanction of the General Assembly. It lays down, that "The Kirk . . . has a certain power granted by God, according to which it uses a proper jurisdiction and government. . . . This power ecclesiastical is . . . to be put in execution by them unto whom the spiritual government of the Kirk by lawful calling is committed." "This power and policy ecclesiastical is different and distinct in its nature from that power and policy which is called the civil power." "This power and policy of the Kirk should lean upon the Word immediately as the only ground thereof, and should be taken from the pure fountains of the Scriptures,—the Kirk hearing the voice of Christ, the only spiritual King, and being ruled by His laws." But it is ordained, on the other hand, that "diligence should be taken . . . that only ecclesiastical things be handled in the Assemblies; and that there be no meddling with anything pertaining to the civil jurisdiction." Concerning the office-bearers of the Church, the "Book of Discipline" teaches (to quote from the abstract by Dr. M'Crie), that "the name *bishop* is of the same import as that of *pastor* or minister; it is not expressive of superiority or lordship; and the Scriptures do not allow of a pastor of pastors, or a pastor of many flocks." For some years attempts had been making by James and his courtiers to undermine the Presbyterian order of the Kirk, to introduce Episcopacy, and to assert the royal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. But by the united and strenuous efforts of the more influential

of the ministers and theologians, led by Melville, and supported by the body of the people, those attempts, sometimes insidious, sometimes violent, were utterly defeated; and, in 1592, the Parliament passed an Act, intituled, "Ratification of the Liberties of the True Kirk," which has ever since been distinguished as the charter of Presbyterianism, so far as Presbyterianism rested upon the Statute-Book. This Act "ratifies and approves the General Assemblies, . . . the Synodical and Provincial Assemblies, . . . the Presbyteries and particular Sessions appointed by the said Kirk, with the whole jurisdiction and discipline of the same Kirk."

Such was the constitution of the Scottish Kirk. Such also were the ecclesiastical dogmas which underlay the whole Covenanting struggle. The Kirk maintained, as articles on which her members were bound to make a stand, to resist, to suffer, if need were, to die: that the Church has a sphere and jurisdiction distinct from and independent of the State; that Jesus Christ is the sole King and Head of the Church, and any extraneous authority is usurpation and rebellion against his Divine Majesty; that under Him all ministers or pastors are equal in rank and power, and all dominion, Popish or Prelatic, or of whatsoever kind, is unscriptural and anti-Christian; that symbolical rites and modes of worship, substituting something as an object of religious reverence other than the only living and true God,—and where man pretends to be something more than the simple preacher, to be in some occult way the medium

and active dispenser of Divine grace,—are of the very nature of idolatry.

In addition to these dogmas, which are more strictly ecclesiastical, it must ever be remembered that all the master spirits of the Church—Knox, Melville, Henderson, Rutherford, and indeed the body of Presbyterians in all times—have been marked for their adherence to the principles of Constitutional government.

During all the great electric storms which raged through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, religious ideas were uppermost, and affected the fate of empires in a way they have never done since. This was not peculiar to Scotland; it was the case all over Europe. But then it must be kept in view, that the various religious sects did not merely represent certain theological opinions; they also represented the various and conflicting political parties and interests of those revolutionary epochs, when all Europe was in agony, convulsively throwing off the Old, convulsively taking on the New. Each sect was struggling, not only for its own creed, but for some particular form of secular government, to which it bore some particular affinity. Hence, in those days, the prominency of sectarian controversies. Hence the quivering anxiety with which princes and politicians hung upon the issue of the battles of the Churches. And hence also the animosity and intolerance which prevailed, were not altogether owing to theological rancour, as is too hastily assumed and asserted; but much more to the political passions engendered in the fury of that

internecine war, which had then broken out between Kings and Peoples.

The Presbyterians in Scotland (supported in the long-run by the Puritans in England) were striving against Absolutism, and for limited monarchy and government by popular representation. The antagonists against whom they were pitched in deadly combat, not only theologically, but politically, were,—the Romanists, the Episcopalians of the Church of England (or Anglicans as they are called for shortness), and the Non-religionists, chiefly of the fashionable school of Hobbes, the Hobbists.

The political aims of the Romanists are thus described by Ranke, whose correctness and impartiality are undoubted. Speaking of Romanism, as it exhibited itself in those centuries, he says,—"It now stood forth in the utmost plenitude of its activity, and the movements in which it took part represent the most influential political occurrences of the day. If the Popes had succeeded at this juncture, they would have secured a perpetual predominance over the State. They advanced claims, and their adherents propounded opinions and principles, by which kingdoms and states were threatened at once with internal convulsions, and with the loss of their independence. . . . They first laid claim to an unlimited supremacy for the Church over the State. . . . Bellarmine does not go so far as to attribute a secular power to the Pope as of Divine right; . . . but so much the more unhesitatingly does the cardinal invest him indirectly with this power. He compares the secular power to the body, and the spiritual to the soul of man;

attributing to the Church a dominion over the State similar to that which the soul exercises over the body." "We assert," thus wrote Bellarmine, "that the Pope as pope, though possessing no mere temporal authority, yet, for the purposes of spiritual good, has supreme power to dispose of the temporal matters of all Christians. . . . As supreme spiritual prince he can change kingdoms, taking them from one ruler to bestow them on another."

The Church of England (or Anglican Church) was called into existence by the sovereigns of England, as a counterpoise to turn the scale against the Church of Rome, with its king-deposing tenets. Hence the Anglican Church distinguished itself from the first by preaching up the Divine right of kings, and the duty on all orders of men to yield to them entire passive obedience. The king was head both of Church and State. This was milk and honey to King James, so long nauseated with the black bread of the Scottish Kirk. In his *Basilicon Doron*, he thus revels in the Anglican extravagance of the king's absolute dominion over the people:—"Even when a king, as described by Samuel, takes their sons for his horsemen, and some to run before his chariot, to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make instruments of war; and their daughters to make them apothecaries, and cooks, and bakers: nor, though he should take their fields and their vineyards, and their best olive trees, and give them to his servants, and take the tenth of their seed, and of their vineyards, and of their flocks, and give it to his servants,—had they a

right to murmur. The king was only accountable to God; and the chiefs of the people had the example of Elias pointed out for their imitation, who, under the industrious persecution and tyranny of Ahab, raised no rebellion, but did only fly to the wilderness." Mean and sordid as this king-worship sounds to our ears, it was the orthodox politics of the Church of England in those centuries. South, in one of his sermons, boasts of this as a proud distinction, that the English "is the only Church in Christendom whose avowed principles and practice disown all resistance to the civil power." Endless quotations to the same effect might be made from the contemporary Anglican doctors. Phillimore, in his History of the Law of Evidence, thus sums up the result:—"The doctrine of passive obedience, in its most slavish and repulsive form, had been, from the time of Elizabeth, the distinguishing and dishonourable tenet of the English Church. It had been laid down without any sort of reserve or qualification; cases the most extravagant had been studiously selected; instances of oppression the most grinding, and of cruelty the most frantic, had been ostentatiously put forward; and its prelates had answered, that as St. Paul had submitted to Nero, no provocation could justify the resistance of a Christian man. In return for these doctrines, the Crown had supported the Church on all occasions; and that support was at one time essential to its existence."

The Hobbism on which the swarm of Cavalier libertines fed and festered, is thus painted by one of our great masters on ethical philosophy—Sir James Mac-

kintosh—whose large calm intellect disposed him rather to the use of mild colouring ; and the principles must have been vile indeed which could kindle his tranquil spirit into the language almost of execration. He thus sketches the political theories of Hobbes :—" The supreme authority cannot be sufficient for its purpose, unless it be wielded by a single hand ; nor even then, unless his absolute power extends over religion, which may prompt men to discord by the fear of an evil greater than death. The perfect state of a community, according to him, is where law prescribes the religion and morality of the people, and where the will of an absolute sovereign is the sole fountain of law. . . . Having thus rendered religion the slave of every human tyrant, it was an unavoidable consequence that he should be disposed to lower her character, and lessen her power over men ; that he should regard atheism as the most effectual instrument of preventing rebellion, at least that species of rebellion which prevailed in his time, and had excited his alarms. The formidable alliance of religion with liberty haunted his mind, and urged him to the bold attempt of rooting out both these mighty principles." " The Court of Charles II.," adds Mackintosh, " were equally pleased with Hobbes' poignant brevity and his low estimate of human motives. His ethical epigrams became the current coin of profligate wits."

It was against these numerous, and seemingly irresistible antagonists, that the Scottish Presbyterians (a small, obscure, isolated handful of people) originated, and had often almost alone to maintain, the political

struggle. It was against Romish supremacy over all government and all human thought and belief, Anglican sycophancy to the absolute power of kings both in Church and State, and the Hobbist's dead prostration in body and mind under the one huge, all-crushing leviathan. Turn away from all the sickening trash which we have been quoting, and hearken to the loud, strong voice of the North—to the words of practical sense and truth and manhood, to which all that is noble within us at once cordially responds. It is like emerging from a charnel-house into the natural light and healthful breeze of heaven. It is like turning from the nocturnal screeching of owls, to the mid-day song of the birds, in fresh green forests, or in the open blue sky.

Take as a specimen the following propositions from the *Lex Rex* of Samuel Rutherford, the political text-book of the Covenanters, and fitted even yet to be the text-book of the most advanced lovers of freedom—a work disfigured by some of the pedantry and bad taste of its time, yet marvellous for learning, for free bold thought, for fine rapid argument, and for a wit and fancy that never flag or grow dim :—

"The power of creating a man a king is from the people.

"A community transplanted to India, or any place of the world not before inhabited, have a perfect liberty to choose either a monarchy, or a democracy, or an aristocracy.

"If the king have not the consent of the people he is an usurper, for we know no external lawful calling

that kings have now, or their family, to the crown, but only the call of the people.

"The law is not the king's own, but given to him in trust.

"It is true the king is the head of the kingdom; but the states of the kingdom are as the temples of the head, and so as essentially parts of the head as the king is the crown of the head.

"Power is not an immediate inheritance from heaven, but a birthright of the people borrowed from them. They may let it out for their good, and resume it when a man is drunk with it.

"If it be natural to one man to defend himself against the personal invasion of a prince, then it is natural and warrantable to ten thousand, and to a whole kingdom; and what reason to defraud a kingdom of the benefit of self-defence more than one man?

"To denude the people of armour because they may abuse the prince, is to expose them to violence and oppression unjustly, for one king may more easily abuse armour than all the people.

"A limited and mixed monarchy, such as is in Scotland and England, seems to me the best government, when parliaments, with the king, have the good of all the three. This government hath glory, order, unity, from a monarch; from the government of the most and wisest it hath safety of counsel, stability, strength; from the influence of the commons it hath liberty, privileges, promptitude of obedience."

Let me here anticipate what I shall have frequent occasion hereafter to remark, and what will forcibly impress you as we proceed. The Covenanters, taken as a body, and making the allowances for time and circumstances which impartiality accords to all historical parties, were the pioneers, and led the van in the battle which was won at the Revolution of 1688. Their principles, in the main, just constituted the Revolution Settlement,—are just the principles of the existing British Government. With those who are so antiquated and unteachable as even yet not to accept the principles of the Revolution, but who retrograde in their sympathies to the *régime* of the Stuarts—with them we do not argue. To them these Lectures are not addressed. Where there is absolutely no community of sentiment, vain is all discussion. In speaking or writing we must start somewhere, we must assume some fixed point, and there is no use waiting for those whose fixed point is a thousand miles off. The life of Methusaleh would not suffice to drag along interminable, everlasting controversies of this kind. Such persons as we have been supposing are born far too late in the centuries. They ought to have been amongst the huntsmen of Nimrod, or to have eaten grass like oxen along with Nebuchadnezzar.

The symptoms of the Covenanting struggle may be traced far back, but the real crisis commenced with the reign of Charles I., who succeeded his father in 1625.

He was of purer and more respectable character in his private and domestic relations; more dignified and

stately in deportment; if with less of the pedagogue's erudition, with more of the scholar's correctness and elegance; better fitted for active pursuits, for business, for the administration of affairs; personally as brave and self-possessed as his father had been cowardly and easily thrown into panics; with a pietistic vein about him, rather evaporating, however, in airy devotions and frothy ceremonials, than having any root of morality and real consistent religion. But Charles was imbued with all his father's crazes about kingcraft and kingly prerogative. In his estimation the king was the centre of governing power, answerable for his conduct to God alone —entitled on all occasions to the implicit and unresisting obedience of his subjects; and as Charles had a courage, a wilfulness of disposition, and a tenacity in clinging—or, if baffled, of returning again and again to his main purposes, in which his father was ridiculously deficient—he was the more dangerous and the more determined in anything he might undertake. His fatal vice was utter falsity of nature, so that no one could be sure of his real intentions, or rely upon his promises. He had so many webs all spinning at the same time, so many plots crossing plots, that his friends were more bewildered than his enemies. His friends were nonplussed and could not help him. His enemies always judged the worst, and at last destroyed him. This falsity of nature was aggravated by his insane notions of kingship; that kings ruled by Divine right, were not amenable to their subjects, and, if forced by necessity to yield in anything, were not, and could not be, bound by such concessions

or engagements, but when the pressure was got rid of, were entitled to cast all promises aside as if they had never been made. The people in all the three kingdoms very speedily saw through the hollowness and duplicity of his character, and trusted him neither in word, oath, nor treaty, but knew in all his windings and doublings he had but one object—to make himself supreme over a powerless nation.

The national crisis soon arrived in Scotland.

The Reformation there, as regarded doctrine and discipline, had been put into shape by the agency of men in the rank of presbyters, that is, ordinary ministers, and presbyters drawn by opinion, sympathy, and even long residence, to the model of Geneva. Therefore, by a regular and normal development, the Kirk grew up into Calvinistic Presbyterianism.

But this type of national religion was abomination to King James, partly for its Calvinism, which he learned in England to detest, but chiefly on account of its external political aspect. Scottish Presbyterianism asserted the principle of the Church's independence as a religious society; and if not directly, yet by sure consequence, it awakened and animated the people to a notion and love of responsible, representative government in matters civil. During his whole reign, therefore, he laboured to supplant this Presbyterian system, and to rear in its stead the irregular and abnormal growth of Prelacy, on his own favourite maxim, "No bishop, no king." He succeeded in forcing upon the Kirk this alien and hateful establishment. But, like rocks and trunks of trees

tumbled into the bed of a mountain stream, the only effect was to dam up and increase the volume of the water, and add to the force and fury of the torrent, by which everything was at length swept away.

Charles, on his accession, entered upon this inheritance of Scottish difficulties. On the side of the Prelatists were the employées of the Crown, many of the University people, and those of the upper classes who were in any way attached to the Court. On the side of the Presbyterians were the mass of burghers and common people, the more popular and active of the working clergy, most of the country gentlemen, and some of the nobles who were descended of old Reformation families—the representatives of the old "Lords of the Congregation." But the nobility, as a class, had been exposed to the weakening and debauching influence of James's kingcraft; they had waxed rather indifferent to the "good old cause;" and, with careful management, many, if not most of them, would have followed Charles blindly in the routine of mechanical loyalty, recking nought whether he declared for Presbyterianism or Prelacy in Scotland.

But with that *dementedness* which precedes destruction, Charles commenced his rule in Scotland by rousing against him both the Nobles and the Presbyterians at once, and driving them, not otherwise necessarily connected, into a common confederacy, which was sure to prove his ruin.

In those ancient times, when rent-rolls did not mount to the figure they now do, the nobles made their fortunes

chiefly from holding the great offices of state. On the other hand, their most valuable possessions were the church lands and teinds, which, though nominally annexed to the Crown, their ancestors had contrived to get into their clutches on the downfal of the Popish hierarchy. But Charles filled the offices of state with his creatures, the bishops ; whilst, to provide at once a fund for the prelatic clergy, and a reversion for himself —now reduced to every shift for money, so as to escape from his unruly Parliaments—he passed certain measures (too minute and intricate to be here explained) for the resumption of the church-lands and teinds, or for their compulsory sale at a low price. In both these ways, by withholding from them the offices of state, and by seeking to strip them of so much of their lands and revenues, he impoverished, insulted, and irritated his nobility ; also, by obtaining the superiorities of all those lands, he would augment the military power of the Crown, and lessen that of the nobility, who would thus be deprived of so many of their vassals. A contemporary letter (of 1st April 1638), amongst the Conway Papers, describes this as part of the design. After speaking of certain proclamations which had been delivered to Traquair, the king's commissioner to Scotland, to be published there or not, according to circumstances, the writer continues,— "The other proclamation to be published was, to free all those men in Scotland that hold their lands of their lords, and that they should hold those lands of the king upon much easier conditions than they hold of their lords. . . . It is possible the commonalty would fall

off from the lords, for the strength of the Scotch nobility is mostly in these tenures. The Earl of Argyle, by virtue of these tenures, having a huge command of men, above 20,000 as is supposed." [1]

It so happened, that the commencement of the new reign had been marked by the appearance of a new and fresh generation of noblemen, and of men whose natural sphere was in the administration of public affairs. The old generation seemed to have died out with King James. The great families, patrimonial and political, were now mostly represented by men in the prime of life, ranging from about twenty to forty years of age ; many of them able, subtle, and ambitious, eager for distinction, eager for illustrious position ; some of them generous and patriotic, well fitted at once to adorn and benefit the State, and all impatient of exclusion from places of trust and dignity, and of promotion of the favourites and lackeys of the Court. There were such names as Rothes, Balmerino, Loudon, Montrose, Melville, Lindsay, Lothian, —almost all the nobles, except the Hamiltons and Gordons, who pretended to be fast friends of the king. Amongst the leaders of the nobility at the beginning, there was the impulsive, gay, and facile Rothes, " of a pleasant and jovial humour," says Clarendon, but entrapped in a few years by the bait of a lordship of the bed-chamber, and a promised marriage with the rich Countess of Devonshire. There was the proudly-aspiring Montrose, who made a dash into the first swellings of the tide, hoping to find power, where bold hearts so

[1] State Paper Office.

often find it, in the midst of national confusion ; but he was too lofty to play any second part, and speedily revolted from a cause where Leslie held the baton, and Argyle directed the mace. And there was Loudon, a born orator and manager of men, with the long sagacious face, and lambent-speaking eye, who trode the wild paths of revolution agile and clean as the hunter of the Alps,—in force of mind, in varied practical talent, in knowledge of his country's constitution, in far-seeing wisdom, in prudence, in nervous eloquence, the PYM of Scotland, and superior to his English compeer in the arts and graces which captivate men and win them over to one's will ; but whose voice, generally smooth and persuasive, could rise when the tempest rose, as when he thus sounded the blast of a nation's defiance against the threats of royalty : " We know no other bond betwixt a king and his subjects but religion and law ; if these be broken, men's lives are not dear to them : such fears are passed with us for ever !" When any crisis therefore should arise (and was not the atmosphere laden with presages of a coming tempest ?), be sure the Scottish nobles, with their high blood and youthful impetuosity, would be found amongst the most implacable foes of the king. His contumelious and impolitic treatment of the aristocracy—that shrewd contemporary observer, Sir James Balfour, declares—" was the groundstone of all the mischief that followed after, both to the king's government and family."

After many premonitory acts, which excited general

distrust and alarm, the king introduced into Scotland, by his own sole prerogative, without any other sanction, a Book of Canons for the regulation of the Church, by which the Presbyterian polity was completely subverted, as well as the civil rights and privileges of the people invaded; and he followed up this by a Liturgy, framed under the auspices of Laud, largely impregnated with Romish conceits, which contradicted and shocked all Scottish ideas and habits in the matter of religious worship, and many of their most solemn religious convictions. This was in 1637. The national mind was outraged. There was an immediate rush to Edinburgh of supplicants against those innovations, from all parts of the country. Bishop Guthrie acknowledges,—"Besides the increase of noblemen who had not been formerly there, there were few or no shires on the south side of the Grampian hills from which came not gentlemen, burghers, ministers, and commons." To guide, control, and give combined effect to this movement, the people formed under a central body, composed of all the opposition nobles, of two gentlemen for every county, one minister from every Presbytery, and one or two commissioners from every burgh. Each class, nobles, gentry, ministers, and burgesses, sat and consulted separately, meeting from time to time for joint conference. Hence this body was called "The Tables," the real interim government of Scotland. To confront and avenge the insolence of tyranny which had been displayed, the people, under the guidance of "The Tables," rose in a mass, joined heart and hand, and, as one man, swore and subscribed the NATIONAL COVENANT.

By this memorable document, first publicly read and subscribed in the Greyfriars' Church of Edinburgh, on the last day of February 1638, the noblemen, barons, gentlemen, burgesses, ministers, and commons, under subscribing, express their resolution—"All the days of our life constantly to adhere unto and to defend the true religion," and "to labour, by all means lawful, to recover the purity and liberty of the gospel, as it was established and professed" before the introduction of the late innovations; "and that we shall defend the same, and resist all these contrary errors and corruptions, according to our vocation, and to the utmost of that power that God hath put into our hands, all the days of our life." They pledge themselves, "that we shall, to the utmost of our power, with our means and lives, stand to the defence of our dread sovereign the king's majesty, his person and authority, in the defence and preservation of the foresaid true religion, liberties, and laws of the kingdom; as also to the mutual defence and assistance every one of us of another, so that whatsoever shall be done to the least of us for that cause shall be taken as done to us all in general, and to every one of us in particular; and that we shall, neither directly nor indirectly suffer ourselves to be divided or withdrawn, by whatsoever suggestion, combination, allurement, or terror, from our blessed and loyal conjunction." They engage, "for ourselves, our followers, and all other under us, both in public, in our particular families and personal carriage, to endeavour to keep ourselves within the bounds of Christian liberty, and to be good examples to others

of all godliness, soberness, and righteousness, and of every duty we owe to God and man."

I need scarcely describe the scene of the first signing of the National Covenant. It is imprinted on the memory of every reader of history. It seems to have stamped itself, as if with a photographic stroke, on the minds of all who were contemporary with the event. All were awed, startled, subdued, as if they had been the witnesses of the rushing mighty wind, and the cloven tongues as of fire, of a new Pentecost. How the dullest old chronicler kindles into a reverential glow, as he relates how the commissioners, who had charge of the momentous task, assembled on the early dawn of that February morning. How the myriads, from Tweed to Tay, from Merse to Galloway, flocked to the Greyfriars, filling church and churchyard. How one great historic face after another appeared on the scene. With what heavenly ardour Henderson prayed to the High and and Lofty One, with Whom a whole nation essayed to enter into covenant,—the vessels of clay with the almighty Potter. With what sweetness, force, and persuasion Loudon spoke to the vast assemblage—he who was famed as the most eloquent man of his time,—enforcing upon them, "that they should carefully keep themselves together in a cause that was common, and in which all and every one was so deeply interested." How earnestly and devoutly the people listened, as Warriston read the Covenant, which owed to his experienced pen much of its comprehensiveness, boldness, and precision. How, after the reading of the document, there was a

solemn pause, as if men were bowed down by a feeling of the immediate presence of Divinity. How this dread expressive stillness was broken, when the Earl of Sutherland advancing, deeply affected, affixed the first signature to the National Covenant. Then, how a tempest of long pent-up enthusiasm ran through the assembled multitudes. Name followed name, as with electric speed,—eye gleamed to eye, hand grasped hand. The fulness of the heart, long with difficulty repressed, now burst free from all restraint. Some wept aloud ; some raised a shout of exultation, as from the field of battle and victory ; some, after their signatures, added the words, "till death ;" some opened their veins, and subscribed their names with their own blood !

It was one of those moments of rapt and transcendental emotion, which will sometimes seize nations as well as individuals : when there is flashed into them intuitions and resolutions which many rolling generations might fail to teach ; when they are marvellously emboldened to do, at a heat, the work of long centuries ; and seem borne aloft, as by an irresistible impulse, on the strength and swiftness of invisible wings.

A General Assembly—the first free Assembly for forty years—was held at Glasgow in the winter of the same year (1638) in which Prelacy was abolished, and Presbyterianism restored in pristine and perfect integrity. This, in the fond language of the Presbyterian annalists, is commemorated as the "Second Reformation." At this Assembly, the Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Argyle declared his adhesion to the cause of the Covenant. "No

one thing," writes Baillie, "did confirm us so much as Argyle's presence. . . . The man was the far most powerful subject in our kingdom." Like most men of extreme caution, when Argyle resolved, he was most resolute. "It was not," he protested to the Assembly, "it was not want of affection to the good of religion and my own country which detained me; but a desire and hope that, by staying with the Court, I might have been able to bring about a redress of grievances. And when I saw that I could not stay longer, without proving unfaithful to God and my country, I felt that it behoved me to join myself openly to your society."

The Covenanters were now in fact the Nation. Within two months, the whole population, it may be stated roundly, had taken and signed the Covenant; and 30,000 armed men were soon marshalled in array, to support, defend, and execute the mandates of the Covenanting leaders. This army of volunteers was placed under the command of Alexander Leslie (afterwards Earl of Leven), who, from an obscure Scottish adventurer, had risen, by skill, gallantry, and success in arms, to the foremost rank in the service of Holland and of Sweden, and became the favourite field-marshal of Gustavus Adolphus. The "old, little, crooked soldier" of Baillie—with firm massive face, towering peaked head, short crisp hair, and lancing grey eye,—he was all vigour, decision, wisdom, suavity, simple dignity. He drew around him, like a magnet, all his veteran officers; collected abundance of warlike stores from all parts of the

Continent; drilled into excellent soldiers the yeomanry and ploughmen through all the Lowland counties; and by his tact, and fine perception of character, his affability, his homely comrade-like style of living, and his peerless ability, commanded the reverence and obedience alike of nobles and peasants (to use Baillie's graphic phrase) "as if he had been Great Solyman." At the same time, there was, if not an open and formal, yet a perfect understood accord between the Covenanters of Scotland and the Puritans in England, the latter of whom were now beginning to bear sway in the English Parliament, and were in like manner bestirring themselves to throw off much the same load of oppression as that which partly ground down, partly threatened, the people of Scotland.

Although the public documents which were emitted by the king launched forth the most imperious edicts and threats against the so-called rebels, the Private Correspondence of the time discloses that all this was utter sham. There is nothing but dejection, nothing but croakings of expected defeat, on the part of the English politicians;—the most boundless confidence and alacrity on the part of Covenanted Scotland. In the Strafford correspondence, Sir Edward Stanhope writes thus plainly, to the overweening and reckless Lord-Deputy of Ireland, a letter which, in a few pithy sentences, lays open to us the very core of history:—"You do not think the lion (meaning Scotland) is so terrible as he is painted. Point blank against this I am not, and yet think he is terrible enough to fear us. . . . Out of doubt they (the Scots) may draw out above three-score thousand strong, able,

well-armed men, such as hardly will be terrified with any danger, and such as are inured to all the ills that war commonly puts soldiers to. Though in the first we may equal them, as long as health and strength lasts, yet doubtless in the other we fall far short. It is most certain, of such men excellently well armed, they have in one shire thirty thousand. We are questionless far inferior to them in number of great and expert commanders within this kingdom. And I fear, if it should come to that (which God avert), they would be too far within our bowels to be easily cast out again by those sent for from foreign parts. . . . Who can tell how many hearts they have (God pardon and turn the hearts of such) in this kingdom? who, though they may be drawn to the field, may fight so faintly as they had better run away; nay perhaps, if ever fortune smile on them in any one conflict, false cowards may prove fatal and bloody butchers to their own side. . . . And truly (which God forbid!) if a time of such calamity should come upon us, it would, like a thief in the night, take us unprovided and dismayed—like a sudden plague, or deluge, which would infect and overflow much ground before it could be stayed, and the waters turn home into their own natural channels."

What a contrast to this letter is the boldness and decision manifested in Scotland! Thus in a letter from Edinburgh, by Borthwick, an agent much employed by the Covenanters to carry intelligence to and from England: "All degrees go on without any fainting, and not a man is known to fall from their number, but daily

coming in. There was never at any time such plenty of preaching and prayer as now in Edinburgh. All the most able ministers are set a-work, preaching every day in many places, and on the Lord's day three sermons in each church ordinarily, and so in all the halls and great houses. God is not wanting with his blessing, for the obstinate are powerfully brought in by the ministers of the Word. . . . We hear much of English armies and ships to come, but we neither see nor fear anything that way."[1] Thus also in a letter from Alexander Erskine (I suppose of the Mar family) to his brother: "I hope that the same God that strengthened the arm of the land of Sweden against Germany, will strengthen us against England; at least that part of it that will contest, without offence given them, for a number of scurvy priests. They may consider that war may well begin here, but, like a pestilence, it will spread over all this isle. . . . Both the king and England are rending that they will never knit again."[2]

Stung into resistance by national wrongs and insults, and the dark shadows of farther tyranny to come; united into one brotherhood; having command of the whole resources of the country, money, men, and arms; inspired by their rallying cry, "Christ's Crown and Covenant;" and now able to count upon the popular party in England,—the Covenanters, when hostilities opened, achieved an easy victory over Charles, haughty and bigoted, but rash, blind, and unfortunate. "The Covenanters," writes the Earl Marshal, from York, to Secre-

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.*

tary Windebank, just before the meeting of the two armies, "The Covenanters sweep all before them in Scotland with a most high strain of disobedience. . . . We are here (in private be it spoken) without Sir William Uvdale, or so much as one penny of money till he come. How much when, God knows."[1] In both the two campaigns of 1639 and 1640, the Covenanters vanquished the king almost without striking a blow, for his power was but a phantom the moment it was approached. They wrung from him, however unwilling, the concession of all their demands, which may be compressed into this one short phrase—FREE PARLIAMENTS AND FREE ASSEMBLIES.

[1] State Paper Office.

II.

SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT WITH ENGLAND.

The Covenanters had now, in effect, gained the objects for which they took up arms, and had the government of Scotland entirely in their own hands. But the king was engaged in the self-same contest with the English people.

So long, therefore, as the English contest continued unsettled and doubtful, the Covenanters had no security for the maintenance of their rights. They knew the habitual, the fatal dissimulation of the king; and that if he could divide and conquer, if he could despatch the liberties of England by its being left alone and unassisted in the contest, he would soon make short work of the extorted concessions in favour of Scotland.

I cannot pursue the involvements of the English Civil War. It is a history by itself. Suffice it to say, that in 1642 both the king and the Parliamentarians were avowedly mustering for mortal combat, and both were equally anxious about the part which the Scottish Covenanters should take. If they took part at all, the side which they espoused was almost certain of a sweeping victory.

If they even abstained, this sort of negative influence would be most portentous ; for, divided as England was, and dubiously balanced as were the parties there, no one could foretell to which side the fortune of war would favourably incline. In all aspects of the matter, the responsibility resting upon the Covenanters was tremendous. Owing to a singular combination of events, they held in their hands the destinies of Britain and the cause of liberty for an indefinite future. The world was in one of its biggest throes. On the cast of the die depended whether Absolutism or Constitutionalism should rule these Islands ; whether there should be any counterpoise to the prevailing despotisms of Europe ; or whether it was to be consigned to the unrelieved darkness of universal repression and bondage. Such was the issue. How did the sons of the Covenant reply ?

Take their reply in the trumpet-tones of the Kirk, which, in those days at least, never uttered an uncertain sound, which never flinched from peril, whose spirit always rose as the waters swelled, and which, with all its peculiar tenets, and all its peculiar phraseology, was ever on the vanguard in the battle for Britain's liberty. Listen to the strong doughty words of the General Assembly :— "The controversies now in England being betwixt the Lord Jesus and Antichrist with his followers, if we would not come under the curse of Meroz, we should come out upon so clear a call from the representative body of England to the representative body of Scotland, and help the Lord against the mighty, being assured that the help we give to His Kirk, in such an exigent,

is given to Himself, and shall not want a blessed reward." "If we forsake England, we forsake our dearest friends, who can best help us in case we be reduced to the like straits hereafter by the common adversary; for the distance and distressed estates of other Protestant Kirks make them unable to help us in this kind; and if we denude ourselves of the support of England, by suffering them to sink, we do not only betray their safety, but our own."

These sentiments, the key-note of a whole people's response, naturally prepared the way for that great public act, which truly decided the fate of the Civil War, saved the liberties of Britain at the time, has in a thousand ways influenced her destiny ever since, and first drew England and Scotland into the sympathy of common principles and of common interests—I mean "*The Solemn League and Covenant.*" This bond of alliance between the constituent popular bodies of England and Scotland was entered into in 1643, and was mutually subscribed by the Covenanting and Parliamentary leaders, and also extensively by the people of both countries.

The following is Hallam's analysis, perhaps the neatest and most concise that can be given, of this sacred treaty between the two nations:—"The Covenant consisted in an oath, to be subscribed by all persons in both kingdoms, whereby they bound themselves to preserve the Reformed religion in the Church of Scotland, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government, according to the Word of God and practice of the best reformed

churches ; and to endeavour to bring the Churches of God, in the three kingdoms, to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, directory for worship and catechising ; to endeavour, without respect of persons, the extirpation of Popery, Prelacy, and whatsoever should be found contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness ; to preserve the rights and privileges of the Parliaments, and the liberties of the kingdoms, and the king's person and authority in the preservation and defence of the true religion and liberties of the kingdoms ; to endeavour the discovery of incendiaries and malignants, who hinder the reformation of religion, and divide the king from his people, that they may be brought to punishment ; finally, to assist and defend all such as should enter into this covenant, and not suffer themselves to be withdrawn from it, whether to revolt to the opposite party, or to give in to a detestable indifference and neutrality."

Let us pause for a moment, and reflect upon the purport of this Solemn League, which, together with the National Covenant, was the deliberate and final expression of the opinions of the Scottish people, and to a large extent of the English people, on the civil and religious problems of the day.

There is a vague notion that those Covenants were altogether the work of the austere Scottish Presbyters. But this is not the case. The Covenants, as much as anything could be, were the work of the whole nation—the voice of the whole people. The National Covenant

was brought forward by the famous *Tables*, as they were called—the four great standing committees organized in 1637, and formed so as to represent the nobles, the gentry, the clergy, and the burghers; and it was ratified and made law by the king himself, when he presided in person over the Scottish Parliament of 1641. The Solemn League and Covenant, again, was framed with much care, and formally arranged between the Scottish Parliament and the English Commissioners; and it was received and adopted by the English Parliament on the 21st September 1643. In short, the Covenants were public legislative acts, expressing what in those days were the fixed ideas and resolutions of the people as to government, as to liberty, as to religion. They were the terms more especially on which Scotland offered allegiance to her sovereign. They were the *constitution* by which the monarch must be bound in rule, no less than the people in loyalty and obedience.

What, then, were these principles? Looking at both Covenants, and treating them as one document, the principles therein embodied were the following:—

1. Defence of the Reformed Presbyterian religion in Scotland.

2. Promotion of uniformity amongst the churches in the three kingdoms.

3. Extirpation of Popery, Prelacy, and all unsound forms of religion.

4. Preservation of the Parliaments, and of the liberties of the people.

5. Defence of the sovereign in his maintaining the

Reformed religion, the Parliaments, and the liberties of the people.

6. Discovery and punishment of malignants, and disturbers of the peace and welfare of the nations.

7. Mutual defence and protection of each individually, and of all jointly, who were within the bonds of the Covenant.

8. Sincere and earnest endeavour to set an example before the world of public, personal, and domestic virtue and godliness.

You will observe, that the principles in these Covenants are partly civil or political, partly religious, and partly mixed, or composed of both elements. You will also remember that the Covenants had a twofold derivation: *first*, they were truly the impulse of the nation, voluntary popular compacts; but, *secondly*, they were afterwards sanctioned and authorized by the parliaments of both kingdoms. In other words, they were in their origin voluntary bonds of engagement, but were afterwards clothed with authority as legislative acts.

As voluntary engagements amongst the people themselves, I can see no objection to them. I think they are worthy of the highest praise and admiration—with one exception, on which I shall have presently to comment. The people of Scotland and England, environed with perils as they were at the time, had an undoubted right, as free men and Christian men, to associate voluntarily for establishing and securing their national privileges and institutions as described in the Covenants.

It is but a truism now-a-days to declare that these

were perfectly legitimate objects of voluntary popular association, and are so still; nay, and I predict, if similar times should recur—if similar perils should again threaten these lands—there are hundreds of thousands, both in England and Scotland, who would also again voluntarily associate, not under the same, but under another Solemn League and Covenant, suited to the ideas, and dangers, and duties of the day.

Further, it will scarcely now be disputed, that the civil authorities who then actually governed the two nations had a right to intervene with their sanction in the civil objects of the Covenants, such as the preservation of the Parliaments, and of law and liberty, and the requirement that the sovereign should rule in strict observance of these limitations. But was it within their province to interfere with and to add the civil sanction to certain religious principles, such as the defence of Presbyterianism in Scotland, the promotion of religious uniformity in the three kingdoms, and the extirpation (in whatever sense that may be taken) of Popery, Prelacy, and other unsound forms of religion?

There are a number of modern jurists and theologians who contend that the state can only take cognisance of civil affairs; and that even in these its sphere is a narrow one; it must let men alone in most of their civil relations and pursuits; but, above all, it can take no cognisance of religion; that is forbidden ground, where it must on no account enter. Men as to their religion must be equally protected, but none favoured and none hindered. For my own humble part, in the

abstract, I coincide in this view. I cannot interrupt the present discourse with a set dissertation upon this *questio vexata*, daily becoming more urgent for a solution, and on the true solution of which may soon come to depend, amongst other contingencies, whether free religious societies can really be carried out,—whether large bodies of Christians can realize what they believe to be their Master's model of the Church, His kingdom not of this world,—whether it will be possible to render unto God the things that are God's, without being confronted and brought to a stand-still by an arrestment from the hands of Cæsar. Opinion is as yet unformed and groping about ; and there is fluctuation and difference amongst the best and wisest. All that I ask is what every one is entitled to,—without argument at present, and without modifying explanations, and in all modesty and candour, I hope, to enunciate what is the broad impression in my own mind. The State, then, in my view, is not a great blind force lying outside of man, like the succession of day and night, or the revolution of summer and winter, which he cannot in any way affect or control, but to which he must submit,—to which he must quietly accommodate himself, and do the best he can under the inevitable necessity. The State is his own creature, his own production, over which he has as much control as he has what kind of corn or plants he shall grow upon his lands. The people may assert with truth, what Louis of France did with so much arrogance—"The State is ourselves." The State is made for man, not man for the State. It provides

for many of his wants and purposes; but it is not so wide and high as himself; it is not co-extensive with the total of humanity. The people do not place themselves, soul and body, under its harness, to be turned and driven like dumb cattle. It is only, as it were, a *committee* appointed by themselves, to conduct certain of their affairs, to regulate certain of their actions; but there is a wide sphere reserved—if not by any express statute, yet by the very essence and dignity of human nature—from the operation of State authority. Without venturing to define all that is comprised within this reserved sphere, I have no hesitation in affirming, that religious faith, and worship, and discipline are sacredly reserved. In all that appertains to his religion, man stands out free and unshackled, under the blue dome of heaven, alone with his God. The civil magistrate, if he interfere within that region, steps beyond the boundary of his committee powers, and by the free soul of mankind ought to be commanded back into the sole province where he can act or forbid, reward or punish. Hence I cannot even delegate to him any jurisdiction *circa sacra*. Admit him *circa sacra*, he will soon force himself *in sacris*. All power, when once admitted, tends to usurp, to absorb, to dominate. Once let the raging flood round about your walls, it will soon sap the foundations, and pour destruction into your innermost chambers. Check it at a distance; dam it as far away as possible even from your outer walls.

But then it must be borne in mind, that confused and entangled times will often arise, when that which is

civil and that which is religious are so mixed, that no human ingenuity, nothing short of omniscience, can analyse and unravel them; and the State, unless it is ignominiously to forego its whole function of governing, will be necessitated to act, to prescribe, to regulate; to repress here, to foster and encourage there—even to exercise force, though some may thereby complain that their religion has been interfered with. Such is the seething and boiling in Italy at present, where the so-called spiritual prerogatives of the Pope are mixed up with his claims of temporal sovereignty. Such the intense and deep-seated ferment in Hungary (now beginning so closely to resemble the first motions of the Covenanting struggle), where the maintenance of ecclesiastical rights is but the symbol of a great national life, which is concentrating until it feel strong enough to shatter that iceberg, within which it would long ago have been frozen to death, but for the immortal fire that animates the hearts of the people. Such also, to revert to our own subject, was the confusion and distraction in this Britain of ours at the time of the Covenanters. Prelacy in effect was tantamount to royal absolutism, Presbyterianism to constitutional government; and, consequently, the defence of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and its extension, if possible, to the two other kingdoms, were measures all but indispensable, seeing how religious sects were then marshalled, in order to the secure establishment of a constitutional system of government throughout the whole of Britain. The opinion which confines the operations of the State within such narrow

limits as have been adverted to, is comparatively modern —at least as an active popular opinion. It had never previously been doubted, that the civil magistrate had a charge in regard to the religion of the people (*circa sacra*), quite as much as in regard to their civil relations ; a charge, for instance, not to minister or dispense the sacraments, but a charge to establish the Church within his dominions ; to protect it, and to guard it from the assaults of error and dissension. Hence it was that all the states throughout Europe were ranged into classes, —Protestant or Popish, Calvinistic or Lutheran, Presbyterian or Episcopalian ; and had each their national Church civilly endowed and guaranteed, being part and parcel of the State, and had each a certain received civil policy corresponding with these religious distinctions,— a policy which guided them in all their most critical affairs, in war and peace, in their alliances and hostilities, and in the internal government of their several peoples. Such was the understanding of all Europe. It was accepted as an axiom in the government of nations, self-evident, and beyond all dispute. And it is still an axiom in Europe, almost everywhere except in our own country ; and even in our own country it is still held sacred, I apprehend, by a large numerical majority. Surely, then, the Covenanters must have the benefit of this the universal idea of their own times,—the still cherished idea of (as I believe) the majority in the present times. Viewed in the light of this idea, there was nothing wrong or incongruous, there was everything just and excellent, in the State lending its sanc-

tion and authority to the religious principles of the Covenants.

There is one principle, however, which must be excepted from the general tribute of praise which we have awarded to the Covenants,—one principle which no allowance for times and circumstances should induce us to slur over and palliate. That is where the Solemn League and Covenant binds the takers of it,—"That we shall, . . . without respect to persons, endeavour the extirpation of Popery, Prelacy, . . . superstition, heresy, schism, profaneness, and whatsoever shall be found to be contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness."

If by "extirpation" it could be supposed that nothing more was intended than that *figurative* extirpation which may be produced by argument and moral influence (and that gloss has been sometimes attempted upon the passage), there could be no objection, except that a harsh and revolting word had been used. But the context of the Covenants, the measures that were occasionally sanctioned by the leaders, as well as the universal intolerance of the period, will not permit this mild construction. It cannot be doubted that the extirpation might be by civil pains, and penalties, and coercions. Speaking in the nineteenth century, and in Britain, I need not formally disclaim any approval of such a sentiment. I know of no other weapons a Christian can wield, in combating what he believes to be even deadly error, but persuasion and prayer ; provided always (but this proviso must be well marked) that the error be simply religious, and have no civil characteristics, by which the propagators of it

bring themselves, by their own default, within the jurisdiction of the magistrate.

Intolerance was the universal vice of the age, and was inevitable in the transition through which mankind were then passing. It was but half a century from the awful struggles of the Reformation ; and there had been war—war—war and bloodshed ever since—through the whole length and breadth of Europe. Romanists and Protestants stood on the opposite banks of a small stream, ready to rush across ; and Romanism had latterly been closing in, and gaining the advantage on all sides. Protestantism was fresh and young and confident, little used to those doubts, those different views of things, with which the modern mind is familiar, and which have taught us at last, it is to be hoped, some lessons of mutual forbearance and charity. Young Protestantism, therefore, at first partook largely of the intolerance of old Romanism ; although, as can easily be proved from the writings of those very Covenanters, there were visions of loftier things beginning to dawn and glimmer on the inner sense of Protestant Christians. The Westminster Confession, compiled when the Covenanters were at the height of their influence, both in England and Scotland, contains this golden proposition : "God alone is Lord of the conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men. . . . And the requiring of an implicit faith, and an absolute and blind obedience, is to destroy liberty of conscience, and reason also." Henderson, in a Sermon preached before the House of Lords in Westminster Abbey, in 1645, enforces with his

usual judgment, clearness, and gravity, the entire spiri tuality of Christ's kingdom. Christ "came from heaven for things Divine, to work upon the consciences of men, and was appointed to be Judge of quick and dead; but never meddled with the office of a temporal king." "The kingdoms of the world have carnal weapons and strength of arms to pursue their ends; but the weapons of the kingdom of Christ are spiritual, to procure spiritual obedience unto him." "Domination is forbidden churchmen; ministration is commanded." If the Covenanters are to be blamed for intolerance—remember—their fault was the blindness of their times, in which their opponents, and other sects and parties, were as much, if not more involved than themselves. And Presbyterianism was at least self-curing; it carried in its bosom the antidote as well as the bane. Unlike the dark, close, unventilated Hierarchies, Presbyterianism, by its institutions and opinions, threw itself open to lay influences, to the voice of the eldership, to the election of the people, to the full breeze of public opinion; and public opinion, as it became more enlightened, was sure, in the end, to blow away and dissipate the fumes of intolerance.

And at this very juncture, when the Covenanters arose, there were the most ominous, the most gloomy foreshadowings of danger to Protestantism, and to human liberty, over Europe generally, but particularly in Britain. I shall quote from two writers, whose genius, whose calmness, whose large comprehension, whose research in original documents, invest their statements with the highest authority. I refer to Ranke and Guizot. As regards

the general danger to Europe, Ranke, in treating of the first half of the seventeenth century, thus speaks : "The Catholic world of this period was of one mind and faith, classical and monarchical. The Protestant was divided, romantic and republican. . . . In the year 1617, everything already betokened the approach of a decisive conflict between them. The Catholic party appears to have felt itself the superior ; it is, at all events, not to be denied that it was the first to take arms." Urban VIII. "was determined to rest satisfied with nothing less than a complete restitution of all Church property, and the return of all Protestants to Catholicism." Next, as regards the particular danger to Britain, Ranke continues : "But in that moment of prosperity, the pontiff had raised his thoughts to a design still more vast and daring, if possible, than that just described. This was no other than an attack on England ; an idea that had re-appeared from time to time, as if by a sort of necessity, among the grand combinations of Catholicism. Urban VIII. now hoped to make the good understanding re-established between the two crowns (France and Spain), subservient to the promotion of this favourite design." Besides these threats of a foreign Romanist invasion, there was internal danger arising from the English Prelacy, which, under Laud, seemed hastening down into the vortex of Rome. Of this latter danger, Guizot gives a very animated and striking description : "Laud was continually innovating without consulting anybody, supported only by the king's sanction, and sometimes even acting upon his own sole authority. . . . The object, or

at least the result of all these alterations, was to render the Church of England more like the Church of Rome. The liberty which the Papists enjoyed, and the hopes which, either from imprudence or policy, they openly manifested, confirmed the people in their most sinister apprehensions. Books were published to prove that the doctrine of the English bishops might very easily be reconciled to that of the Church of Rome ; and these books, although not authorized, were dedicated either to the king or to Laud, and publicly tolerated. . . . Accordingly, the belief in the approaching triumph of Popery daily gained credit, and the courtiers, who had the best opportunities of judging, shared this belief with the general mass of the nation. The daughter of the Duke of Devonshire became a Catholic. Laud inquired what reasons had induced her to take this step. 'I am not fond of being in a crowd,' she replied ; 'I see that your grace and many others are on the way to Rome, so I wish to go there alone, and before you.' "

It was in the presence of all these threatened dangers that the Covenants were framed and sworn. It was not in halcyon days, such as we have long enjoyed, under the vine and under the fig-tree, sitting in undisturbed repose. It was when all was agitation and conflict and dismay. It was when the laws were openly set at nought by the Crown, which ought to be the centre of all law, or insidiously undermined through the corruption of the judges. It was when the power of the State was being more and more taken out of the hands of its natural custodiers, the great territorial nobles, the great

influential commoners, and placed under the grasp of morose and unfeeling priests, and of hirelings bought by cash or coronets, to do the dirty work of the Court. It was when there was a deliberate, methodical scheme—the well-known "Thorough" of Strafford and Laud, laid in concert with the king—to destroy everything like a constitution in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and to rule as from Olympus, unchallenged by mortals, fulminating decrees, and edicts, and levies for taxation. It was when the whole three kingdoms were to be ridden down as a conquest. It was when those troublesome Parliaments were to be extinguished altogether, or only convened to register the mandates of the Crown and as a decent form for draining money out of the pockets of the people. But there were to be no stupid debates, no hateful lists of grievances, above all, nothing so dangerous as Parliamentary legislation for the relief of oppressed subjects. It was when all the usual means by which a people utter their voice were silenced; public meetings, books, even the gathering together of two or three to converse; only one voice was allowed to be heard: "Obey, obey, passively obey; like a nation of asses, bend to the burden!" And any rash man, trying a little free speech, might be thankful if he only had his ears cut off, and his nose slit, and his cheeks branded with the felons' mark, and a ruinous fine imposed, and the bars of a prison to impress a little wholesome restraint upon his over-aspiring mind. It was when the Reformation and all its fruits were like to perish under a mildew, eating away all sap and substance: instead of

God's own Word, some snivelling chant ; instead of a calm and reasonable devotion, a tedious round of mystical forms and bowings and tricks of the theatre ; instead of salvation by the individual man simply coming to the Saviour for himself, a juggle of priestly impertinences and ceremonies and absolutions. A man could not reach heaven for the quantity of lumber that was thrown in his way. And there was behind the shadow of worse to come. Rome treading fast on the heels of Laud and his mongrel priests, with her hand ready to screw down the coffin on all intellectual and true spiritual life—Mother Church, which, like Father Saturn, devours all her children. It was when there was an enormous combination of foreign powers forming to bury Protestant Britain for ever in the ruins of all its peculiar institutions and liberties : Urban of Rome, Richelieu of France, Olivarez of Spain ; all of them names like thunderbolts, embodying the whole strength and terror of Europe, portending instant death to whomsoever they should strike. Then it was, amid dangers and horrors which would have appalled a weak nation, but which always rouse a strong one to some great movement that alters the face of the world,—then it was that first Scotland alone in the National Covenant, next Scotland joined with England in the Solemn League (according to their own glorious devout words), "With our hands lifted up to the Most High," swore to defend the Reformed religion ; to extirpate the errors, not more opposed to the Reformation than destructive of their civil existence and rights ; to preserve, alike from foreign

foe and intestine plot, their Parliaments and the liberties of the people ; to require from the sovereign, in return for their allegiance, the faithful observance of all constitutional guarantees ; and to throw the broad shield of their protection over all who should flock to their banner, whether the blow were aimed at the whole body, or at the humblest individual of their number.

In the hurricane which lately swept around our coast, such as a generation has not seen ; when earth, sea, and sky seemed to commingle in a second chaos, and our waters were strewn with wrecks, and our shores covered with dead bodies, and the cry of bereaved families rose to heaven in anguish, never, never to be forgotten ; amid disaster and grief, there was one thing that relieved the dismalness of the scene, that made us smile with triumph in our very tears, and exult amid our miseries. That was when the tidings came, how, on that terrific day and night, the British Fleet stood out into the mid-Channel, and rode in order of battle into the darkest recesses of the tempest, and said to danger, "Where art thou ?" and to destruction, "I can meet thee calmly when duty calls." Oh, what a thrill of patriotic ardour shot through the souls of our people, as they next day read, and read, and never tired reading the noble incidents ; and felt what a land they live in, and what men are born there, who do their duty and serve their country with calm and unflinching steadfastness, leaving all outward events to the God of the brave and the true. "Our fleet rode the Channel that night !" will be the father's story to his children ; and we accept it as an

earnest of victory if ever mad ambition and the hellish passions of war attempt to force a passage to our shores. But was it not the same spirit which animated the Britain of the seventeenth century, when she recoiled not from the danger which threatened her utter destruction, but advanced to that danger, and braved it, and rode in order of battle into the very hurricane of its fury? It is the spirit to do or die, to forestal rather than give the start to danger, when the liberties of our country are at stake. This spirit is our palladium, the secret of our existence and power. Faithfully preserved, we are safe. Lost, our empire and influence are gone.

The Solemn League and Covenant, between the Covenanters of Scotland and the Parliamentarians in England, was sealed and cemented in the common victory which they won at Marston Moor in 1644, when the king's hopes on the battle-field were extinguished for ever. The melancholy drama, so far as he was concerned, was soon to terminate on the scaffold at Whitehall.

But the Covenanters had now touched the zenith of their influence. For a time they had been the arbiters of fate between the king and the English people. But as botanists relate, that the full blossom of the flower is just the first stage of decay; so at the fullest and completest point of their influence, the Covenanting party began to fade and decline. They ceased to play the leading part, which was speedily, and perhaps somewhat roughly, taken out of their hands by their English allies.

To them the Covenanters had acted as a covering army, screening their operations, and enabling them to gather and marshal their forces. This done, the function of the Covenanters in English affairs came to an end, at least for the present. Their old friends, the original Puritans—in other words, the English Presbyterians—were sinking equally with themselves before the rise of another, a new and terrible power,—*the Independents under Cromwell.* The Covenanters had to fall back within the lines of their own country ; and even there, the fatality of decline, once begun, seemed to track their footsteps. First one entanglement, and then another ; first one dissension, and then another, so embarrassed and weakened and rent them to pieces, that the "blessed and loyal conjunction" of 1638 became little better than a rope of sand ; and, ere long, the Presbyterian nationality of Scotland, baptized at the Greyfriars in the tears and blood of a people united as one man in the bonds of their sacred Covenant, had to bend, first under the yoke, but the mild and splendid yoke of Cromwell, and finally beneath the degrading chains imposed upon them at the Restoration.

When the king had been reduced to a state of captivity by the English Parliament, and even his person was no longer secure, the tide of feeling in both countries turned very much in his favour. The people seldom deliberate, or reason, or coldly calculate the expediency of things. They feel, they sympathize, they are agitated by the varying current of events. If they are

easily incensed, and even roused to revolt by the oppressions of the great, they are the first to melt at the spectacle of their misfortunes, though in some respects well deserved, and brought on by their own follies and crimes. Of the turn of popular feeling in favour of Charles, the Royalists prepared to make political capital. The sympathy was perhaps more strongly marked in Scotland than in England; for even the most sincere and sturdy Covenanter, although wroth with the king's "malignancy," had still a warm corner in his heart for the royal person and for kingly government.

Operating upon this state of the national mind, a movement was set a-going in Scotland by a party who ostensibly belonged to the Covenanters, with the view of drawing in the Scottish people to join with the Royalists in both countries against the prevailing faction in England, and to deliver the king from the unworthy bondage in which he was held; so that all differences might be settled by parliamentary and peaceable means. Such were the pretexts and the style employed; the gilding of the Covenant spread over an intrigue of Royalism. This party was led by the Marquis of Hamilton, then professing to be a Covenanter; and was soon strengthened, not only by the fusion of the Royalists, but by large and eminent accessions from the Covenanting body. Loudon, the orator of the National Covenant, came; and Lauderdale, the bearer to the English Parliament of the Solemn League and Covenant; and Middleton, whom the Covenanters had formerly pitted (and he was no unequal match) against the dazzling chivalry

of Montrose. The nobles very generally came. Almost the only great baron who stood aloof, nay, and opposed the measure, was the Marquis of Argyle; and the ever-watchful Kirk foresaw the danger, and laid bare the deceitfulness and hollowness of the movement. But the Hamiltonian party persevered. In 1648, the famous ENGAGEMENT (as it was styled) was entered into between them and the king. Soon afterwards, in pursuance of this engagement, they invaded England; but at the battle of Preston, where they were totally routed by Cromwell, they expiated the rashness, absurdity, and treachery of their proceedings.

The immediate consequence in Scotland was the sudden and sweeping return of the Strict Covenanters to the head of affairs, under the leadership of Argyle,—*The Whigamore Raid*, as it was called by the humorists of those days,—the first time, so far as I recollect, that the title of "Whig" entered into our party nomenclature. But the ultimate effects were disastrous in the extreme. The once united body of the Covenanters was split into Strict Covenanters and Engagers. The latter may be said—in one sense to have seceded, in another, to have been ejected, from the main body; and, ere long, virtually abandoned the Covenant altogether. By degrees, they amalgamated more or less perfectly with the Royalists; and, as is the wont of old friends when they quarrel, they and the Covenanters became irreconcilable foes.

The Covenanters, to fortify their position, passed the celebrated "Act of Classes," in the Parliament of 1649.

This measure was heralded by a long and severe speech from Argyle, which is thus curiously reported by Sir James Balfour :—" This day (5th January 1649), the Marquis of Argyle had a very long speech, consisting of five heads, which he called the breaking of the Malignants' teeth ; and that he who was to speak after him (Warriston) would break their jaws." By the " Act of Classes," all general officers, chief movers, and officials, who had made themselves active in the Engagement, were declared to form the first class of Malignants, and to be for ever incapable of public trust or employment. All committee men, volunteers, and other favourers of the Engagement, not in this first class, were incapacitated for ten years ; and could only be restored, on their giving proofs the most galling and humiliating, of repentance for their past sins, and of a return to the principles of the Covenant All not within the first and second classes, members or clerks of Parliament, members of Town-Councils, and all other persons, in whatever place or station, who had served in the Engagement, or seduced others to join, or who had not protested against it, or had obstructed those who were protesting or opposing,—were declared incapable of public employment for five years, and could only be restored on the conditions already mentioned. All members of judicatories, and other public officers, who were openly profane and scandalous, and neglecters of the worship of God in their families, were disqualified for one year, and were only to be restored on similar proofs being given of repentance and amendment of life. This wholesale proscription,

which might to some extent be justified under the necessities and convulsions of the period, and which, in the meantime, secured to the Covenanters a monopoly of the Government, led in the event to two results,—each of them almost equally calamitous to the Covenanters themselves, and for many long, wearisome, wretched years, destructive of all possibility of Constitutional government in Scotland. The one was, that this proscription of all but the Strict Covenanters from employment in the public service, kindled a new controversy amongst the remaining Covenanters themselves, and dissevered them, thoroughly enfeebled already, into two factions—the *Resolutioners*, who were favourable to a large admission "of all fencible persons in the land;" and the *Protesters*, who insisted upon the Act of Classes in all its stringency. The other result was, that the views and objects of the Covenanters (which, amid many defects, were the very germ from which has sprung our British Constitution) were henceforth attacked, and their utter extermination sought after, by a confederation of their old enemies, the Royalists, and their new enemies, the Engagers or Resolutioners,—a confederation that was soon to be in a situation to carry out its deadly purpose.

I pass over the execution of Charles I. on the 30th January 1649, but with this remark: His tragical death caused a gulf of blood to yawn for evermore between the Royalists and the Covenanters. On the latter—as the originators of the war—as the first to give the signal of resistance to absolutism—as the allies of the English

Parliament—as opponents of the Engagement, which, even at the eleventh hour, might have rescued the king, if the Strict Covenanters had joined—and now as the authors of an act by which the whole royal party were proscribed as Malignants,—on their heads, we say, was accumulated the chief odium and guilt of his death. The Royalists ever afterwards looked upon the Presbyterians with more horror and detestation than they did even upon the Independents and Cromwellians.

Such a thrill of indignation was felt through all Scotland, amongst all classes and parties, at what was considered the murder of the king: and so stanch were the people to the monarchical idea, and to the line of the Stuarts, that the Covenanting Government, whether it was agreeable to their own views or not (which is doubtful), if they were to keep their own footing, found it necessary to open communications with the Prince, afterwards Charles II. But knowing his character, even then mature in vice, in falsehood, and treachery, though he was only twenty years of age, and had passed under the sometimes salutary rod of adversity,—they did all they could to save the country from its own extravagance, and to maintain the standard of constitutional liberty. For this purpose they passed an Act, ordering that, before being admitted to the throne of Scotland, he should disband his evil counsellors, the Malignants; and furthermore (in the words of the Act itself), "should consent and agree, that all civil matters should be determined by the Parliament of the kingdom, and all

ecclesiastical matters by the General Assembly of the Kirk." This was just, in other words, that he was to rule as a constitutional king, with responsible and popular advisers.

Charles, when every other shift failed him,—when he found that the English cavaliers were utterly prostrate, that the Irish rapparees were not ready at the moment to cut throats, and that Montrose, who had his warrant to try a rebellion in the Highlands, had been brought to the ground, like a shot vulture,—when there was no other door of hope, he flung himself headlong into the arms of the Covenanters, swallowing all their terms, and subscribing the Covenant, and all the paper promises they liked to lay before him. When Patrick Gillespie besought him not to subscribe a certain declaration, "No, not for the three kingdoms, if he were not satisfied in his soul and conscience, beyond all hesitation, of its righteousness,"—"Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Gillespie," he answered, having, it seems, the royal trick of repeating his words, "I am satisfied, I am satisfied, and, therefore, will subscribe."

On the 1st of January 1651, Charles was crowned, where the ancient kings of Scotland used to be, at Scone, near Perth. "This day," exclaims Baillie, in a rapture of loyalty, writing from Perth, "we have crowned our noble king with all the solemnities. . . . So peaceably and magnificently, as if no enemy had been among us. This is of God ; for it was Cromwell's purpose, which I thought easily he might have performed, to have marred by arms that action, at least the solemnity of it."

In the morning, the nobles and estates of Parliament attended him at a formal audience, in the presence-chamber of the palace; and afterwards accompanied him to the venerable abbey-church (as we learn from the contemporary account), "in order and rank according to their quality, two and two." The crown was carried before him by the Marquis of Argyle. "Then came the king, with the Great Constable on his right hand, and the Great Marshal on his left hand," his train borne by four earls' eldest sons, and under a canopy of crimson velvet, supported by six earls' eldest sons, and attended by a cluster more of the young nobility. "Thus," says the old journalist, "the king's majesty entered the kirk." The church was suitably prepared; and in the midst, there was a raised platform, twenty-four feet square, on an elevated portion of which the throne was placed. "All being quietly composed unto an attention," the king sitting in a chair of state opposite the pulpit, Robert Douglas preached the Coronation Sermon. Since the death of Henderson, this was the Kirk's most eminent minister; wanting the originality, the bold conception, the silent stern command of his predecessor, but resembling him in prudence and moderation, and equalling him in integrity of disposition and singleness of heart. The sermon was appropriate and judicious, plain-spoken, without dogmatism or violence, and such as became the Christian patriot. In a few sentences he exhausted the whole philosophy of constitutional government. "It is good for our king to learn to be wise in time, and know that he receiveth this day a power to

govern, but a power limited by contract; and these conditions he is bound by oath to stand to. Kings are deceived, who think that the people are ordained for the king, and not the king for the people. . . . There must be no tyranny upon the throne. . . . As the king is solemnly sworn to maintain the right of the subjects against enemies, and is bound to hazard his life and all that he hath for their defence, so the people are also bound to maintain his person and authority, and so hazard life and all that they have in defending him." After sermon, Douglas read the Covenants slowly and distinctly, the Commissioners from the General Assembly standing in front of the pulpit; and the King kneeling, and lifting up his right hand, sware,—"I, Charles, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, do assure and declare, by my solemn oath, in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, my allowance and approbation of the National Covenant, and of the Solemn League and Covenant, . . . and faithfully oblige myself to prosecute the ends thereof in my station and calling." And he subscribed the Covenants, and the words of the oath, "being drawn up in a fair parchment," as part of the charter by which he was to hold his rights as king. He then ascended the platform, and sat down upon the throne. The lords who were officiating repaired to the four corners of the platform, and the Lord Lyon addressed the assembled multitude, "Sirs, I present unto you the king. . . . Are you willing to have him for your king, and become subject to his commandment?" And the king rose and showed himself to the people,

and they answered with cheerful acclamations, "God save the king!" Descending, and resuming his former seat, after certain questions had been proposed to him, Charles took the Coronation Oath, by which he bound himself to "maintain the true religion of Christ Jesus;" and to "rule the people committed to his charge according to the will and command of God, and according to the loveable laws and constitutions received in the realm;" and that "in all judgments he shall command and procure that justice and equity be kept to all creatures without exception, as the Lord and Father of mercies shall be merciful to him." "This done," continues our journalist, "the king's majesty sitteth down in his chair, and reposeth himself a little." After an interval of repose, he rises from the chair, and the robes of a prince are taken off him, which up to this time he had worn, and he "is invested by the chamberlain in his royal robes." The sword being girt by his side, and the spurs put on, the Marquis of Argyle places the crown upon his head; and on the herald's proclamation, the noblemen come forward and kneel, and with their hands touch the crown on the king's head, and each swears, "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to the uttermost." And the people hold up their hands, whilst the Lord Lyon reads the words of the people's oath, "We become your liege men, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folks whatsoever, in your service, according to the National Covenant and Solemn League and Covenant." The king

now again ascended the platform, with the crown on his head, and was installed in the throne as the true and lawful sovereign of the Scottish nation. "Sire!" said Robert Douglas, in conclusion, with noble and pathetic earnestness—with a voice of prophecy which was fulfilled within forty years,—"Sire! *destroyers are prepared for the injustice of the throne.* I entreat you, execute righteous judgment. If you do it not, your house will be a desolation." With these awful words of warning still ringing in his ears, the new-made king descended from the throne; the glittering pageant again formed; and the chivalry and citizenship of Scotland marched back to the palace in the same order as they had issued forth in the morning.

A gallant, imposing, almost sublime spectacle, if it had been real. Never perhaps had that contract between king and people, which has been supposed to exist only in the brains of philosophers, been displayed so openly and tangibly in the broad daylight—in the ceremonials of an actual coronation. But, alas! it was a hollow pomp, a blasphemous farce; and, to their equal shame, both parties were conscious that they had been acting a falsehood before the eyes of a staring and credulous people. It is plain that neither of them was deceived in the other. Charles felt that under the name of king he was but a prisoner, and was used as the tool of the dominant party, who gave no credit to his professions. The Covenanters saw that his nature was base and faithless; that no tie could bind him; that declarations and oaths were to him but as empty air. They took their

measures accordingly. They banished his Malignant associates, reduced him to a nonentity, ruled everything without him, and, what to him was the most intolerable of all, subjected him to a discipline of endless fasts, and prayers, and sermons. Argyle, the real sovereign of the country, whoever might be nominal king, seems to have tended and kept about him with a kind of ostentatious service, half-prying and half-patronizing, which struck the bitterest enmity into the young king's heart. Ever careful in those times of change and jeopardy to fence himself round with ratifications, and indemnities, and secret pactions, Argyle, in whose hands Charles was only a puppet, drew from him a letter, written by himself, and signed with his seal-manual, expressive of his favour towards Argyle, and trust and confidence in him ; and, particularly, promising to make him a duke, a knight of the garter, and lord of the bed-chamber, whenever he should think fit to call for performance of the promise ; to be guided by his counsels ; and, when restored to his just rights in England, to see him paid the sum of £40,000 sterling (an enormous amount in those days, probably equal to £150,000 now), which was estimated as the debt due to Argyle for his public disbursements and expenses. Rising in ambition, and yielding to the weird-like vision that the race of Maccallum-More might yet mount the throne, he proposed that Charles should marry his daughter, to which the needy and reckless youth consented, probably, however, only to amuse him, and attach him by the bands of golden hope to the Royalist cause. This singular piece of secret history is

most circumstantially related by old Kirkton, a contemporary, having the best means of information, honest and unsophisticated, himself a Covenanter, and candid and respectful to the memory of the great Marquis. "The Marquis of Argyle, being all that time almost dictator of Scotland, to make all sure for himself, being in great danger from the envy of his enemies, thought good to strike up a match betwixt the king and his daughter, Lady Anne, to which the king consented with all assurance; though all that poor family had by the bargain was a disappointment, so grievous to the poor young lady, that, of a gallant young gentlewoman, she lost her spirit and turned absolutely distracted. So unfortunately do the back wheels of private designs work in the puppet plays of the public revolutions in the world." This real dictation, exercised under the guise of loyal counsel, varied by some sharp reproofs for the vices in which Charles indulged, and aggravated by what would appear the traitorous presumption of taking advantage of the king's necessities to urge the marriage with his daughter; all these, and many other circumstances, excited in the king feelings of personal revulsion and abhorrence, which in course of time hurried Argyle to his doom. Charles, who was all his life very easy as to public indignities done to the nation, was never known to forgive any man who had insulted or personally offended himself; only he waited on quietly till the time for revenge came round. He winked like an owl, but at last seized on his prey like a raven.

This unreal and unnatural state of things, the bow

being too far bent, snapt and gave way after Cromwell's defeat of the Covenanting army at the battle of Dunbar. This battle was to the Covenanters something like the battle of Preston to the Engagers. It shattered their forces, crippled their influence, and dimmed the prestige which had hitherto surrounded them. On their wreck, military and political, a kind of King's Guard was formed, composed of Royalists and Engagers, who now broke through all the meshes of restraint, soon commanded a majority in the Committee of Estates, and at one blow demolished that Act of Classes, out of which their own proscription as a party, and the exclusive dominion of the Covenanters, had equally arisen. They proceeded to levy a new army, commanded, officered, and very much filled by Malignants (or anti-Covenanters), who would fight no longer for the liberties of the people, but only for the restoration of the king to sovereign and absolute power.

Last fatal sign, that the ancient spirit and the freedom of Scotland were about to disappear under a total eclipse! the Kirk, the hitherto impregnable, unyielding Kirk, stooped down from her old height, and emitted resolutions in favour of those proceedings of the Royalists. Against these RESOLUTIONS, a large, bold, fierce minority, headed by James Guthrie of Stirling, PROTESTED; protested that the principles of the Covenant should be maintained; protested that Malignants should not be admitted to places of trust and authority, so as to enable them to sap and betray the liberties of the country; protested that the king should only be received, and

allegiance only accorded to him, on the old constitutional terms of free Parliaments and free Assemblies. Such was the rise of the *Resolutioners* and the *Protesters*, one of the most bitter and implacable feuds that ever raged in any country ; and by which the Church of Scotland, once so united and powerful, and indeed the whole people, were hopelessly divided ; and were so unnerved, shaken to pieces, and deprived of all strength, as to become an easy prey to the mighty at the time of the Restoration.

If the Protesters had not the satisfaction to carry out their own views, they had at least the consolation of paralysing the military movements of the Royalist-Resolutioner party. Of the nobles, indeed, Argyle alone sided with the Protesters, at least kept aloof from the Resolutioners ; but the absence of Argyle, lord of such a vast principality, so long the real governor of Scotland, created an ominous blank in the Royalist host. What the Protesters wanted in nobles, they made up in the general support of the smaller gentry, of the citizens, and the common people. This arrested the recruiting for the Royal army, which, besides, was not very brilliantly officered, and had the poorest of commanders-in-chief in the person of the king himself. What was an army, so mustered and so commanded, but stubble before the sword of Cromwell ? And such it proved, at the battle of Worcester, in 1651, where, for the time being, the final extinguisher was put upon Royalism in Britain. The protesting Covenanters had thus the merit, as they might themselves deem it—the misfortune, as it turned

out to their sad experience in the after days of reaction—to aid greatly in excluding Charles from the throne, and the Royalists from power, wealth, and office, for the full space of ten years longer.

These ten years—these dismal ten years—imparted edge and keenness to the *persecutions* that followed the Restoration of 1661!

Their principal leaders hitherto had been the old Earl of Leven, Alexander Henderson, and the Marquis of Argyle. Leven restricted himself very much to his duties as a military commander. Henderson had by this time passed away from the scene, as on the wings of that whirlwind which he had done so much to raise and to moderate, to sustain and direct. Argyle remained, the very personification of this period of struggle anterior to the Restoration; and we shall in due time meet him paying the penalty which all reformers must pay, whenever the floodgates of reaction break loose.

Archibald, Marquis of Argyle, was the representative of one of the oldest and greatest families in Scotland. It seems to have been a family that generally sided with new aspiring parties, with new imminent revolutions, and rose upon every change. It took part with Bruce, and shared in his prosperous fortunes. It cast in its lot with the Reformation; and when that cause became all-triumphant, the family of Argyle made a further stride in eminence and power. And now when the great struggle for constitutional liberty broke out, again there was an Argyle—true to the instincts of the family—

thoughtfully and cautiously embarking upon the revolutionary or popular side; and at every swell of the wave mounting higher and higher in rank, in possessions, in distinction, in personal and political importance. He was born in 1598. He was educated with care, and to a degree beyond what the rough barons of those times generally aspired after. Besides the usual routine of the classics, the native bent of his mind led him to the profound and methodical study of theology and jurisprudence. His training thus prepared him to be the foremost statesman in an age of politico-religious revolution; and the short pithy maxims of the scholastic theologians and jurists are thickly inlaid in all his speeches and writings. On returning from his travels, he repaired to the Court of Charles I., where he was held in great favour and consideration by the King. In 1626, he was made a privy-councillor, and was much employed in the King's service. His father, also Archibald by name, seems to have been a man of wayward, perverse, and unhappy disposition. He had been a favourite with James; but being immersed in debt, had to quit the country in 1616, and, as Scotstarvet informs us, "went over to West Flanders to serve the King of Spain, and became Papist." The education of the son seems to have been conducted under the eye of the Earl of Morton, whose daughter he afterwards married. The father returning to London after the accession of Charles, was well received at Court; for Charles was always kind to old courtier friends, and his conversion to Popery would ingratiate him with the Queen, and her little mischief-

making camarilla. He had conceived a morbid hatred against his oldest son, then Lord Lorn, and vowed to disinherit him altogether. He furthermore endeavoured to ruin him in the esteem and confidence of the King. But the King disregarded all this as the frenzy of blinded passion; and having the power of forfeiture against the old Earl by means of the penal laws against Popery, under which he had fallen, Charles very generously protected Lorn from the vindictive fury of his father, and compelled the latter to assign over to his son all the estates and honours of Argyle, reserving to himself only a liferent maintenance suitable to his rank. At their last meeting in the royal presence, the old Earl declared, "I submit to the king's pleasure, though I believe I am hardly dealt with;" then turning to his son, "I have to call to your remembrance how undutiful your carriage has been towards me; but bear ever in mind how bountiful the king has been to you, which yet I am sure you will forget." Summoning up the whole bitterness of a father when maddened with hatred against his own offspring, he thus finally addressed the king: "Sire, I know this young man better than you can do. You have brought me low, that you may raise him. I doubt you will live to repent. He is a man of craft, subtlety, and falsehood, and can love no man; and if ever he finds it in his power to do you mischief, he will be sure to do it." It was amid this hissing fire of curses that Argyle entered into his inheritance; and certainly, however ominous the entrance, a magnificent inheritance it was, or eventually became under his nursing manage-

ment! Since the Dukes of Guise in France, or the Princes of Orange in Holland, or the Black Douglases of Scotland, scarcely had any sovereign or people beheld such a prince-vassal towering up in their midst. From Glenmore in the far north, where in our more peaceful times the Caledonian Canal flows in beneficent current, to the Mull of Kintyre and the estuary of Clyde in the south, through the mountains of Lochaber and the forests of Badenoch, amid a country which nature had made all but impregnable, and over tens of thousands of hardy and devoted clansmen, who knew the Maccallum-More, but not Charles Stuart—he reigned the undisputed chief. His family had been the High Justiciars of all Scotland, executing the regal authority both in civil and criminal causes; but since the institution of the Court of Session, this, once the most exalted office under the crown, had been reduced to almost nominal dignity. Argyle exchanged the now empty bauble for real Justiciary jurisdiction, that is for real sovereignty over the Western Highlands, and over the Western Isles from the Hebrides to Arran, having in his hands the liberties, the properties, the lives of the whole population. A dominion so gigantic was felt in the remotest Highland glen, even though not directly under his sway; and virtually he was King of the North of Scotland, especially when the central government was daily becoming weaker, until it ceased at last to have any influence or control. Nor was his dominion confined to the Highlands. He had possessions in the counties of Renfrew and Ayr and along by the Ochils, where Castle Campbell, from its eyrie of rocks,

still looks with a falcon's eye over the vale of the Devon and the plains of the Forth. Besides the castles and towers that studded his extensive domains, he had in Edinburgh, in Glasgow, in Stirling, and other chief cities, large and stately mansions, filled with his retainers, where all important personages, whether countrymen or foreigners, congregated around the great man, and which marked his pre-eminence, and impressed the people with feelings of awe and submission. "Questionless," says Baillie, "the greatest subject the King had!" This unique social position was sure to make him the prime leader of whatever party he might embrace. But, independently of position, he was endued with qualities fitted to raise him to the highest pinnacle of the state, especially in confused, crooked, and intricate times. Very unlike a lord and chieftain of the Gael indeed, he was timorous to a degree often verging upon cowardice; and though, as the head of a warlike clan, and of thousands of tributary vassals, he was frequently under the necessity of taking the field and conducting military expeditions, his name is not coupled with a single feat of prowess, or one brilliant exploit of arms. Debarred by physical temperament from gaining renown on the field of battle—his legitimate sphere as a Highland prince—he all the more sedulously cultivated the arts of political leadership and diplomacy. His governing characteristic was *wisdom*, in its highest sense; that true regulator of the whole intellectual and active powers, as much the free gift of nature as genius is, and perhaps even more rare. It is an attribute quite distinct from knowledge,

learning, talent, skill; or rather, it is the harmonious composition and union of them all, used in their due order, and directed so as most effectually to conduce to the desired result. Separately or unduly exerted, these special faculties are apt to fail of the mark: it is only by their nice adjustment that they are made to work efficiently; and this nice adjustment constitutes wisdom; —as it is not strength alone that makes the expert wrestler, nor agility alone, nor the knowledge of trips and throws alone, but the combination of them all, and their right use at the right moment. All the contemporaries of Argyle, whether hostile or friendly, whether his own countrymen or the English politicians, were, I had almost said, overawed by his extraordinary wisdom. His friends had a mysterious faith in it, his enemies a mysterious fear of it. In depicting the perils and perplexities in 1646, when negotiations were going on between the Scottish and English Parliaments as to terms of accommodation with the King, Baillie thus writes: "Argyle's authority and wise carriage here has much stopped the mouth of our enemies." He elsewhere affirms of him, that in all exigencies he "did give most and best advice in every purpose which came by hand." And writing at the time of his execution, although he had been estranged from him by party controversies for more than ten years, Baillie exclaims with an affecting and subdued pathos, "The man was very wise!" Wisdom always presented itself as the marked and dominating feature of his character. His constant rule in government —the word constantly on his lips—was "moderation:"

not the moderation of feebleness, but of a considerate and comprehensive mind. The whole policy of Scotland, both in Church and State, from 1638 to 1650—daring yet cautious, revolutionary in plan, yet moderate and orderly in execution—is the biography of Argyle. Like all the higher class of statesmen who have ruled pre-eminent at critical eras—such as our own Burleigh, and Regent Murray, and Somers, and Pitt, and Peel—he has but little personal history ; his name represents the policy of his country. This large endowment of wisdom for which he was so remarkable, was fitly mated with an industry constant and untiring. Nothing was too hard or heavy for his powers of labour : nothing so minute or nicely disguised as to escape his ever-watchful eye. His own policy was locked up in a breast that revealed nothing ; time alone was his slow interpreter ; but the designs of his adversaries he knew by intuition, or tracked by his extensive means of secret information, and he was always prepared to ward off a blow, long before the arm was raised that was to strike it. He was master of others, because he had first learned to be master of himself : his wisdom and industry were seconded by his unruffled self-possession and coolness. Burnet, who was his contemporary, and moved in the same circles, describes him as being "of an invincible calmness of temper." There are traces, however, that his temper was naturally somewhat harsh and austere. Baillie sometimes records his "flytings" in Parliament ; and Sir James Balfour gives specimens of his invective as idiomatic and unceremonious, as if they had proceeded from a Swift or a Cobbett.

The "invincible calmness," therefore, which he generally displayed, and which was his character with the public, must have been a victory of strict self-control and self-discipline. His morals were correct and pure; his deportment grave and solemn; and entirely absorbed in the public service, he was sober, reserved, and frugal in his habits of living. He was an able and accomplished speaker. Baillie calls him "an excellent spokesman;" Kirkton, "a judicious lawyer and an eloquent orator." Judging from the remains of his writings and speeches, he was very methodical and comprehensive in treating his subject; resolved every question into its first principles, or the plainest grounds of expediency; was concise and sententious, often gravely ironical, and was fond of strong homely metaphors and illustrations. He was a man of decided religion, of fervent and exalted piety. From his first appearance in history down to the close of his career, he was consistent in his profession and conduct. It is easy and it is usual for cynical men of the world to sneer at such high religious professions as hypocrisy; but the religion which, as in the case of Argyle, has accompanied a man through a long life, amid every change and temptation, has largely stamped his actions, and set up an altar in his family, has consoled him in prison, supported him to the scaffold, and inspired his last breath, will be accepted by every generous mind as true, and practical, and sincere. He evidently preferred the Presbyterian model; but he nowhere appears as a mere Presbyterian zealot, and showed an extreme aversion to clerical secularity. His chief anxiety

was for the preservation of the Reformed religion, pure and simple, and the overthrow of all hierarchies. He believed that hierarchies, if ever they get full scope, are incompatible with constitutional monarchy, or constitutional government of any kind. In particular, he believed that Papal Rome can only subsist, like cancer, by eating into the living flesh of free men, and corrupting all its sound elements into a foul and diseased mass. Thus, in answer to a taunting letter from the Earl of Strafford, in 1638, he expresses himself in language which is verified every day, even in our own times and country : "This people (the Scots) can hardly be brought back one step to Rome, which on so good grounds they have cast off, and settled by their laws. And they keep still this maxim,—that whosoever love or favour Popery more than the Reformed religion, if they durst avouch it, love the Pope too, or any of his sect better than the sovereign of the country." That he had many faults, is at once admitted. This is the common admission to be made concerning all men, even the best and greatest, more particularly in situations of extreme difficulty, and in seasons of revolutionary fury. Doubtless he had a selfishness of his own, as we all have. It is probably true, what Burnet alleges, that "he was much set on raising his own family to be a sort of king in the Highlands." He may have been cold, hard, unamiable ; he was by temperament hesitating, suspicious, unconfiding ; and seems to have been only frank and gracious upon policy, when he was gaining people over to his own ways. Then he could trim his sails to catch

the breeze, and be courtly, bland, and insinuating, and (as Baillie naïvely phrases it) "he drew all men after him." It is no presumption in favour of any kindliness in his nature, that he was under the malison of his father; that he was at mortal enmity with his father-in-law the Earl of Morton; that, like his own father over again, he took, or pretended to take an inveterate dislike to his eldest son Lord Lorn, and threatened to disinherit him. Even on the good easy maxim in such cases, that there are faults on both sides, a large share of the faults must have been Argyle's. Craft was another vice always charged upon him. We have seen how his enraged father denounced him as "a man of craft, subtlety, and falsehood," and who could "love no man." His enemies have perpetuated this cry; and even friendly chroniclers will sometimes drop a hint of his "cunning ways." This is the fault into which political wisdom is the most apt to degenerate. In his very outer man, as transmitted to us in portraits and traditions, there is the adumbration of two natures: the one crafty and politic; the other wise and clear. The spare wiry figure, the long face, the compressed yet unctuous mouth, the squint eyes—sharp but unreadable, whence he is known as the "glied Marquis" until this day—these we may suppose to indicate a man dexterous, shifty, versatile, capable of the most secret designs, the most unexpected movements, a man deep and impenetrable: yet again, looking at the great upper head, the finely-knit capacious brow, and the calm fixed energy of expression, you feel in the presence of one who had a

large grasping intellect, a concentrated subtle force of will, a capacity for great thoughts and plans, a long-enduring persistence of purpose, fitting him to rule as the first statesman in an age of political and theological revolution. "He kept his authority," observes Kirkton, "after the fall of almost all his competitors, which occasioned him, as is usual, a great deal of envy; and being very wise and politic, he was by many reckoned either subtile or false." Yet with all his faults, I have tried every theory upon his character, and nothing will explain him, in life and in death, except the theory that he was a TRUE PATRIOT. Nothing will explain him, if we do not believe his own solemn words, uttered at his trial, when he knew that he was within a few weeks of death. "In all the transactions of affairs in which I ever had any hand, I was never led by any private design of advantage to myself, either of honour or benefit, which are the main things that sway the most part of men's actions. . . . If I had aimed at honours, I wanted not opportunities, if I durst have forsaken other things in which I was engaged by strict obligations more binding upon me than personal ends." For more than twenty years, his whole princely power, the whole energies of his mind, his whole working life, were dedicated to the realization of two ideas,—first, the establishment of constitutional monarchy, but he would rather have the throne vacant than occupied by a despot; second, the abolition of hierarchies, so that the nation might enjoy its religion in assurance and freedom, in peace and security. And when at any time these ideas could not be fully realized,

his next rule was, never to despair of his country, never to turn away on the other side even if she had fallen amongst thieves, never to neglect the opportunities that remained, but to make the best use of every crisis, and to save the people as much as possible from injury and violence. Of all the peers of Scotland who had first led the battle, all had gone ;—some no doubt by death, but many from timidity, or weariness at the long-protracted struggle ; many of them from wounded pride and rivalry ; most from apostasy, each looking for his gain from his quarter : all had gone save Argyle. As he had entered the revolution with long forethought and caution, so he kept his post with resolution and unfaltering faith. History ought to be tender with the memory of such men. His frailties were human ; but his great example and his great death are amongst the things divine, which glorify the page of history ; which rouse the pulse of man, when it becomes languid amid the corruptions and tyrannies of the earth, to beat again with hope and renewed courage, and confidence in the ultimate triumph of every just cause.

III.

THE COMMONWEALTH THE RESTORATION.

The Commonwealth became supreme in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Charles, a poor contemptible fugitive, hanging on the skirts of this foreign court and that foreign court, pocketing their stingy alms, yet avoided and despised by them,—selfish, mean, spiritless, and licentious, a trifler as to everything manly and serious, and only industrious in vice and debauchery,—Charles was very speedily forgotten by the generality of people, or the reports which they heard concerning him tended only to sink him lower in their estimation. A new generation was growing up, who had listened with wonder to the history of Cromwell, his first appearance, his rise, his activity, his greatness of mind, the deeds of his "Ironsides," his many "crowning mercies," his elevation to sovereign command, his admirable fitness for it; and how, by the terror he inspired, the name of a Briton was now as much feared throughout the world as was ever that of a Roman. The nations were becoming accustomed to his sway, rigid and arbitrary no doubt in some respects, but upon the whole wise, equitable, and

enlightened, eminently favourable to commerce, and gentle and tender on the score of religion. The house of Stuart seemed waning away from the memory of Britain, as that of Bourbon now seems to be from the memory of France. Cromwell—if the *Richard* had been half equal to the *Oliver !*—might have founded a dynasty on the ruins of the Stuarts, under which we might at this day have been living.

In Scotland, the controversy between the Resolutioners and Protesters continued with unabated animosity ; and personal rivalries, injuries, and offences mingled with and embittered the dispute. Indeed, there was virtually a schism in the Church between the two factions—virtually two Churches. The sort of practical shape which the controversy now took was this :—The Resolutioners still confided, or affected to confide in Charles, and desired and would have aided to bring about his restoration, on the best guarantee that could be got from him, or even without any express guarantee. The Protesters, though neither hostile to monarchy, nor to the family of the Stuarts, had no confidence in Charles, and believed that there was neither faith nor truth in him ; that it was not expedient at present to move in his restoration, but so far to acquiesce in, and take the benefit of the present strong, settled, and not unkindly government. In short, the Resolutioners were ardently attached to royalty and to the Stuarts, and were really enemies to the English Commonwealth. The Protesters were no enemies to royalty in the abstract, but were inclined to trust more to the existing Commonwealth than to any

kind of royalty likely to be established by Charles or his counsellors. This latter party (the Protesters) were now chiefly represented by Argyle, Warriston, and James Guthrie, who thus, indirectly at least, supported and strengthened the government of Cromwell. Hence, at the Restoration, the whole fury of the Court and Royalist party descended upon the Protesters, and especially upon the heads of these three as the leading men.

But although, during the time of the Commonwealth, this controversy was raging and storming in various ways; yet Cromwell having, for the sake of public peace and quietness, closed the doors of the General Assembly, which used to be the great scene of the combat, many ministers ceased from this work of strife and contention, and devoted themselves more assiduously than they had been doing before to their strictly *pastoral* duties; to the instruction of their flocks in the essentials of the gospel, to the care of the young, to more stated visiting and catechizing, to those labours of love which best become a Christian ministry, and which are the human means for rearing up the people "in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness." And the fruits of this awakened, earnest zeal on the part of the ministers soon began to appear in a visible and astonishing improvement amongst the people. Blessed preparation for the fiery trials in which they were so soon, ministers and people, to be involved!

On the death of Cromwell, on the 3d September 1658, the crown of Britain (for so it was, though the

title of the wearer was Lord Protector instead of his Majesty the King) passed as easily from Oliver to Richard, as ever it had done from Tudor to Tudor, from Stuart to Stuart, or does now from Guelph to Guelph. The exiled family had little hold upon England ; and in Scotland, if there was a national prejudice in their favour, it had been much cooled by the scandal of Charles's behaviour when in Scotland, by the opposition of the Protesters, and also by the prosperity and tranquillity which had been enjoyed under the rule of Cromwell. Ireland, in its own kind of wild, confused way, threatened to be "up" for the king ; but owing to numberless circumstances, Ireland could take no initiative in the events that were passing ; and could only, at the utmost, have achieved a riot or a massacre. The Stuarts had been long out of the country, and were now represented only by a young libertine, incapable of any extraordinary effort or daring enterprise. The Cromwells were in possession ; and so they might have continued, had Richard possessed the nerve of Louis Napoleon, or been as lucky in his confederates.

The nations were calm, still, and moderate, as Richard ascended the steps of the throne. But the moment it was perceived that he stood with tottering feet, and wavering and uncertain purpose, all was tumult and disorder. Old parties reared their heads ; and new parties, who had been engendered in the confusions of the late years ; and still newer parties, vomited out in the troubles of the moment, plotting and speculating on the chances of the murky future.

In England, there were of old parties, the Royalists, adherents of the Stuart dynasty, and zealots for the Church of England as part and parcel of their politics; and Puritans (English Presbyterians), haters of Episcopacy, asserters of the principles of the Solemn League and Covenant, and of Parliamentary or constitutional government. Of parties new, or even momentarily-formed, were the Protectorists, those attached by interest, or preference of any kind, to the Cromwell family; the Republicans, as also the Independents, the whole brood of sectaries, and the body of common soldiers, who were mostly Republicans of the deepest dye; and a motley group of adventurers; single individuals, or little conspiring knots, who had no opinions, no serious objects, no covenant, no sacred banner, but were actuated only by the hungry, wolf-like savageness, the disease of revolutionary times, which stimulates to the work of ravage and gorging, and plunder and destruction.

In Scotland, several of those types were wanting. There were no Protectorists, Republicans, or sectaries. But there were the old parties—the Royalists and the Presbyterians; and there were abundance of adventurers, the spawn of the moment. There were also types which were wanting in England, at least in the exact kind. The Resolutioners, who were bound to the Covenants, but who would receive back the Stuarts on any, or no terms, rather than the old monarchy should perish; and the Protesters, also bound to the Covenants, also inclined to monarchy, and to the Stuarts in the abstract, but who

would not receive them back, or assist in any such step, except upon the conditions of the Covenants, that is, upon the terms of limited monarchy.

The parties in Ireland, for the reason above mentioned, I need not describe. No leading influence could emanate from thence ; but, generally, the parties there would go into the scale of Royalism.

The Republicans of all the various different shades in England, and the Protesters in Scotland, were the only parties in the three kingdoms fixed in their opposition to the return of the Stuarts. But the Republicans and Protesters had no real affinity, and could never co-operate ; for the former were enemies to monarchy altogether ; whereas the latter were only opposed to absolute monarchy, and to the king's supremacy over the Church, but would readily unite to receive him on sufficient and trustworthy guarantees being given.

Of all the parties now thrown into a state of ferment, there were two which undeniably were the strongest in point of numbers, of wealth, of rank and influence in society, and in the possession of all the old traditions, and old memories, and old sympathies of the country. These were, the Royalists and Presbyterians, both in England and in Scotland. Even singly and alone, each was formidable. If they should form a junction, what should resist their joint determinations ? But were not their antipathies too keen, and had not these antipathies been too recently inflamed, the one against the other, ever to allow of their entering into combined action for any object whatever ? And, more-

over, was there not a lion in their path, which might well appal the stoutest heart? those iron legions, namely, scattered through the country, 50,000 strong, whom Cromwell had drilled and prayed into inspiration; who, under his command, had trodden upon the high places of the earth; who, on the fields of England, in the mountain-passes of Scotland, before the strengths of Ireland, had shared with him in those "crowning mercies" which Heaven distilled upon his head like the drops of the morning; who abhorred the House of Stuart, as if the curse of Saul were upon it; who abhorred the Church of England, as the eldest daughter of Babylon; and who, since the death of their chief, had held together, and still felt impelled to follow his mighty shade, as it seemed to beckon them on to the *Reign of Saints!*

In spite of all these difficulties, apparently insurmountable, a coalition was at length formed between the Royalists and Presbyterians; but not the Presbyterian Protesters, who to the last opposed the return of Charles, except under suitable terms and conditions. In the flush and intoxication of the moment, the Royalists, with the English Presbyterians and the Scottish Resolutioners, prevailed; and a sufficient armed force was brought together for their protection and support. Common interests and common party ends neutralized their mutual repulsion. George Monk was the secret, wily, wrinkled old alchemist, who extracted this coalition from so many discordant materials. This being accomplished, the result could not be doubtful. Charles II. was re-

stored to his dominions, and arrived in London on the 29th of May 1660.

He was now in the prime of life, about thirty years of age; healthy and vigorous in body; and if, from circumstances, not very carefully educated or accomplished, this defect was almost compensated by his natural cleverness and ready understanding. He had been long tried in the furnace of adversity; he had been restored as by a miracle, which might well impress even the most frivolous mind; and he was hailed by a people who welcomed in him a deliverer from the horrors of anarchy—a prince of the old line, who was to bring hope, relief, and peace, and cheerier, happier times. Such, no doubt, was the day-dream of the populace, always caught by the spangles outside; never initiated in the farces or tragedies it may be, that are preparing behind the scenes. And so they kindled bonfires, and drank themselves blind, at every market-cross in the country.

But, alas! Charles, if so far, since we last met him in Scotland about ten years ago, he had been growing in experience of men and of the world, had equally been growing in all the vices we then observed,—in falsity, hollowness, idleness, profligacy, and in the voluptuary's rather than the tyrant's determination to be king without interference or control. "I have no desire," he once said to Lord Essex, "to sit like a Turk, and order men to be bowstringed; but then, I will not suffer a set of fellows to be prying into my private affairs." Almost

immediately upon his return, he abandoned himself entirely to pleasure, the only jewel in his estimation that made a crown worth having; and although, in his off-hand, good-humoured, no-meaning way, he spoke pleasant things to everybody who approached him, he scarcely bestowed one moment's serious thought upon public business, or any affair of state, except where his own authority or his own personal feelings or habits were likely to be touched. He left everything to his vizier, Clarendon, and to hundreds of greedy, cruel, insatiable pashas, who immediately fastened open-mouthed upon the country. His truly wicked example, when it came to be seen and known of all men (for, as he was without virtue, so he was without shame), like the upas tree, dropped blasting and death upon his Court, upon the aristocracy, and less or more indeed upon all classes of the community. All historians bear confirming testimony to Roger Coke's assertion, that "King Charles left the nation more vitiated and debauched than ever it was by any other king."

When monarchy was restored in 1660, Clarendon and the Anglican (or Church of England) Royalist party were masters of the situation. Their leading ideas were, to govern under the forms of legality; but, above all, to revive Episcopacy, which had been abolished in England; to impose it upon Scotland; and to compel ecclesiastical uniformity and passive obedience in both kingdoms.

This Anglican Ministry continued in power from 1660 to 1667; and so long the Court and the Anglicans worked in harmony.

The return of Charles, with Clarendon as chief minister, was a sufficient indication that there was a foregone design, in due time and season, to re-establish Episcopacy.

But there was great difficulty in the way. The Presbyterians in England and Scotland were too numerous and influential, and had too largely contributed to the Restoration, to be offended and set aside all at once; and Charles, the reverse of his father, would have laughed at the idea of dying a martyr, or losing his throne, or even a good night's revelry, for any or all the sects in Christendom—perhaps for Christianity itself. He had a plain matter-of-fact shrewdness, possessed by none of his family before him on the English throne, nor by the only one of his race that came after him. He could see what was practicable in the world. He could see the prose of things, and was not to be carried away by the fumes of zeal or fancy; and beyond the practicable and workable, he would not commit himself. It is true, he had an extreme dislike and contempt for Presbyterianism, and used to declare, "It was not a religion for a gentleman." He would be glad to see it abolished, and Episcopacy (which was more favourable to absolutism) substituted, not only in England, but in Scotland. However, this could not be done without feeling the way; without preparation; without clearing and securing the ground; so that, in making the attempt, no hidden mine of opposition should spring, and throw the country into a state of confusion,—to end, no one could tell how. The times were still ticklish and unsettled. It was the

part of Clarendon, therefore, and his coadjutors in the intended Anglicanizing process, to lay the train, both in England and Scotland, for their future operations. It was thus that the Royalists and Presbyterians, whose forced coalition had brought about the restoration of the King, ultimately returned to their old state of antagonism.

It is to the course of events in Scotland that we confine our attention.

The first step in the preparatory work was to set up a government in Scotland of the right stamp,—a government that should tame that turbulent, unruly country; shape and model it into subservience to the Court designs; and, above all, as it was sure to be intractable at first, like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, a government that should *strike terror—strike terror!*

Clarendon had found his tools. Two men, the antipodes of each other, yet, just because of this diversity between them, and their strongly marked character, the very instruments to be set on and wrought together, like two hounds, in the hunt of death that was about to commence against the civil and religious liberties of the country. These men were Middleton and Sharp.

Of Middleton's parentage, little seems to be known. He was from the north country, and his father was of a very humble class of the gentry, if so much. His own history was—the common one in those days—of the poor young Scottish adventurer, inclined to the profession of arms, finding no scope for his ambition at home,

and pushing out into the world, seeking subsistence and distinction in foreign service. He is described by Kirkton as having been at first only "a pickman in Colonel Hepburn's regiment in France." Bred up in the civil wars of France, he returned, the soldier of fortune, to sell his sword in the civil wars which had now broken out in his own country. The *Covenant*, it seems, offered him the best prospect; so he took it, as he would have put a cockade on his hat, merely as the badge of the side on which he fought. He served under the "blue banner" against Charles I., in the English campaign of 1644 and 1645. He seems to have risen high under David Leslie, and was always the officer employed by the Covenanting government to check the ravages of Montrose in his various Highland risings. In all their rencontres, he showed himself the match of Montrose in bravery and gallantry; his superior in tactics and military art; and only yielded the palm to him in freaks of childish vanity, and a madman's rashness. On the Engagement of 1648, he joined the party of the Engagers; and as David Leslie refused to join, he took his place as general of the horse. After the defeat at Preston, he fell under the proscription of the Covenanters, in common with the other leading Engagers; and henceforth passed over to the Royalists. When Charles II. repaired to Scotland in 1650, and was crowned king, Middleton was his military favourite; but, owing to his "malignancy," he was excommunicated by the Church,—the sentence being pronounced, notwithstanding every effort to deter him, by James Guthrie, in the pulpit of Stirling.

Excommunication in those days was accompanied by severe secular penalties and disqualifications. Hence its terror even to hardiest soldiers and most callous politicians; not as a Church censure, for that they might have disregarded, but as a civil ban and condemnation, which pressed them down at every future step. He was one of the King's generals at Worcester, and afterwards followed the royal fortunes in exile; and became, now that Montrose was dead, the great hero and paladin of the Royalist cause. That he possessed some of the highest qualities of the soldier and general, cannot be disputed. This is obvious from his military career, always and steadily upward, from his achievements, and from universal contemporary opinion. But those very qualities, of primest value on the field of battle, or in a campaign, are not equally suitable when applied to the management of civil affairs. Middleton, as might be expected, was a man for prompt, quick measures, for making everything bend to the purpose in view, and for instant force and violence when orders were not at once obeyed. He was fierce and arbitrary in disposition—fit nursling of camps. Trained in civil wars, and amid the exterminating feuds of sects and creeds,—himself having been ranged on every side,—he had learned to despise principles, to have no faith in the most sacred pretences, perhaps none in religion; to slight oaths and covenants as merely the colours of a regiment; to shudder at no cruelty or oppression; to be accustomed to the foulest scenes of rage and retaliation; and to consider that the people were a kind of dangerous animals, to be governed,

not by reason or participation in rights, but by repression, fear, punishment, and the mandates of sovereign power. Added to this, whatever he may have been originally, he had now sunk into habits which were the fashion of the day—habits of excess, drunkenness, and all vices of the same sort, which corrode whatever is good within a man, foment whatever is bad, warp the understanding, inflame the passions, harden the heart against the dictates of humanity, and urge him onwards to everything unjust and tyrannical.

James Sharp was a native of Banffshire, of humble parentage, born in 1618. He was educated at Aberdeen. But about the time the National Covenant was pressed, having objections to it, he left the country. Whither he went is not said. I surmise it may have been to London; because it is always stated that he had been long there, even before Cromwell's time, and had made an extensive acquaintance with all sorts of people, especially amongst the Puritan (Anglo-Presbyterian) clergy of the city. This was the circumstance which led afterwards to his being so frequently employed as agent or delegate in London on matters of Church business. On the breaking out of the civil war, about 1644, when the Covenanters were supreme, he returned to Scotland; and must have been able to gulp down his scruples against the Covenant, for he was appointed to a Professorship at St. Andrews. He was also presented to the neighbouring church of Crail. In the controversy between the Resolutioners and Protesters, he took the side of the former; and soon raised himself to

consequence amongst them by his apparent warmth of zeal, activity of conduct, and incessant unwearied application. Under the Protectorate, the Protesters for a while seemed to be most in favour. The Resolutioners sent Sharp to London to counteract the Protesters, whose delegates were Warriston and James Guthrie, countenanced by Argyle. Sharp turned to account his acquaintance with the English Presbyterians, whom Cromwell was courting very much at the time, as a protection against the Anarchists. By their aid thrown into the scale, he checked the Protesters in the designs at which they were supposed to be aiming. "The great instrument of God, to cross their evil designs," wrote Principal Baillie, a keen Resolutioner, "has been that very worthy, pious, wise, and diligent young man, Mr. James Sharp." As the probability of the Restoration dawned upon the country, the Resolutioners, who were the majority of the Church, employed this same "very worthy, pious, wise, and diligent" individual, to watch, guard, and protect the interests of the Presbyterian establishment of Scotland; and how ardently he professed to do this, and how basely he betrayed his constituents for the primate's mitre, is matter of trite history, on which we need not enlarge. Even after he had concerted with Clarendon at Breda, previous to the king's return, the outline, at least, of the plan by which Presbyterianism was to be subverted, and Episcopacy established in Scotland, he continued to deceive and mislead the heads of the Presbyterian Church, who were resting upon his honour and fidelity all their dearest and most hallowed hopes. They

expected that he would fight true ; and that if he found his own sword failing him, he would at least sound an alarm, to warn them of danger, and give them time to look to their defence. But they discovered, when too late, that he had wilfully drawn them into an ambuscade, from which there was no escape, and where they must lay down their arms, or be cut to pieces. Those who have studied his correspondence, and the minute details of the whole transaction, will admit, that for well-concocted, cold-blooded, systematic dissimulation, he stands almost without a match in history. Whether his life had been stained with those horrid personal crimes which are laid to his charge by some of the old chroniclers, I know not. I have seen no evidence that warrants the retailing of them. But he had no virtues, beyond the external decorum and gravity necessary for his position. And those acquainted with him affirm, that they never discerned in him any sense of religion, or even heard an ordinary religious expression drop from his lips. He had very little learning, or general knowledge of any kind. In all his correspondence and writings which I have seen, there is not the smallest trace of anything deserving the name of thought, no original or sagacious remark, no sparkle of true intellect, no radiation of feeling, no taste, no happy phrase even ; all is in the lowest style of hack diplomacy—hard, literal, inanimate, commonplace. He was a poor preacher ; a cold, formal speaker ; and nothing kindled him into a good human heat but the expression of rancour against a rival, or against the former associates whom he had betrayed.

Then for a moment his icy eye would flash like the basilisk. But for the dirty work of the plotting, whispering, cajoling agent, he was completely qualified—emphatic in back stairs, unctuous in lobbies, but discreet and close when the public eye and ear were upon him. Whatever he undertook he thoroughly "got up." He worked hard for his object; had address, cunning, and secrecy; felt no scruple about venting any number of convenient falsehoods; and was eager and resolute to accomplish his purpose. He adapted himself to men and circumstances. He had the art of winding round acquaintances, and parties, and great men, and could always make a good use of them. Cromwell, in his shrewd, blunt way, dubbed him, *Sharp of that ilk.* He was a master in that school of business which studies only how to win the game, and winks at the loaded dice; to whom good and evil are antiquated prejudices, and the success of the hour the only true philosophy. Mankind, however, choose to judge of things differently. Sharp won the pompous title of Archbishop of St. Andrews; but posterity know him as the JUDAS of Scotland!

Middleton was appointed King's Commissioner, and was to open the Scottish Parliament in the beginning of 1661. This nomination foreboded that Scotland was virtually to be placed under *martial law.*

Although, for reasons of policy, it was not intended to set up Episcopacy in the Parliament of 1661, yet it was intended to pave the way for this, and, above all, to

begin at once to sap and remove the foundations of constitutional liberty in Scotland. But this could not be done, if the Parliament were to be fairly and freely chosen. For the body of electors throughout the country were sound ; and if the nobles and official classes—some from a servile and corrupt spirit, some to shelter themselves from the consequences that might now visit past transactions—had given in their adhesion to the Court designs, there were still a goodly multitude of country gentlemen and of citizens who were true to constitutional principles. The common people were imbued with the same sentiments ; and at all junctures had been ready to act upon and defend them. And the Kirk, though for many years she had been miserably rent asunder, and now felt within her vitals the secret stab of the traitor, was showing some signs and heavings of her old strength, which in other years had swept away hierarchies, and stopped tyrants in their mad career. The courtiers therefore saw that if they were to enslave the country they must shackle the elections ; and in order to this, they must first, by certain signal examples, strike terror.

There were many measures for this end taken by the Committee of Estates, which sat down at Edinburgh on the 23d August 1660, expressly to mould and manage everything for packing the Parliament—such as proclamations against so-called unlawful meetings and seditious papers ; against Rutherford's *Lex Rex*, and similar books ; against anything spoken or written to the prejudice of the King or his government ; and there were citations and imprisonments of gentlemen likely to influ-

ence the elections in a way favourable to constitutional rights, interference with attempted meetings of Synods, and the banishment of popular ministers, such as M^c^Ward of Glasgow, Brown of Wamphray, and Livingstone of Ancrum, who, with many others, sought an asylum in Holland.

Moreover, whilst Charles, in his Breda Declaration of April 1660, gave a full and entire indemnity to the English people for all that was past, no such indemnity had been granted to the Scottish people; so that every man in Scotland had his whole words, actions, and connexions, during the late confused and troubled years, hanging over his head, ready to be made use of at any moment to his ruin. And the Royalists, sadly disappointed of their prey in England—poor and avaricious—consoled themselves in the anticipation of a harvest of forfeitures and fines in Scotland.

On the Restoration, the Marquis of Argyle retired to the Highlands, to consult with his friends what he had best do. The generality of them advised him to keep in retirement in the meantime. His son, Lord Lorn, who had been a keen Royalist, and engaged in all the risings during Cromwell's time, was now at Court, attending upon the King, and in very good favour. Argyle wrote to the King through his son, soliciting leave to come to London, and wait upon him. The King returned an answer that sounded encouraging, yet bound him to nothing, and was equivocating. Lorn forwarded to his father the very words of the King's answer; and upon this, Argyle ventured to come up to Court. He repaired

thither so secretly, that none of his enemies knew till he was there. He entered Whitehall with confidence to salute his Majesty, and sent his son to beg admittance to the royal presence ; but Charles—ever deceitful, ever cruel, ever vengeful where he had been personally crossed —when he heard of his approach, "with an angry stamp of the foot, commanded Sir William Fleming to execute his orders, who thereupon conveyed the Marquis straight to the Tower." From the Presence-chamber to the Tower ! such are the sudden turns in a time of reaction.

By these and similar nefarious proceedings, such alarm and perplexity were created throughout the country, that generally such members only were elected for the Parliament as were ready to go any lengths with the Court. Few of the old patriotic nobles were now alive. Their chief, Argyle, was a prisoner, and evidently a doomed man. The rest of them were bowed down by the impetuosity of the blast which had set in, and were passed by and disregarded by the courtiers, now in the full gale of triumph. The young nobles were a degenerate seed : most of them poor, and gaping for the crumbs that might fall from the King's table. The late calamities of the country, and dissensions in Church and State, had tended to eradicate from their minds all notion of principle, and all sense and care for constitutional liberty. The irreligion and profligacy that rushed in at the Restoration had also come in aid to pollute and utterly debase them ; and slaves themselves, in respect to everything that truly constitutes a free man, they were

ready instruments to make slaves of their fellow-countrymen. Of all the vices now prevalent, the most common, gross, and abominable, was that of drunkenness—brutal drunkenness. In speaking of the Parliament which sat down in January 1661, Burnet, who was in Scotland at the time, and had full cognizance of the circumstances, declares, "It was a mad, roaring time, full of extravagance; and no wonder it was so, when the men of affairs were almost perpetually drunk." It was called, "The Drunken Parliament."

They imposed an oath of allegiance, acknowledging the sovereign to be supreme "over all persons and in all causes," the real aim of which was to violate the domain of conscience, and the spiritual arrangements within the Church. They enacted, That it was the King's sole divine prerogative to appoint all officers of state and high officials, and that he was amenable to no Parliament or other mode of popular control: That it was high treason in the people, "upon whatsoever ground," to rise in arms, or enter into leagues, even amongst themselves, without royal leave and authority: That it was unlawful for them to hold any assemblies without the royal consent on any matter, civil or ecclesiastical: That the Solemn League and Covenant was not obligatory, and was not to be again sworn and renewed: And that all ministers presented to churches should take and subscribe the above oath of allegiance. As Presbyterianism was not yet to be directly assailed, they went as near to an attack upon it as possible, in a mean, false, and dishonest Act concerning religion and church government,

which, like the Delphic oracles, might be interpreted either to mean, the maintenance of the Presbyterian system, or its subversion, and the establishment of Episcopacy. And worthily to consummate their work, they actually had the unparalleled madness, by one stroke of the pen, in the notorious "Act Rescissory," to repeal and abolish the whole statutes, the whole legislation of Scotland for the past twenty years. This was done after a night of hard drinking.

Turn we, however, to another scene that was enacting at the same time in this "Drunken Parliament."

On the 16th April 1661, the Marquis of Argyle, who had been conveyed from the Tower, and lain prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh since December, was brought to the bar of the Scottish Parliament, to answer an indictment for high treason. It had become the fashion of late, in those reactionary times, when the Royalists were demanding victims, and the time-servers were looking about for some scape-goat on whose head the whole weight of retribution might fall, to blacken the character of Argyle with every kind of infamy, public and personal. He appeared at the bar of Parliament under every disadvantage. In looking around, how few the number of his friends! How many bitter and deadly enemies did he see! scarce able to suppress their exultation, that now they had the old Covenanting dictator at their mercy, or rather exposed to the full sweep of their vengeance. Sir John Fletcher, the Lord Advocate, whom Burnet describes as "a bold and fierce man, who hated

all mild proceedings, and could scarce speak with decency or patience to those of the other side," degraded his office by the most scurrilous attacks upon the noble but helpless prisoner. "Archibald," said Fletcher at the trial, with brutal familiarity, "it is not with you now as when you set up the flesh-stocks (meaning the gallows) betwixt the Cross and the Tron." The name Fletcher was then pronounced *Flesher*, which is the old Scottish term for the trade of butcher; Argyle turning round, with quiet contempt retorted, "*A Flesher Dog bites sore!*"[1] Deficient as he had often appeared to be in mere natural courage, his enemies probably expected to have the additional gratification of seeing him come to their bar trembling and dejected. In this they were happily disappointed. Under all the cloud of prejudice against him, under the feeling that he was a doomed man, his whole demeanour (as if Heaven had suddenly inspired him, in the last extremity, to do honour to the cause of his country's freedom and religion!) was self-possessed, serene, moderate, and elevated.

He was tried for nothing peculiar to himself as an individual, but merely as the great representative of Scottish affairs during the past twenty years. It was Covenanting Scotland that was upon trial, not the Marquis of Argyle. And what rendered the whole exhibition so iniquitous was, that a large number of his judges and prosecutors (Sir John Fletcher himself, for example), were even more implicated than he was in the alleged delinquencies of the past times. Only, they had not

[1] MS. quoted in Napier's *Memoirs of Dundee*.

been so consistent, or acted such a conspicuous part, and they were now busy making their peace with Royalism—a peace which was to be bought in great measure at the price of his blood. Middleton, in repeated and virulent harangues, pressed against him the charge of having been accessory to the death of Charles I. ; so as to ruin his character and posterity for ever ; in order that he might the more certainly gain possession of the Argyle estates. But the proof utterly failed ; and Parliament, even this Parliament of his enemies, acquitted him of the charge. The only remaining article of indictment was, compliance with Cromwell. He acknowledged that he submitted to Cromwell when submission was inevitable and compulsory, and was yielded by the whole nation ; but not till then. "It is evident," he argued, "how clearly and freely I may say, that I do not deserve to be the single sufferer in all his Majesty's dominions for my carriage during the late troubles, his Majesty having pardoned all but some of the murderers of his late royal father." Illustrating how universal the submission had been, he happened to give as an instance, "What could I think of that matter, after a man so eminent in the law as his Majesty's Advocate" (the same Sir John Fletcher) "took the engagement to Cromwell?" This was true, but so irresistible and scathing, that Fletcher interrupted him in a rage, exclaiming, "You are an impudent villain!" Argyle, whose equanimity was not to be disturbed, proceeded with the utmost composure, —"I have learned in mine affliction to bear reproaches ; but if the Parliament see no cause to condemn me, I am

the less concerned at the railing of the King's Advocate."

So doubtful was the issue of the trial, that Chancellor Glencairn, Rothes, and Sharp posted to Court, where Lord Lorn seemed to be prevailing on behalf of his father. Finding there was a lack of evidence to condemn him, old Monk, with a baseness and inhumanity for which language affords no epithet, gave up certain private letters addressed to him by Argyle when he (Monk) was Governor of Scotland. What were the contents of these letters can never be known ; for, along with all the other warrants of Argyle's trial, they have long since disappeared. But the Parliament affected to be satisfied with this evidence of his compliance with Cromwell ; and on Saturday, May 25th, he was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be beheaded on the Monday following,—two days' interval only being allowed, so as to prevent any appeal by him to the King. After sentence, he was about to speak, when the trumpets sounded the knell of doom. He paused until this ceremony was finished, and then said : "You have the indemnity of an earthly king among your hands, and have denied me a share in that ; but you cannot hinder me from the indemnity of the King of kings. Shortly you must be before His tribunal ; and I pray He may not mete out such measure to you as you have done to me, when you are called to account for all your actings, and this among the rest. I had the honour to set the crown upon the king's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own."

When he again entered the prison, his lady was waiting for him. Falling in his arms, she wept bitterly, crying, "The Lord will require it! the Lord will require it!" He gently chid her. "Forbear, forbear; truly I pity them, they know not what they do. They may shut me in where they please, but they cannot shut out God from me." In the course of conversation, he uttered those memorable words which were so lamentably verified for thirty years to come: "Shortly you will envy me who am got before you. Mind that I tell it you; my skill fails, if you will not either suffer much or sin much." His lady, by his desire, left him on Sabbath evening. He slept all night most sweetly, and awoke on the morning of his execution refreshed and vigorous. "He was most composed and most cheerful," says Kirkton, "and so he spent his time in a dying Christian's exercise till the Monday came." After transacting all his worldly business that remained, he was accosted by George Hutcheson, an old venerable minister of Edinburgh, who affectionately inquired, "What cheer, my Lord?" "Good cheer, sir," he answered: "the Lord hath said to me from heaven, Son! be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." A sudden thrilling emotion overcame him; his eyes filled with tears of joy and rapture; he stepped aside to the window to compose himself. Then taking Hutcheson by the hand, he said, "God is good to me, that He lets not out too much of His communications here, for He knows I could not bear it." "Before he went to death," Kirkton informs us, "he dined with his friends cheerfully, and after

dinner went to secret prayer." When the procession of death was formed, surrounded by a faithful mourning band of noblemen and others who accompanied him, he thus addressed them : "I could die like a Roman, but choose rather to die as a Christian. Come away, gentlemen ; he that goes first, goes cleanest." In descending the stairs of the prison, he called for James Guthrie, also a prisoner, awaiting the same sentence of death. They embraced each other tenderly, bidding a mutual short farewell, expecting within a few short days to meet in the blessed realm, where there is no sorrow or suffering, fraud or injustice. "My Lord," exclaimed Guthrie, with a last grasp of the hand, his eye suffused with a tear which his own doom could not extort : "God hath been with you, He is with you, He will be with you ; and such is my respect for your Lordship, that if I were not under the sentence of death myself, I could cheerfully die for you." Burnet, who I believe was present on the occasion, records that "he came to the scaffold in a very solemn but undaunted manner." He spoke briefly to the people, rather uttering the religious thoughts which then occupied his mind, than indulging in any reflections on the political events in which he had borne so distinguished a part. He thus concluded : "I desire not that the Lord should judge any man, nor do I judge any but myself. I wish that, as the Lord hath pardoned me, so may He pardon them for this and other things, and that what they have done to me may never meet them in their accounts." The moment before he laid down his head on the block, his physician, Cunningham, touched

his pulse : it was beating at the usual rate—calm, regular, and strong. After taking leave of his friends "in a very gentle manner," says Kirkton, "distributing his tokens," and then engaging for some time in secret prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner. The axe fell. And on the boards of the scaffold rolled the head of the once mighty Argyle—mightiest in his death—the PROTO-MARTYR of his country's religion and liberty !

IV.

EPISCOPACY—DESPOTISM—MILITARY GOVERNMENT.

EVERYTHING had been so adroitly managed, that there was now little difficulty in the way of introducing Episcopacy. The Anglicans, in delaying this change, were not so much afraid of Scotland, which had become nearly helpless, as of England, where the Puritans were strong, and where they had the majority in the Parliament of 1660, which recalled Charles. But that Parliament being dissolved, a new one was elected in 1661, which was filled with Ultra-Royalists, in nothing more eager than in the desire to persecute the Puritan party. The whole soul of the Church of England, as represented in this Anglican Parliament, was concentrated—not on preaching "on earth peace, good-will towards men"—but on crushing the Puritans. Whilst this enabled Episcopacy to be restored in England, it removed the only real difficulty that had lain in the way of the abolition of Presbyterianism, and the substitution of Episcopacy in Scotland.

There being no further need for disguise, in September 1661 the King addressed a letter to the Privy-Council in Scotland, ordaining that Episcopacy should be

established in that kingdom. Sharp threw aside the transparent mask which he had hitherto worn, and avowed that he was to be Archbishop of St. Andrews. He gained the coveted prize through Clarendon and the Anglicans; and it was by their continued support that he was so long able to protect himself against the dislike of many of the Scottish statesmen, and the displeasure and contempt of the King. He had so frequently protested his zeal for Presbyterianism, and his determination never to join in any attempt for its overthrow, to such multitudes of people, both in word and writing, and with such oaths and imprecations upon himself if he should act otherwise, that his conduct excited universal horror —not so much at the mere change he made, and his becoming Archbishop, as at his inexpressible falsehood and treachery. A dissembler to the last, he pretended that, when he saw the King was bent upon Episcopacy, he consented to become primate for the good of his country; and so as to prevent others stepping in, who would have pursued violent and oppressive courses. What *his* courses were, we shall have abundant occasion to see. The contemporary ballad of "Noah's Ark" shows with what sort of music the popular voice saluted his promotion—

"The Raven black was first sent out
By Noah from the Ark,
To bring good tidings back again,
Who thereof found no mark.
The second time this bird must go,
There could none serve the turn;
But he being *Sharp* for want of food
Did not again return.

"Come, help my pen to add a shape
Unto this monstrous brood,
Who was intrusted for to bring
Tidings to prove good.
He was intrusted and betrayed
His brethren him behind;
'Hail, master!' he, and kisséd them—
Let Judas' end him find!" [1]

Whatever his motives were, whether it was because he had no better materials, or because he was afraid of any one eclipsing himself, he enlisted, by all accounts, a most ragged regiment of associates:—Fairfoul for Glasgow, a clever amusing wag, of life not very exemplary; Wishart for Edinburgh, a Royalist chaplain, of no mark as a theologian, guilty of swearing and drunkenness, but with some generosity of disposition; Sydserfe, the only one of the old Spottiswoode Bishops surviving, now in his dotage, appointed to Orkney; Hamilton, brother to Lord Belhaven, for Galloway, good-natured, but weak, and as determined to be always on the winning side as the Vicar of Bray; and others, all much of the same stamp—mediocre, worldly, unpopular men. The only exception was Robert Leighton of Dunblane, who was very distasteful to Sharp, but was appointed in consequence of some fancy the King had for him; whose works remain a memorial of his fine reflective turn of mind, and exalted religious feeling. But in coming as a bishop to convert and soften Scotland into Episcopacy, he had undertaken a hopeless task, like attempting to melt the Grampians by a few drops of dew. He was much to be condemned for mixing himself up in any way with a set

[1] Wodrow MSS.—Advocates' Library.

whom he really shunned and despised. And if he was apt to censure the Covenanters as bigots, because they would not away with the externals and ceremonials of Episcopacy, which he himself deemed of no consequence, and indifferent, only decent and becoming; he forgot the worse bigotry, and the black oppression there was, in attempting to force such trifling, indifferent, ceremonial things upon a nation who refused and abhorred them, on the ground of conscience. "Judge this rather," said Paul, the large-hearted apostle of the Gentiles, so often named, so little studied and appreciated in the greatness, breadth, and richness of his ideas: "Judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. I know, and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean. But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably: *Destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died.*"

The Bishops were admitted with much outward pomp and show into the Parliament, which commenced its sittings on the 8th May 1662.

The King's letter ordaining Episcopacy was carried into effect by the first Act of Parliament, in which it was laid down, "that the ordering and disposal of the external government and policy of the Church doth properly belong unto his Majesty, as an inherent right of the Crown, by virtue of his royal prerogative and supremacy in causes ecclesiastical." It then restores Episco-

pacy in all branches and articles, declaring, "that whatever shall be determined by his Majesty, with advice of the Bishops and Archbishops, and such of the clergy as shall be nominated by his Majesty, in the external government and policy of the Church, shall be valid and effectual." So that the absolute pleasure of the King was to be the regulating power in the Church. I need not add, that Presbyterianism was expressly abolished. An Act was passed against all resistance to the King's government, against the Covenants, and against endeavours for any alteration in Church or State. Also an Act to restore the right of patronage, which had been abolished by the Parliament of 1649, when the strict Covenanters held the reins of government; and calling upon all ministers ordained in or since that year, to come in before the 20th of September, and take presentation from the patrons, and receive collation from the Bishop of the diocese; with various other Acts, all meant to exclude the Presbyterian or national party from having any share in Government power, official position, or political rights.

In those two years, from 1660 to 1662, what an immense stride has been made in the downward path of despotism! Little more remains for after years, but to carry out and aggravate the system which has thus been organized.

Middleton had hitherto carried everything before him by his martial law. He had come to persuade himself

that his ferocious, or (as he and his adulators would style it) his energetic administration of Scotland, had tamed and prostrated that once troublesome country. A word from his drunken lips seemed to overawe a people whom nothing could daunt before. But he was soon to receive a check—a check which, in its consequences, helped to throw him down from his seat of power and pride. The first sign was about to be given, that the people, although weakened for the moment, taken off their guard, and bound in fetters when they had no present means of defence, were silently recovering strength, and watching their opportunity. A great event now took place; one of the most heroic acts in our annals, where so much of heroism is recorded. It taught Middleton, imbruted and unprincipled as he was, that he had still to deal with the men, and the descendants of the men, who swore the Covenant of 1638. It startled him in the midst of his revels and oppressions —like the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" on the wall of Belshazzar's palace—ominous of judgment and wrath.

When the Parliament rose, the Privy Council resumed its functions; and its main business at present was to carry into full effect the establishment of Episcopacy, and to endeavour to bring about, or enforce compliance, on the part of the ministers of the Church of Scotland. One means for this purpose was to command the attendance of all ministers at the diocesan meetings to be held by the bishops, they who should not duly attend to be punished "as contemners of his Majesty's authority."

Throughout the Lowlands of Scotland, the majority of the ministers did not obey this command. It was not at all obeyed anywhere by what we should now term the popular evangelical clergy.

But mere side-winds did not suit the temper of Middleton. He was fierce and imperious by nature, and by his habits as a soldier. He was daily inflamed by the fumes of drunkenness, and by the passions of the junto who surrounded him. He was at this time the more irritable, and more easily hurried into excesses, that he was losing ground with the King; and he was anxious, by reducing Scotland under complete and immediate subjection to Episcopacy, to raise himself in the eyes of the Anglicans, who were his friends, who had great political influence, and who could support him against his rivals. He determined, therefore, on a master-stroke of policy. As the west and south-west of Scotland were the most contumacious, he repaired thither with a quorum of Council to enforce submission to the Act of Parliament, which required all the ministers ordained in and since 1649 to come in to the patrons and bishops. Receiving collation from the bishops, was really and truly to renounce Presbyterianism, and to adopt Episcopacy. I need not say—from the very strong notions which then prevailed on the subject of Church government, and on the binding obligation of the Covenants—that this was deemed, alike by ministers and people, tantamount to perjury, to the sin of Simon Magus, almost to a denial of religion and of God altogether. The act struck more particularly at the younger ministers—those ordained

within the last thirteen years—who were mostly of the Protesting party, strict Covenanters, eminently evangelical, the popular men of the day, rigorous and resolute, and who still fanned and kept alive within the country the old flame of the Covenant. Meetings had been held by them. Communications passed, like wild-fire, to the remotest corners of the land. They had formed into a close and perfect union. And they came to this resolution, that they would not obey the Act; that they would not touch the unclean thing; that they would quit at once, and in a body, the Church within which they could no longer remain with a safe conscience; that they would stand in their lot; and look up to Heaven for grace and strength to bear whatever consequences should follow.

On the 1st of October 1662, there was a sitting of the Privy Council in the College-Hall of Glasgow, with Middleton at their head,—if a *sitting* it could be called, where the members were in such a state of drunkenness, that that posture must have been difficult for them to maintain. They were foaming with rage against the recusant ministers; and an edict or proclamation was passed amongst them, that all the ministers who had not come in to the patrons and bishops, as required, should be immediately ejected. They were commanded "to remove themselves and their families out of their parishes betwixt and the first day of November next to come, and not to reside within the bounds of their respective presbyteries;" and they were to lose, not future stipend only, but also that of the past year. The Parliament

used to be called the "Drunken Parliament;" this proclamation was called the "Drunken Act of Glasgow."

Thus was the gauntlet flung down by this mad intoxicated tyrant. It was taken up—soberly and calmly taken up—by Four Hundred good men and true of the Church of Scotland, upwards of one-third of the whole number of her clergy. Rather than obey a mandate which outraged the dictates of their conscience—in the depth of winter, most of them with families or dependent relatives, at the utmost inconvenience, with the loss of their earthly all, and worse trials in prospect—the Four Hundred left their churches, manses, and possessions, everything that was dear, valuable, and interesting to them; and entered upon a dark, untrodden road, which must ever be shaded with uncertainty and perplexity, and which might conduct—which in the event did conduct—many of them into new and deeper suffering and persecution, and even to the martyr's doom. By the 1st of November 1662, in the five western counties, through Mid-Lothian and Fife, in the dales of the Nith and Annan and Esk, in the uplands of the Tweed and the Teviot, in short, through all the Lowlands, wherever there was national life, wherever there was religious feeling, the darkness of night, and the silence of death fell upon the churches. "Then," to quote the words of lamentation from the well-known *Napthali*, "Then might we have seen the shepherds smitten, and their flocks scattered, our teachers removed into corners, and the Lord's vineyard and sanctuary laid most desolate; so that in some whole counties and provinces no preach-

ing was to be heard, nor could the Lord's day be otherwise known than by the sorrowful remembrance of those blessed enjoyments whereof now we are deprived."

Middleton, profligate as he was, and almost dead to everything good and generous, was thunderstruck at the decision, magnanimity, and courage which the ministers had displayed. In his usual profane way, cursing and swearing, half pitying and half abusing them, he would often exclaim—"What *will* these mad fellows do?"

The secession of the four hundred was the moral Thermopylæ in the history of the Persecution. It was one of those defeats, in appearance, which are worth a thousand victories. At the period when it happened, it was the first shock to rouse the Scottish people from the stupor and dejection into which they seemed, and no wonder, to be sinking. From the moment of that act of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, the struggle for liberty, though long, chequered, and severe, was never hopeless, never doubtful. The ultimate issue was secure. And in all times of public difficulty and danger, it has been remembered, and ever will be remembered by our people, that in the winter of 1662, four hundred of Scotland's hero-pastors gave up their all in this world at the behest of conscience, and in their country's cause.

There had always been a bitter personal animosity between Middleton and Lauderdale. Middleton was strenuously supported by the Anglicans of England, and the Prelatists in Scotland, to whom, on the contrary, Lauderdale, from his covenanting antecedents, was an

object of suspicion and dislike. Up to the time at which we have arrived, Middleton had stood his ground ; but the ruin which could not be accomplished by the arts of his rival, was effected by his own misconduct, joined to the fickleness and facility of the King. By his reckless dissipation, as well as by some insubordinate acts, he lost the favour of his royal master. By the rashness and folly with which he had just precipitated matters in Scotland, and in a drunken fit spoiled all chance of a quiet, stealthy introduction of Episcopacy, he had proved himself incapable of being as an administrator in any government, even the most arbitrary and violent. He might do very well where it was merely required to compel or to kill men ; but govern them, it was plain he could not. He was, therefore, recalled from his post as King's Commissioner in Scotland.

The Earl of Rothes (son of the early leader of the Covenanters) succeeded as commissioner. He was a man not without some coarse, plain sense, but of neglected education, and habits quite as dissipated and more licentious than Middleton's. He had some pleasantry and kindliness in his composition ; but being bound to the chariot-wheels of the Prelatic party, and being greedy of place, pelf, and the pomp of State, he was compelled, against some touches of better feeling, to continue the system of violence and oppression which had been introduced under Middleton, and which, indeed, must be kept up steadily, if Scotland was to be brought under Episcopacy and Absolutism.

After a Parliament in 1663 under Rothes, there was not another in Scotland for six years. The government was managed entirely by royal proclamations, acts of the Privy Council, and other arbitrary methods.

The Council was the chief executive power in the country. The archbishops were members, and very commonly Sharp was preses. It may be assumed, therefore, there was no lack of zeal for the Episcopal Establishment, and against the poor Covenanters. The measures of the Council for years to come display the most singular, ingenious, and unfeeling devices, all framed for one object —the extirpation of a nation's creed, the utter prostration of a people's conscience. Cleverness and malice could scarce go farther. With what success in the end —let the whole subsequent history and condition of that nation and that people demonstrate.

The strength of Sharp lay, not in Scotland, but in England. The body of the people loathed him, as if Judas had reappeared upon earth. The whole Presbyterian ministers—his old Resolutioner friends as well as his Protesting adversaries—believed that the curse of God was upon him, seeing how he had sold their beloved Church for "the wages of unrighteousness." The nobles and gentry, who paid him outward honour only as matter of political courtesy, half feared, half despised him. The other bishops, so far as they had sense or spirit, often kicked against his vanity, selfishness, and arrogance. The only good, able, and famous man amongst them, Leighton of Dunblane, abominated his ways quite

as much as did the Presbyterian ministers. He had no admirers save, perhaps, his immediate underlings, and those rascally spies and tipstaffs, the country curates. These latter—the worthless successors of the glorious Four Hundred—were hastily collected, chiefly from the dark corners of the Highlands, and thrust into the vacant livings ; so that a north-country laird complained there was no getting herd-boys since the bishops had carried them all away and made them curates. The following was the character drawn of them by Sir Robert Murray, when in the government of Scotland a little after the present date. Having made a journey through the west, he declared on his return, that "the clergy were such a set of men, so ignorant and so scandalous, that it was not possible to support them, unless the greatest part of them could be turned out, and better men found to be put in their places, but it was not easy to know how this could be done." With the exception of such low and despicable hirelings, Sharp was very generally avoided and detested by his own countrymen. But in England, he had all along been stoutly supported by Clarendon, who, though liberal in some things, was a blindly bigoted Anglican, and by Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, a mere politician, who esteemed religion only as an engine of State. That is to say, he was supported by the Anglican party. They were ready to back him in everything, and aid him in all his plans and intrigues ; as they knew him to be the best instrument they could employ in their attempted work of *Anglicanizing* Scotland. Hence it was that he kept his footing

so well against all enemies, and amid all obloquy. Accordingly, about the beginning of 1664, he posted up to London, complaining bitterly of the Chancellor, Glencairn, and of the remissness of the Privy Council, in not pushing forward the new Episcopal Establishment; and he proposed that there should be a High-Commission Court instituted in Scotland, in fact, an *Inquisition.*

He brought down with him the King's warrant, appointing a commission for summarily executing all laws, acts, and orders in favour of Episcopacy, and against recusants, clergy or laity. He was himself appointed to the first and chief place, with certain noblemen, bishops, and others, five to be a quorum, an archbishop or bishop being one of the number, *sine quo non.* They were to have power to summon before them all charged with nonconformity; all keepers of conventicles and religious meetings; "all who speak, preach, write, or print" to the reproach or detriment of Church or State, as now established. The troops, and all officers of law, were commanded to apprehend and bring in alleged delinquents; keepers of castles and prisons to receive them into custody; and the various officials to grant at once all "diligence" or other necessary writs against them, for fine, imprisonment, or other punishment.

Armed with this warrant of persecution—so much keener and more convincing than the "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,*" of his professed Master—Sharp commenced the work, which has been so often and often tried, of attempting to lash and drive men into some particular church system, and

tried almost always with the same result, the violence recoiling upon the author, and only confirming and strengthening his victims, and securing for them the sympathies of the world. This Court was just the old Star-Chamber of England, with all its most vicious peculiarities. Sharp was constant president, ever stirring the flame ; the demon of the scene. The nobles and laymen generally were soon disgusted, and left the Court to himself, and a few of the more violent bishops. They called before them any persons they chose ; served them with no summons, went into no examination of witnesses, allowed no argument, kept no record, put a few taunting questions, twisted the answers, or construed the silence into guilt ; and always condemned. No one was known to escape their fangs. They punished severely and arbitrarily, doubling fines imposed by law, and adding punishments without any authority—such as close and long imprisonment, confinement to some distant and remote part of the country, banishment to the plantations ; and many were shipped off and sold as slaves. An old annalist compares this Court to the lion's cave in the fable : there were abundance of footsteps, and tracks of beasts' feet going to the cave, but none returning !

Alexander Smith, who had been minister of Colvend, on the Solway, a most worthy man, was amongst those ejected by the Act of Glasgow. Since removing from his parish, he had been residing at Leith. Having been in the practice of meeting with a few friends for social worship, he was cited before the Inquisition, on the

charge of keeping conventicles. In answering some interrogatories put to him by Sharp, he did not give him his episcopal title, but called him only *Sir*. Rothes interrupted him, "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" "Yes, my lord," replied the intrepid minister; "I speak to James Sharp, once a fellow-minister with myself." This was a high crime; and without any further inquiry as to conventicles, he was ordered to be laid in irons, and cast into the "Thieves' Hole," a filthy dungeon in the Tolbooth, where he had a poor lunatic for his companion. On learning that, through an aperture connected with the street, he was often relieved and comforted by the charity of the good people of Edinburgh, his persecutors removed him to a different part of the prison. Though seized with an alarming sickness, brought on by the cold and unwholesomeness of his prison, which threatened to prove mortal, they refused to liberate him even for a few days. Shortly afterwards, they banished him to the Shetland Islands. "For four years," says Wodrow, "he lived alone in a wild desolate island, in a very miserable plight. He had nothing but barley for his bread, and his fuel to ready it with was sea-tangle and wreck; and had no more to preserve his miserable life."

On the removal of the well-known John Livingstone from Ancrum, a curate of the name of Scott was thrust into his place. Upon the day of his settlement, a number of people convened, and gave him no pleasant welcome, but without offering personal violence. A countrywoman desired earnestly to speak to him, to remonstrate

against his intrusion ; but he would not stay to listen to her. She, with a little forwardness, pulled at his cloak, when he turned round and beat her with his staff. Two of her brothers stepped forward to protect her ; and two or three boys began to throw stones, which, however, did not touch the curate or those in company with him. For this offence, such as it was, the Sheriff fined and imprisoned some of the parties said to have been implicated. But the Inquisition, hearing of this incident, magnified it into a treasonable tumult. They summoned before them the woman, her two brothers, and four boys. The boys confessed that, upon Scott beating the woman, they had thrown each a stone. Sharp exclaimed, that "hanging was too good for them." They were sentenced to be scourged through the city of Edinburgh, burnt in the face with a hot iron, and sold as slaves to Barbadoes. The poor things endured the punishment with a composure and fortitude worthy of mature men. The two brothers, though having small helpless families dependent upon them, were banished to Virginia. The woman, by a miracle of mercy in those days, was only scourged through the town of Jedburgh.

Vile, gloomy, and desperate as the times were, this fearful Inquisition, within the space of two years, sank and disappeared under the weight of odium which accumulated over it.

All this while Scotland presented the aspect of a country under military occupation. The forces were now constantly traversing the whole country, or sitting down

in particular places and districts, especially in the west and south. The chief officer in command was Sir James Turner, a miniature edition of Middleton: like him, a soldier of fortune, who once had fought for the Covenant, as now he led troops against it; ready to draw his sword under any flag, his only merit being fidelity to the flag to which for the time he was attached. Like all such adventurers—from their youth accustomed to vicissitude and bloodshed, whose home is the camp, whose school has been in the cruelties and agonies of battle—he was fierce, abrupt, imperious; and, when drunk, which was a common thing, his fury amounted to madness. He admitted, that in military employment, he recognised no law and no consideration but the orders under which he acted. The troops were recruited from the dregs of the populace; ignorant, ruffianly, brutal in their propensities, devoid of humanity, and capable of any atrocities. Such were the forces now let loose upon the people, and more particularly directed against those classes who were suffering on grounds of conscience, that is, against pious Presbyterians.

The oppressions of every kind, perpetrated by the soldiery, were grievous beyond expression. They were sent round to overawe the people. But another object was, to levy and collect the fines for nonconformity imposed by various Acts of Parliament. These were principally the fines for absence from the parish church, and the enormous fines which were imposed in Middleton's Parliament of 1662, at the passing of a so-called indemnity. The payment of the latter fines had been from time to

time postponed ; but it was now fixed by a proclamation of Council, that the first moiety should be paid in December 1665 ; and as regarded the second, that the same should be remitted to all persons who should come in and take the oath of supremacy, and the declaration against the Covenants, otherwise, both moieties to be instantly enforced. The effect was, that Presbyterians were excluded from the benefit of this remission, as they could neither conscientiously take the oath nor the declaration, unless they were to throw aside all principle, and violate their consciences to escape such ruinous fines. How execrable the policy which drove the poor people into this dreadful and heart-wringing alternative ! conscience pleading on the one hand, the terror of the fines shaking and urging them on the other.

It would fill a volume to relate all the iniquity, barbarity, and insolence of a soldiery who were of themselves sufficiently inclined to these courses, but who, in addition, found themselves praised and rewarded in proportion to the oppressions which they committed. It was not only the exaction of the fines, and fines far beyond anything authorized, the soldiers, in fact, demanding whatever they chose ; but when the fines were not paid, a number of them would quarter upon the person so failing, and his loss was thus tenfold aggravated. Where they came to quarter, they were not satisfied with receiving sufficient provision for themselves and their animals ; they wasted and spoiled everything ; carried off hay, scattered corn, brought sheep from the hills, and besides what they themselves devoured, cast the slaugh-

tered carcases in the most wanton manner to their hounds. "We came to destroy," they would say, with oaths and jeers, "and we shall destroy!" When they had eaten up the landlord, they settled, like a swarm of locusts, upon the tenants; and having the country at their mercy, little distinction was made between conformists and nonconformists. Indeed, most of them being in the lowest depths of ignorance and degradation, knew nothing about the nature of those questions. They took a fiendish pleasure in interrupting family worship, and all other religious exercises; and in mocking at everything good and holy. Many of the curates in the various parishes were their informers and directors, stimulated them to more and more excess, and associated and vied with them in drunkenness, and in all manner of profligacy.

The Scots had always been, and still were, a warlike people; the generality of them in possession of arms, and bred to the use of them, and to something of military discipline. The feudal relation of the vassals and peasantry to their lords led to this; as well as the civil wars in which they had been so recently engaged. Such a population, when oppressed and irritated, were dangerous. They had lost, indeed, their former position, when they were headed by the nobles, and commanded by the ablest generals of the day; when in every parish, the minister blessed their swords devoted to the Covenant; when they were united as one man; and when they were in solemn alliance with their brethren, the

people of England. That was all over. Still a vast portion of the people were faithful as ever to the cause. They had no general to look to, but they had amongst them a number of respectable officers and hardy veterans, who had served under Gustavus Adolphus and Leslie. Their ministers, if expelled from the parishes, were continually moving about amongst them ; and by their late example of firmness and sacrifice, wielded more influence over their minds than ever ; and would not be slack, if anything like an opportunity should offer, to exhort them once again to unroll the banner of the Covenant. If the English Puritans, in the lapse of twenty years, had become far divided from them, and had little or no means to "fraternize ;" still a covenanting revolt in Scotland might excite a Puritan revolt in England ; and another Solemn League might be the consequence.

A spectre of this kind had haunted the rulers both in England and Scotland ever since the Restoration. Whatever the mob of the uninitiated might do—who in all ages dance to any one who pipes, and always believe in the eternity of present success—the more experienced ministers of Charles never trusted the frantic rejoicings with which he was welcomed on his return, or the deceitful calm which for some time succeeded. This they knew was superficial and temporary. Externally they affected the greatest confidence in the loyalty of the nation, and the most arrogant contempt for the enemies of the Government ; but their *Secret Papers* disclose how unsettled they felt the situation to be, and in what constant apprehensions they were from conspiracies and

popular movements. Within a year of the Restoration, Pepys, a shrewd observer in his own way, declared: "In short, I see no content or satisfaction anywhere in any sort of people." When the war was entered into against the Dutch Republic (which at the time happened to be in fast conjunction with France), this spectre of impending revolution swelled and dilated into the most frightful dimensions. At this time Sir Thomas Gower, member for Yorkshire, was a busy man for the Government, and in almost daily communication with Lord Arlington, Secretary of State. One of his correspondents, writing to him on 30th June 1663, says, "Since the fight at sea" (that is, between the English and Dutch ships), "the party are strangely encouraged by letters from Holland. Dixon" (who is frequently mentioned at this time, though the name is probably an assumed one, as an agent between the refugees in Holland and the malcontents in Scotland and England)—"Dixon brought them the letters, and is gone into Scotland, so as all here are possessed the Dutch had an absolute victory, and that they are masters of the sea, and block up the Thames. They are made believe that there shall be thousands of men landed in Scotland within a month. One advice is 6000, another 4000; and Dixon is employed to the Remonstrators there" (that is the Presbyterian Nonconformists) "to prepare them. . . . They say the like of Ireland; and I find the two enemies" (that is Holland and France) "leave nothing unattempted among these people."[1] In a Diary

[1] State Paper Office.

compiled by Sir Thomas Gower for the use of the Government, we find, under date September 26th, 1663, the following account of what he had learned as the scheme of a general rising throughout England and Scotland : "Intelligence given from these several persons" (his various informants) "that the plot was formed, the rising to be the 12th of October. That it was to be in every county at the same time. A party to fall upon Whitehall, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. . . . That Nottingham and Gloucester were to be taken for passes over Trent and Severn. Boston to be fortified, to receive ammunition and supplies from Holland. Newcastle and Tynemouth, if possible, surprised for the same purpose, and to have communication with Scotland. That Ludlow was to command in the West, when they assured themselves of 8000 men in Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset. That in Berkshire, Sussex, Surrey, Essex, Suffolk, there are great numbers. That in London they were awed by the King's guards and auxiliaries ; but if, upon the insurrection in the country, they drew out, those in London would rise ; otherwise they would go out to the rebels abroad. But they had agents in France, Holland, Scotland—many persons of great account, and members of Parliament, engaged in the conspiracy."[1] No wonder, with such frightful rumours prevailing, that poor bewildered Mrs. Clapham, of Uffington, near Stamford, writes to her sister, Mrs. Phillips, of Chancery Lane, London, on 12th October 1663, "We are all in a sad

[1] State Paper Office.

condition here, expecting every night for to have our throats cut by the Presbyterians."[1] The Earl of Peterborough, writing to a member of the Government, complains bitterly, "I do not think there was ever a nation more corrupted. . . . In fine, they want but an occasion to rebel." No reliance, in his opinion, could be placed upon the militia: "The country militias are certainly a useless and a dangerous constitution. It does teach the use of arms unto more enemies than friends." Constitutional government, he thinks, has become unworkable; the only alternative is, Despotism or Republicanism. "Those old notions of mixed governments, privileges, and conditions, have, by several accidents of State, been put out of the essence of things, and the consequence of all undertakings can no more be but—Monarchy or a Commonwealth."[2] One of the cleverest of Sir Thomas Gower's informers—a knave who professed the most ultra-Puritanism, so as to worm out the secrets of the party—thus writes to him in February 1665: "A letter came from Holland last week" (that is, to the English malcontents). . . . "Ludlow is in Holland, much made of, and hath been twice with De Witt. They have great assurances of strong assistance, as well ammunition as men, if they make a head in any part or place near the sea. . . . The fugitives and Dutch . . . give great hopes on both sides, each hoping for advantage by the other; and hence all of that party are high and confident. The letters give them assurance that something will be attempted in the west

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.*

of England ; and that a rising there will be backed from France, though not by public authority, yet so as shall be effective. . . . I understand that there is one Colonel Gibby Kerr in Holland, who manages the affairs of the Scotch Remonstrators." And in March he writes :— "They have great hopes of what will be done in the west of Scotland, for Colonel Kerr promiseth much to the States."[1] Sir Philip Musgrave, member for Westmoreland, and Governor of Carlisle Castle, writing to Lord Arlington in January 1666, reports as to the malcontents in that part of England : "They discourse among their confidants, that they hope the next summer will produce alterations to their advantage, and have good wishes for his Majesty's enemies abroad. The Nonconformists hold their meetings still in spite of authority, and are generally better horsed than others of their quality."[2] In notes taken by Sir Joseph Williamson, then secretary to Lord Arlington, from the information of a person sent over from Ireland by Lord Orrery, we find this statement : "His friend told him that their" (the malcontents') "design is, to march in small numbers to Scotland, there to meet Ludlow and Desborough. Saith, they had listed 10,000 horse."[3] From Scotland itself, Burnet, the Archbishop of Glasgow, nearly crazy with excitement, thus warns the Government in February 1666 : "Our ejected ministers convocate many hundreds, and sometimes thousands of his Majesty's lieges, who, for the most, are armed with swords and pistols. What these unhappy people may attempt (if a fair opportunity be

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

offered) is uncertain. We have too just reason to complain that no effectual course is yet taken to prevent or repress such tumultuous and disorderly meetings. . . . So long as his Majesty's affairs go well in England and Ireland, it is possible we may hope quiet ; but I am confident if we see his Majesty at any disadvantage, our disaffection will quickly appear."[1] In a note by Dr. Matthew M'Kail (who will be hereafter mentioned), a man of good position and means of knowledge, it is related, that "there was indeed a plot to have surrendered the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, in July that year (1666), and the chief contrivers failing, nothing was done."[2] That the Dutch Government was in real official communication with the malcontents in Britain, is now also most distinctly ascertained. "This appears," says Dr. M'Crie in his miscellaneous volume containing 'Memoirs' of Veitch and others, "from the following extract from the Register of the Secret Resolutions of the States-General, dated July 15, 1666 :—'It was notified in the Assembly that overtures had been made by certain friends of religion in the dominions of the King of Great Britain, who had resolved without delay, to seize upon the first good opportunity for vindicating from constraint and oppression the Reformed worship of God, to take arms, and do their utmost to get possession of some one or more towns or fortresses lying in the foresaid King of Great Britain's dominions. Their High Mightinesses, therefore, feel themselves here called upon to give assurance, that how soon soever they shall be masters of one or more

[1] State Paper Office. [2] MS. Advocates' Library.

such towns or forts, assistance shall be promptly sent to them, and arms and munition of war expedited to such town.'" And then follow details of large supplies of arms, and a very considerable subsidy, which the Dutch Government engaged to transmit to the insurgents in Britain. It seems manifest, from the Government correspondence and other documents above shortly quoted, that there was a real wide-spread disaffection throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, with a general disposition to break into open hostilities against the Government; that there was some amount of concert and privity amongst the malcontents in the three kingdoms, especially between Scotland and England; that again, there was a deliberate and express understanding with the refugees in Holland, and also with the heads of the Dutch Republic; and there was an expectation that the first blow would be struck in Scotland; that there the train would first explode.

It was under circumstances so full of alarm and terror that an Insurrection did actually break out in Scotland. It does not appear, however, that this resulted from any prior or formal arrangement, or that there was any perceptible foreign influence at work causing it; although it may have been hurried on under the impetus of the general discontent, and in the hope that, make but a beginning, the nation would speedily take up the contest. So far as we can now judge, it was in itself an insurrection accidental and unpremeditated,—like the sudden solitary flash of lightning, which bespeaks a generally

disordered state of the atmosphere, not that dense, surcharged concentration of elements which produces the long continued and deadly thunder-storm.

In the apprehension that something dreadful and destructive was approaching, the panic of the Scottish Council was extreme. The Archbishop of Glasgow was hastily despatched to Court to urge the imminent danger, and to solicit a warrant, which was obtained and put in execution, for the immediate imprisonment of about twenty gentlemen, chiefly leading Presbyterians in the West, without which it was impossible to answer for the peace and safety of the country. Amongst the number so imprisoned were Major-General Montgomery, brother of the Earl of Eglinton, Sir Hugh Campbell of Cessnock, Sir William Cunningham of Cunninghamhead, Sir George Maxwell of Polloc, Sir William Muir of Rowallan, Sir James Stewart of Coltness, Major-General Holborn of Menstrie, Colonel Robert Halket, brother of Halket of Pitfirrane, and Sir George Munro. Their imprisonment was the highest compliment that could be paid to them. It imported that they were men of acknowledged influence over their countrymen, that their principles were odious to tyrants, and, if proper occasion arose, that they might be expected to consecrate their abilities, hearts, and swords to the redemption of their country from the bondage under which it was now groaning.

But the main reliance of the despotic government was in a standing army, which was augmented at this time

to 3000 foot and eight troops of horse. It was to support itself off the fines levied on the country people; and was placed under the command of Thomas Dalziel of Binns as general.

Dalziel was of the family of the Earls of Carnwath, and born in 1599. Most readers of old gossip are familiar with the description of him in the memoirs of Captain Crichton, one of his ruffian officers. "He was bred up very hardy from his youth both in diet and clothing. He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves, like those we call jockey-coats." In fact, he was bred an Indian savage, not a cultured and gallant gentleman. Such breeding (not uncommon with certain coarse-minded parents) mistakes hardness for hardiness, and callous insensibility for manliness and courage. Youths so bred generally grow up to be boorish, cruel, truculent men, utterly regardless of the pains and sufferings of their fellow-creatures. Such was the growth of Dalziel. He adopted the military profession; and his family being eminent loyalists, he adhered faithfully to the cause of Charles I. With him the memory of the beheaded monarch became a fanaticism; his execution a sacrilege only to be expiated in the blood of the party by whom he had been brought to the block. From that day forth he never shaved his beard, but devoted himself to seek every opportunity to avenge the bloody treason. He served the son with as much zeal as he had shown for the father. He was in the royal army of 1651, was taken prisoner at Worcester, and carried to the Tower,

but made his escape. During the interval till the Restoration, he served abroad in Poland and Russia; and in the barbarous combats with Turks and Tartars, learned the arts of atrocious cruelty which he was so soon to practise upon his own countrymen. Shortly after the Restoration he returned home, and was a good deal petted by the King and courtiers, for his ultra-royalty, his Tartar-fighting reputation, and his dry humour and many laughable eccentricities. "His unusual dress and figure," Crichton relates, "when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a great crowd of boys and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings, and followed him with huzzas as he went to Court, or returned from it. As he was a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities when he left them at the door to go in to the King, and would let them know exactly at what hour he intended to come out again, and return to his lodgings. When the King walked in the park, attended by some of his courtiers, and Dalziel in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, showing their admiration of his beard and dress, so that the King could hardly pass on for the crowd; upon which his Majesty bade the devil take Dalziel for bringing such a rabble of boys together to have their guts squeezed out while they gaped at his long beard and antic habit. . . . In compliance to his Majesty he went once to Court in the very height of the fashion; but as soon as the King and those about him had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he re-assumed his usual habit, to the great joy of the boys,

who had not discovered him in his fashionable dress." But like the generality of very eccentric men, he was weak, conceited, wilful, and obstinate; and however he might play the buffoon amongst his Royalist companions, to the people he was a most vindictive, sanguinary and unnatural oppressor, the Haynau of the Scottish persecution. He had not the brand of mercenary or apostate upon his forehead, like Middleton and Turner, and the other soldiers of fortune, whose swords were marketable commodities, who cringed to the royalty which they had once helped to ruin, and spoiled and slaughtered the Covenanters in whose service they had risen to their captainships and generalships. Dalziel had the merit of steadfastness and consistency, and if he drew his sword for the Crown now in its hour of exaltation, had no less done so in its hour of lowest depression. Although he seems to have been vicious, gross, and debased in personal character, he was not without some of the redeeming virtues of the "old soldier;" was touchy in honour, true to parole, and execrated the treachery by which the priests more than once overruled the promises which he had made on the field of battle. For such a man some almost amiable instances are recorded of the old-soldier feeling of brotherhood for former comrades who came to be ranged against him in insurrection, and whom the fortune of war afterwards placed in his power. Yet after giving him credit for some relieving points, he still remains emphatically the man of blood. In that sharp-cut flinty face, that surly protruding mouth, those gaunt and rigid cheeks, those fiercely gleaming eyes, that hoary

streaming hair,—one may read the imperious and unfeeling temper, the violence of disposition which disdains all curb or restraint, the half-crazed savageness which no pity can melt, no misery assuage. It was his religion —probably all the religion he had—to destroy the Covenanters. They were a *canaille* good for nothing but to flesh the swords of the cavaliers. They had been the murderers of the Royal Martyr. There was no indignity, no cruelty, which he would not readily inflict upon them. He would put old women and children to torture; he would kill off poor men by inches in loathsome and stifling dungeons; he would strike a prisoner at the bar on the mouth with the pommel of his sword till the blood sprang; he would shoot men on the spot because they would not inform against friends and relatives. He was the worst of all military commanders, the *partisan general*, who added to the natural violence of his temper, and the common license of the commander in times of civil war, all the virulence of political hostility and hatred.

V.

THE PENTLAND RISING.

About the beginning of November 1666 four of the Wanderers (as those of the Nonconformists were then called who were obliged to seek refuge from persecution by betaking themselves to a vagrant life) were under hiding together in the hilly region of Glenkens. One of them was M^c^Lellan of Barscobe, in the immediate neighbourhood. After great hardship in that cold inclement season, and long fasting in their wanderings, on the morning of Tuesday, November 13th, they ventured to quit their fastness in the hills, and come down for food and temporary shelter to the little village or clachan of Dalry on the banks of the Ken, about twenty miles north-west from Dumfries. Some soldiers of Sir James Turner's troop were there quartered. On their way to the village, our Wanderers met the soldiers driving a number of people before them to thresh out the corn of an old man, whose property they were seizing to satisfy certain church-fines for which he was liable. Though indignant at witnessing this violence, Barscobe and his companions, loath to involve themselves in so serious a quarrel with the soldiers, passed on, and they went into

an alehouse hard by for the refreshment which they so much required. Whilst sitting at breakfast, a cry rose that the soldiers had laid violent hands on the old man, bound him in his own house, and were threatening to strip him naked, "and set him on a hot gridiron," because of his refusal to pay the fines, and were otherwise treating him with revolting barbarity. On this intelligence they hurried to the old man's house, and finding him lying bound upon the floor, they called to the soldiers, "Why do you bind the old man?" They answered, "How dare you challenge?" Some of the people coming forward to loose him, the soldiers drew on them with their swords, and almost killed two of them. One of Barscobe's companions discharged a pistol, which wounded one of the soldiers, and made him fall. The rest were overpowered by the country people, disarmed, and made prisoners; and the old man was happily delivered. At Balmaclellan, a little way off, there were about a dozen soldiers engaged in the same work of exacting fines. To prevent reprisals, Barscobe's company, now augmented by accessions from the country people, set off early next morning for Balmaclellan, and surprised the soldiers, and took them prisoners. They all quietly surrendered their arms except one, who making some resistance was killed.

The people now felt that they had gone too far to recede: that if they stopped short and dispersed, the effect would only be to throw away all defence, and at the same time bring down upon themselves and the inhabitants of the district more severe and vengeful retalia-

tions from Sir James Turner. Considerable numbers had already flocked to their ranks. Amongst the rest Neilson of Corsack, Alexander Robertson, a minister's son, and one Andrew Gray, merchant in Edinburgh, "accidentally in the country at this time about his business." They circulated private advertisements through the country summoning all who were ready, and appointing them to come in companies to Irongray Kirk, about six miles from Dumfries, on Wednesday night, that they might enter that town by day-break. Ere they could muster, the sun was up on Thursday morning. Sudden and impromptu as was the movement, and unprepared and staggered as people were when they heard of it, still the gathering insurgent host could count that morning their 50 horse, "provided with cloaks girded over their shoulder for fighting," and about 200 foot. They chose Andrew Gray to be their leader, apparently without knowing much about him, although he produced some kind of warrant to take the command of them, whether it was genuine or surreptitious. It was ten o'clock before they reached Dumfries. They approached from the Galloway side without giving the least alarm. Turner was so secure in his head-quarters that he had not even a watch set at the ancient famous bridge—one of the many good works of Devorgilla, mother of John Baliol—which connects Nithsdale with Galloway. Marshalled in order, the insurgents came to the Bridge-end of Dumfries, their commander riding in advance. The horse marched into the town, the foot stayed without. Corsack and Robertson, with other two, rode up quickly

to Turner's quarters; the rest following at a little distance. When the four came to the house, Turner was in bed; but hearing a noise of horse, he started up in alarm, and came running to the window. Seeing Corsack with others, he cries, "Quarters, gentlemen, quarters! there shall be no resistance." Corsack, "a meek and generous gentleman," replied, "If you come down and make no resistance, on the word of a gentleman you shall have quarters." Whilst they were speaking, Gray came up, and seizing Turner, presented a carabine to shoot him. "You shall as soon kill me," exclaimed Corsack, coming between them, "for I have given him quarters." Gray, it seems, got disgusted when he found that he was in a company of gentlemen and not of cutthroats; for he soon afterwards went off "in a pet." All the soldiers were disarmed, without injury being done except to one, who, upon his violent resistance, was wounded, and died of his wounds. The insurgents "took Sir James Turner prisoner, and set him on a low beast, without his best raiment, and carried him through the town in a despicable manner. . . . There he had been reigning like a king, and lifted up in pride, with insolence and cruelty over the poor people."[1] After thus disarming and securing the prisoners, the insurgent host assembled at the Cross; and, somewhat inconsistently it may seem, manifested their loyalty by drinking the King's health, and prosperity to his government. But, be it remembered, the Covenanters were always monarchical, and, until a much later stage in the persecution, were

[1] MS. Life of Gabriel Semple, by himself.

attached to the House of Stuart; and this present movement amongst them was fortuitous, unpremeditated, originating in an accidental scuffle with the soldiers, and was simply drifting on without any decided plan or purpose. "They offered violence to none," writes Robert Mein, postmaster of Edinburgh, who makes his daily report to the Government in London, "but declared that they were only to be revenged upon the person of that tyrant (Sir James Turner) who had laid their families waste."[1]

Being now 300 strong, in the afternoon they marched to the Kirk of Glencairn, some fifteen miles from Dumfries, on the west side of the Nith; and next day they passed over into the Glenkens to Dalry, on their way to Ayrshire. They carried along with them Sir James Turner, and the rest of their prisoners. Turner in his Memoirs relates, that here their commander Gray clandestinely left them; "for the day before he had sent away the money and other baggage which he had got from me, and, thinking he had sped well enough, resolved to retire himself before the fire grew hotter." But his connexion with the insurgents was so accidental and slight, that they were not in the least degree affected by his desertion. Most of them remained together in a body, and kept guard, receiving occasional small additions to their numbers. Some were despatched into different parts of the west country, to advertise the people to be in readiness to join at the coming up of the main body. Alexander Robertson was delegated to

[1] State Paper Office.

Edinburgh, to see what assistance was to be expected from friends there.

Although the rising, after it became known, was generally deemed, even by the most zealous of the Presbyterian sufferers, to be premature, rash, and hopeless ; yet many of the ablest and most influential then residing in Edinburgh felt there would be a want of duty and brotherhood in not casting in their lot with their oppressed fellow-subjects, now in arms to proclaim their grievances, and obtain some redress. And amongst many other notable men, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, Maxwell of Monreith, John Welsh, William Veitch, and young Hugh M'Kail set out towards the west country, to take part with their insurgent brethren. We may note in passing, that Wallace, when on his way to Ayr, stumbled suddenly, at "Robert Lockhart's house," somewhere in the Lanark district, upon the deserter Andrew Gray, "in so uncouth a posture, with such a beggar-like habit, and looking with such an abashed countenance, I was astonished, and could not speak for a long time." But Wallace soon perceived "that Andrew had taken the pet"—and the money and baggage too, if Sir James Turner speaks the truth. "Upon this, a grieved and discontented man, I parted with Andrew Gray, fearing what ill he might and would do."

Immediately after the seizure of Sir James Turner, and the disarming and suppression of his whole troop, Stephen Irvine, one of the magistrates of Dumfries, posts off for Edinburgh, fast as the means of conveyance at that time enable him ; and late on the night of Friday

the 16th, gives information to the Privy-Council of "an insurrection by a considerable number of armed men." All was consternation at this astounding intelligence; for the oppressors had long hugged themselves in the belief, that the Covenanting fire in the west was thoroughly stamped out. So recently as the 11th of August, Mein informed the Secretary of State, "All this kingdom is in very great quietness."[1] Lord-Commissioner Rothes had just gone to London to enjoy himself after the fashion of the gay and dissolute court. In his absence, Sharp was president of the Council, and director of all affairs. After he had recovered from the first stun of the intelligence, he poured forth a fiery discharge of military edicts, with all the fury of a baffled oppressor, and all the excitement and cruelty which mark the coward. Under his orders Dalziel was to march to Glasgow, "with (as our constant correspondent Mein informs us) 2000 foot and 500 well appointed horse as any in the kingdom, and four pieces of cannon;"[2] and from Glasgow he was to make to any point where he should hear the insurrection had come to a head.

Meanwhile the insurgent body had been moving in a very devious and uncertain manner through the upper part of Galloway, and by Dalmellington into Ayrshire, exposed to "the great rains and coldness of the weather," and everywhere disappointed in the number of the reinforcements that joined them. "They have few or no arms," writes Mein, "only scythes made straight and put upon long staves. This is most of their arms."[3]

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

About the 20th, Wallace met them rendezvousing at the Bridge of Doon. He was accompanied by some experienced soldiers quite capable of acting as efficient officers. Amongst others, were Major Learmont, whom Veitch describes as "a man skilful, resolute, and courageous enough, but of no great projection;" Captain Arnot, who had held considerable commands in the late civil wars; and sturdy John Paton of Meadowhead, who had learned the trade of war under Gustavus Adolphus, and served with credit through the civil wars of his own country. Wallace was at once appointed to take the command. We have a moment's look of him as he was seen on the banks of the Doon, amid the tempestuous blasts of that November, and the no less tempestuous multitudes rolling and tossing around him, "in a long cloak," says Sir James Turner, "his montero drawn over his face, and his beard very rough"—a wild, rugged figure such as Salvator Rosa would have chosen for the model of a guerilla chief.

James Wallace was of the good old Ayrshire family of the Wallaces of Dundonald and Auchans, and sprung of the stock of the great hero of Scotland. He had early distinguished himself in the civil wars on the Covenanting side, and was lieutenant-colonel under the Marquis of Argyle. When, in 1650, the Scottish Parliament ordered two regiments of life-guards to be embodied, one of horse and the other of foot, to be composed of "the choicest of the army and fittest for that trust," Wallace was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the foot regiment. In all the great battles of the period he bore a conspicu-

ous part. After the Restoration he had retired into privacy, and lived in the strictest seclusion ; but he was now impelled, by hatred of the dominant oppression, and a sense of duty to his fellow-countrymen, to come forward and share the fortunes of the insurgent host. Wallace was a thoroughly trained soldier, a gallant and distinguished officer, a noble and disinterested man, a devout and consistent Christian. Even hostile chroniclers speak of him no otherwise than as an amiable and brave enthusiast. His companions in tribulation can find no terms warm or strong enough to extol his piety, generosity, and zeal in all good works. In that age of license and rapine, when the soldier too generally was a cross between the fortune-hunter and the brigand, Wallace was remarkable for purity, honour, and constant unwavering devotion to the one cause in which he believed. He was of that type of soldier which has been more recently exhibited in our Gardiners and Havelocks, the world's greatest men of whom it knows little or nothing, or only comes to know by some extraordinary heave of events, in which their innate greatness shines forth resplendent. The States-General of Holland, where he became an exile up to the date of his death in 1678, gave him this public testimonial : "He has been for many years an inhabitant of this state, and has lived among us highly esteemed for his probity, submission to the laws, and integrity of manners." M'Ward communicated the intelligence of his death to the brethren at home, in a letter of exquisite beauty and pathos :— "I doubt not but you have heard of the removal of

worthy and great Wallace. . . . He died in great serenity of soul. . . . He was the most faithful, energetic, compassionate, diligent, and indefatigable elder in the work of the Lord that ever I knew at home or abroad. . . . When the cause for which he had suffered was mentioned, when it was scarce believed he understood or could speak, there was a sunshine of serene joy looked out of his countenance, and a lifting up of hands on high as to receive the confessor's crown, together with a lifting up of the voice as to sing the conqueror's song of victory." How sublime this deathbed scene of the true Christian warrior !

When Wallace assumed command of the insurgents, he seems to have had no hope of a successful issue to the movement, but he felt bound to be with his brethren ; and in the event his military skill was of incalculable service to them, enabling them to make the best use of circumstances, to fight well and worthily when they had to fight, and lessening the fellness of the disaster when they were overcome.

After they were modelled into an army, they held a council of war to deliberate upon a question which was now being much agitated,—Whether it was better for them to continue in arms, and hazard the consequences ; or presently to disband, and not venture a collision with the Government forces, when there was so little prospect of success ? The whole circumstances in which they were placed were reviewed with a judgment, candour, and calmness truly admirable. But adverse and discouraging as these circumstances were, they came

all but unanimously to this resolution, worthy of their fathers in the best days of the Covenant: "That they were in the way of their duty; and if their design failed, they could say, it was in their heart to build a house to the Lord, and to act for the glory of God, and the cause of religion and liberty, for which they were willing to die as sacrifices; and they reckoned a testimony for the Lord and their country was a sufficient reward for labour, loss, and death."

They continued their march, now in gloomy and stormy weather, by Cumnock, Muirkirk, Douglas, Lesmahagow. Sir James Turner, though a military pedant, and anxious to depreciate them, confesses, "I never saw lustier fellows than these foot were, or better marchers, for though I was appointed to stay in the rear, and notwithstanding these inconveniences (of darkness and tempest), yet I saw few or none of them straggle." When near Lesmahagow, Sir James saw them marshalled in order, and put through their military exercises, and he was astonished at their proficiency. "I found their horse did consist of four hundred and forty, and the foot of five hundred and upwards," besides certain small foraging parties whom he specifies. "The horsemen were armed for most part with sword and pistol, some only with swords; the foot with musket, pike, scythe, fork, and sword, and some with staves great and long. There I saw two of their troops skirmish against other two, which, I confess, they did handsomely, to my great admiration. I wondered at the agility of both horse and rider, and to see them keep troop so well, and how they had come to that perfection

in so short a time." Late on the evening of Sunday the 25th, they arrived at Lanark. There the tide rose to its height, for they were about 1500 in number, and all lively and courageous. On the morrow they renewed the Covenants in a manner the most solemn ; and emitted a Public Declaration, in which, for the first time, they specifically defined their views and intentions. In this Manifesto they complain, that it had been ordered by the Government "that the Covenant be burnt ; the tie of it is declared void and null, and men forced to subscribe a declaration contrary to it ; episcopal government, in its height of tyranny, is established, and men obliged by law not to plead, witness, or petition against those things ; grievous fines, sudden imprisonments, vast quarterings of soldiers, and a cruel inquisition by the High Commission Court, were the reward of all who could not comply with the Government by lordly hierarchy, and abjure their Covenant. . . . The just sense whereof made us choose rather to betake ourselves to the fields for self-defence, than stay at home, burdened daily with the calamities of others, and tortured with the fears of our own approaching misery." The Covenanting movement was not in its present phasis revolutionary for the overthrow of the Stuarts, but was an armed self-defensive demonstration for the redress of grievances, especially on the score of religion.

Dalziel, with a force of some 3000 "well-appointed horse and foot," as Mein describes them, was hanging on their skirts. As directed by the Government, he was making for the point where they seemed to have come

to a head. And unluckily also, when there was so much need of caution and harmony, a difference of opinion sprang up amongst them, which soon widened into a split, some insisting to give battle at Lanark, as the best position either for fighting or retreating, others urging the expediency of avoiding an engagement at present, and continuing the march eastwards, in the certain expectation of receiving further reinforcements in the Lothians, an expectation fomented, injudiciously and cruelly as turned out, by communications from well-wishers in Edinburgh, principally from James Stewart, after the Revolution, Lord Advocate of Scotland. The latter party, those who pressed the continuation of the march eastwards, prevailed; but, in consequence, large numbers broke off, and from this date the insurgent host dwindled until it became a comparative handful.

The country far and wide, even into the heart of England, was startled and shaken by the news of this gathering insurrection. Many were agitated with fear of new changes and convulsions. Many in England, as well as in Scotland, were animated with the hope that the end of the wedge was now to be inserted which might eventually split in pieces the fabric of corruption and iniquity. The "Pentland Rising" was no insignificant thing in its own time, but whilst it lasted, was a portentous meteor on which all eyes were fixed. The Earl of Annandale, writing from Drumlanrig to one of the Musgraves of Carlisle Castle, on the 25th November, says: "The rebels in Scotland are reeling to and fro. . . . They do increase, but not with any accession of

persons of quality or interest, though I fear, if the rebels be able to stand out any time, they may declare for them. . . . They are very resolute, and speak of great expectations, though I hope ere long they will meet with interruption. In the meantime it is fit all loyal persons put and keep themselves in a posture to assist his Majesty's right. . . . In my judgment it is no less necessary for you to do it than ourselves. I shall desire and do intend to keep a constant correspondence with you, that we may be useful to one another."[1] Daniel Fleming, an official in Westmoreland, writing to Sir Joseph Williamson on the 26th, thus expresses the grounds of his alarm: "We hear they (the insurgents) declare for liberty of conscience and freedom from taxes, which fair pretences I wish may work no ill effects in England, and then Scotland cannot in probability much harm us."[2] In a letter from York, addressed to Williamson, complaint is made, that "this insurrection in Scotland hath given such an alarm here, that my Lord Mayor hath ordered all the citizens that they do not stir forth of their doors after ten o'clock at night."[3]

The march eastwards began towards Bathgate late on Monday the 26th, Dalziel being at Stonebyres, only a little on the other side of the Clyde. The weather was extremely cold and boisterous; there were alternately torrents of rain and blinding drifts of snow; the roads, bad at the best in those days, were but a continued swamp of half-liquid mud; the streams and rivers were in roaring flood; night soon added the horrors of dark-

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

ness to the other difficulties of the journey ; and the men were suffering nameless hardships from cold, fatigue, pain, sickness, and exhaustion. But Turner admits, in a kind of rapture of admiration, which the tried and hardy veteran could not but feel even for enemies, "Again I must say, that I have seldom or never seen lustier foot than those they had. They kept rank and file on that miserable way and weather even to admiration, and yet outmarched their horse and got to the van of them."

In this wretched plight they dragged on from Bathgate to New Bridge, five or six miles to the west of Edinburgh. They still flattered themselves with hopes of succour in Mid-Lothian ; five hundred men more, with fresh stores of arms and ammunition, would have sufficed to turn the scale against the Royal forces. In the expectation of receiving decisive assistance, and with a fair prospect of victory before them, one of their ministers addressed them at New Bridge, and, whilst encouraging them with the hopes of reinforcements, sought also to moderate their passions and guard them against excess should the victory be theirs. "Remember that Covenant and oath of God which you sware yesterday, and that you are pledged in the sight of Heaven to demean yourselves, not only piously to God, but civilly and discreetly to man. Your friends are ready to receive and embrace you with open arms, and furnish you with all necessaries of food and raiment, as also with all things necessary to enable you to encounter the enemy. But you must not stop there. To be civil to those who are

good to you deserves neither thanks nor reward. I entreat you to use all imaginable discretion to those who are not of your persuasion. Gain them with love, and by your good carriage stop the mouths of your adversaries." With these words of encouragement and caution they again marched from New Bridge to Colinton, at which they arrived late on the 27th. They were now within three miles of Edinburgh; but, alas! they had met with no assistance, no reinforcements, no sympathy in the Lothians; Edinburgh and Leith, instead of showing any friendly disposition, were all in arms against them; and Dalziel was following them up sharply across the country, being at Calder, no great distance off. Colinton lying at the north-eastern end of the Pentland range, which is the barrier between the metropolis and the plain of the Forth on the one side, and the roads into the west country on the other, it was evident that Wallace now meditated the opening up of a comparatively safe and easy means of escape for the insurgents, keeping them in the meantime within reach of the natural defences of those bold and finely diversified hills.

The night of the 27th had been "a sore night of frost and snow," but the 28th rose "a fair frosty day." Early in the morning Wallace marched the insurgents out of Colinton, led them round the eastern end of the Pentlands, and then turned away on the road running along the southern base of the hills towards the west country. They were now reduced in numbers to 900 ill-equipped and worn-out men. "As I wot," writes Mein

on the 27th, "pitifully bad appointed, neither saddle or bridle, pistol or sword, amongst the ten men of them; baggage horses, some whereof not worth forty shillings. . . . They are mighty weary with marching. . . . One day may do much."[1] After a short march, and having passed the southern entrance into a deep defile which intersects the hills nearly north and south, from the direction of Currie to Glencorse, he called a halt, to collect stragglers, and rest his men, and arrange them properly for an orderly and expeditious retreat.

This defile, which is the only pass through the hills at all practicable, winds for almost its whole length of five or six miles by the bottom of Carnethy, the highest and most picturesque summit of that range of hills. Steep and all but inaccessible on its north side, on the south Carnethy sinks down towards the valley of the Esk by successive and gradual slopes, which become, near Glencorse, where this same west country highway runs, a kind of swelling, undulating plain. This undulating plain is Rullion Green. At the upper corner of this more level ground are a series of natural terraces or spurs, sharply marked and somewhat abrupt, narrow, precipitous ridges, springing one above another until they mount and at last enter into the peaked summit of Carnethy itself.

To guard against any sudden attack, and at the worst to secure an easy escape over the hills, Wallace drew up his men on this series of ridges. He divided them into three companies. On the lower or more southerly ridge

[1] State Paper Office.

he placed a small body of horse under Barscobe and the Galloway gentlemen. In the centre were the poorly armed foot under his own command. On the higher or more northerly ridge stood the greatest part of his horse, under the command of Major Learmont.

Whilst resting themselves as they best could on the snow-covered heights, suddenly, about eleven o'clock, they perceived a party of life-guards emerging from the mouth of the defile, and taking their station nearly opposite to them, to the east, on a slight rising ground. This was the van of Dalziel's army, under Lieutenant-General Drummond. Having heard that the insurgents were retreating by the south side of the Pentlands, they had hastened through the defile from Currie, in advance of their main body, to endeavour if possible to cut off the retreat. This could not now be effected, as Wallace of course was too sagacious to draw up his men to the east of the defile, but had posted them on the west, whence the country lay open for them to retreat without danger of being intercepted. After viewing each other for "about half an hour," Dalziel sent out this advanced party, under Drummond, to skirt along the upper slopes and turn the left wing of the insurgents, assuring his attendants that that party would do the business, and that the rest needed only to stand and see fair play. To meet them, Wallace ordered out Captain Arnot, with an equal number of horse. They encountered upon a piece of level ground, in fact upon part of this Rullion Green. After both had spent their fire, they closed at the sword's point, and a hot and lengthened combat

ensued. The life-guards were repulsed with loss ; and but for the difficulty of the ground in pursuit the loss would have been considerable. Wallace here led out a party of foot to second the horse, and forced the life-guards completely off the field. The vanguard were thus very much staggered and humiliated, and many threw down their arms in anger and disgust ; and Drummond afterwards confessed, that if the insurgents had been able to follow up their advantage, the whole army might have been thrown into irretrievable confusion.

It being thus discovered that this little host, though destitute of all the munitions of war, were not the mere silly countrymen or paltry fanatics that Royalist pride and ignorance chose to fancy, the battle was suspended for three hours, and was not resumed until the whole main body of the army had come up,—3000, fully accoutred, against 900, ill-armed, ill-horsed, ill-provided every way, and but slightly disciplined. Wallace, moreover, was manifestly anxious to protract the fighting until the shades of night should close in, and cover the retreat which, where there was such disparity of numbers, he saw was inevitable.

The whole army had now arrived, and Dalziel moved them in mass up to the plateau of Rullion Green ; the insurgents, as we have said, holding the more elevated ridges. His purpose was to dislodge and overpower them, and carry the heights by sheer weight of numbers in which he was so vastly superior. First he sends out a great body of horse, attended with some foot, to attack the left wing on the higher ridge, commanded by Major

Learmont. Learmont meets them with a party of horse, flanked with foot. After firing on both sides, they close. Learmont's foot force Dalziel's to give way, on which the horse run also. A second party of horse again advance against the left wing ; and a second party under Learmont meet them, and with the same success, chasing them beyond the front of their army. But a fresh body of horse coming up, Learmont's troop retire to their station up the hill. "Learmont's horse was shot under him and he fell ; but, stepping back a little to a fold-dyke, he killed one of the four horsemen who pursued him, mounted his horse, and came safe off from the other three." The last encounter is after sunset, the dim lurid shadows descending over their heads, as if an emblem of the sinking liberties of Scotland. Dalziel now awakes from his stupid cavalier conceit, to a sense that he has tough antagonists to deal with. Finding the left wing on the higher ridge nearly impregnable, both from the strength of their position and the signal skill and courage alike of the officers and men, he advances his whole left wing of horse upon the right of the insurgents, placed on the lower ridge of the slope, under the command of Barscobe. Of these there are only thirty weak horse, totally unable to sustain such a charge, and they are therefore soon borne down. Dalziel now throws numerous masses of foot, aided wherever possible by horse, against all the positions occupied by the insurgents. The various companies contend gallantly against this accumulated, overpowering charge. Learmont's left particularly do wonders, and, rushing down upon the foe,

are nearly drawn away from the line of their position. But what human exertion or bravery can withstand such a weight of numbers? The horses of the insurgents, too, not trained for war, wild and plunging, create the utmost disorder. As an organized host, they are now cleft in pieces and broken up. Little detached groups, even single individuals, are divided fram the body, hemmed in and surrounded by considerable parties of the Royalists. United resistance is no longer possible. The battle as a regular engagement is at an end. The great bulk of the insurgents happily are escaping over the hills, according to the wise and humane precaution of their excellent commander. Any remaining contest is but a death-struggle of individuals, or of small bands to burst through the meshes which they feel gathering around them. By the dusky wintry twilight we can yet see, battling fiercely upon the field, our sturdy, great-shouldered, lion-hearted yeoman, John Paton of Meadowhead. The favourite hero of the chroniclers of the Covenant, the most wonderful stories are related of his hardihood and prowess, and his Bible and his sword with its thirty nicks are still preserved at Lochgoin. There he is, with two other horsemen from his native Fenwick, surrounded by a multitude of troopers, five deep, buzzing and stinging like infuriated bees; but his strong arm makes a way, and he dashes with his companions through the phalanx which had closed round them. Dalziel, observing his escape, lets slip three of his bloodhounds to make sure of him, dead or alive, giving them an exact description of him, for well he knew him,—"of a middle

stature, strong and robust, and somewhat fair in complexion, with large eyebrows,"—altogether a dangerous man to come across when the lion heart of him was beating with the fierce throbs of battle. His pursuers are fast upon his track. He is but a few paces in advance. They spur their steeds, and feel as if they could grasp his cloak. But now a deep black slough lies before them. Paton, used to hasty flights and black pools about his native Fenwick, leaps over at a bound. He then halts, and steadily watches his pursuers. The first of them tries the leap. With his trusty old sword Paton cleaves the trooper's head, and down into the gulf below roll both the horse and the now nerveless rider. The two others, also attempting the passage, fall short in their leaps, and sink hopelessly bogged into the mire. "Take my compliments to your master," cries Paton, with the grim irony of the battle-field, "and tell him I cannot come to sup with him to-night."

The battle of the Pentlands was nobly fought by the insurgents. This is fully acknowledged by Mein in his contemporary reports to the Government. The Royalist officers, many of whom felt for the wrongs and provocations of their poor Westland countrymen, expressed the highest admiration of their endurance, bravery, and hard fighting. "All the army," says Mein, writing on the 30th November, "affirm they never saw men fight more gallantly and abide better than they did, the General being forced to use stratagems to break them." [1] And again, writing on the 4th December, "I have spoke to

[1] State Paper Office.

most of the officers in the army, and all of them agree that they never saw men fight more courageously than they did for three several charges." [1] But under the inequality of numbers, and so many disadvantages every way, the result could not be doubtful. The loss of the Royal army was never given, but was known to be considerable. The insurgents had about fifty killed, and at least one hundred made prisoners. The killed were buried in trenches on Rullion Green. An old monument still marks the spot where they were laid ; and an inscription, in fervent but uncouth rhymes, records—

> "A Cloud of Witnesses lie here,
> Who for Christ's interest did appear,
> For to restore true Liberty,
> O'erturnéd then by tyranny :
> These Heroes fought with great renown ;
> By falling got the Martyr's crown !"

I have been thus minute in recounting the particulars of this engagement, not because there is much consequence in the details of an old rough battle, but because many of the incidents are curious and striking, and reflect the stormy aspect of the times ; and also because it is one of the tricks of the calumniators of those persecuted people to slur and huddle over their various military encounters, as if they had been a set of babbling, useless, feeble fanatics, and not, as they really were, a bold and martial race, most of them yet sweating from the civil wars, and only wanting a great commander, even at this early crisis, to have shaken to atoms the throne of oppression.

[1] State Paper Office.

The prisoners had surrendered on a promise of quarter. But Sharp, who presided at the council, and was now as much inflamed with rage as he had formerly been damped with fear, resolved to gratify his revenge against the Presbyterians, and overruled all remonstrance or opposition on the part of the officers of the Crown. The King's Advocate was accordingly ordered to proceed against eleven of the prisoners, who were selected as the first batch of victims. Very quick despatch was made. They were found guilty, and ordered to be hanged at the Cross, their heads and right arms to be cut off, the latter, because they had been raised up in renewing the Covenant at Lanark. They all suffered with unshaken firmness; and their dying declaration, in which they protested against the tyranny exercised upon their country, made a profound impression. "All of them," according to Mein's information, "died, adhering to the Covenant, declaring they never intended in the least any rebellion, and all of them prayed most fervently for His Majesty's interest, and against his enemies."[1] For we have explained that at this time, and for many years afterwards, they acknowledged the king as civil ruler, and their acts of resistance were meant only as armed demonstrations for redress of grievances, a proceeding not unusual in Scottish history. The Government reporter continues: "They prayed to forgive their judges and the noblemen, and declared their blood lay only at the prelates' door—would not be hindered to express themselves in such a manner—which expressions had too great dipping in the

[1] State Paper Office.

hearts of the commonalty. . . . If any more die, they are to be carried out of the town to the Boroughmuir, a place where a hundred of them may all hang together."[1] A paper dated 7th December, addressed to Williamson, after narrating those executions, adds with savage glee, —"On Tuesday next there is as many of the same kind of lay elders to fill the stage, and so along, till the remnant of the damned old cause be ferreted out of their conventicles of retreat. In order to this, the Lord Commissioner, with the army, is gone to traverse all those parts where the frenzy first took its rise."[2]

No information could be obtained which showed the rebellion to be other than a sudden rising, unconcerted and unprepared. But the prelates, who wished to bring the whole Presbyterian party into bad odour, by blackening this as only part of a dangerous and extensive conspiracy, determined to force some of the prisoners to a confession to suit their purpose. With this view, two of a fresh batch of prisoners now brought to trial, were selected for the horrible torture of the "Boots." Those were Neilson of Corsack, and Hugh M'Kail.

Hugh M'Kail was a young man about twenty-six, son of Matthew M'Kail, the outed minister of Bothwell. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, under the eye of an uncle, whose name he bore, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He was a youth remarkable for delicate beauty of person, and no less for learning, fine intellectual promise, impressive eloquence, and fer-

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.*

vent piety. A contemporary elegist in no unworthy strains describes him :

"His early dawnings sparkled such a light,
As promiséd a noon that should be bright;
His greener blossoms gave such ample hope,
That none did question the succeeding crop.
The Graces their own birth would have him styled,
The Muses have adopted him their child;
Amongst her babes, him Eloquence have placed,
And as her suckling, Pallas him embraced.
. . . . . .
For he had beauty which might well endear,
No blemish in his body did appear;
Some great thing sparkled in that blushing face,
Integrity that lovely brow did grace.
. . . . . .
But whate'er were the beauties of his face,
A fairer mind dwelt in that lovely case;
A sprightly mind, and unacquaint with guile,
Which with no baseness did itself defile;
A divine soul, not made to vice a drudge,
A palace where the graces chose to lodge."

He was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1661, when in his twentieth year; and as he had been tutor, so he continued chaplain in the family of Sir James Stewart of Coltness, a well-known Presbyterian leader, and father of a son of the same name still more distinguished, after the Revolution, Lord Advocate of Scotland. He preached his last sermon in the High Church of Edinburgh, upon the Sabbath immediately preceding the 8th of September 1662, the day fixed by the then Parliament for the removal of the non-conforming ministers of that city. In his sermon, taking occasion to dwell upon the persecutions of the Church,

he used expressions which were never forgotten either by his friends or his enemies, and never forgiven by the latter.

"Sometimes the fountain whence affliction flows is great power, which the Church of God either cannot or may not reach. 'I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.' And the Scripture doth abundantly evidence, that the people of God have been persecuted, sometimes by Pharaoh upon the throne, sometimes by a Haman in the State, sometimes by a Judas in the Church. . . . The tribulations of the children of God will certainly come to a period, and the more violent they be they are nearer to an end."

The people were not slow in appropriating these names to the personages whom the caps respectively fitted; and the memorable name of *Judas* was at once and for ever attached to James Sharp.

In consequence of this supposed attack upon the new order of things, a party of horsemen were sent to Goodtrees, a seat of Sir James Stewart, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to apprehend M'Kail; but he made his escape, and after remaining for a while in concealment with his father at Bothwell, he repaired to the Continent, where he spent three years. "During all this space," according to the old Memoir of him, "he was most seriously exercised in the study of piety and true knowledge, wherein, as he greatly advanced above all his

equals, so at length he became most eminent and exemplary."

He joined the insurgents in the West country ; but was in a state of great weakness and prostration. When at Ayr, Veitch mentions in his Memoirs, "Several that were not used to such hardships were like to turn valetudinary ; and the worthy Hugh M'Kail would have fallen off his horse if one had not laid hold of him and kept him up ; and they carrying him into a house in that fainting fit, laying him in a bed, and giving him something for a cordial by which his spirits returned, he recovered." He was obliged to leave them when at Colinton before the battle; and was taken prisoner when on his way across the country to his father's residence at Liberton, a few miles from Edinburgh. He was brought before the Privy-Council for examination. Rothes, who had now returned from Court, was filled with rage, as he imagined that the insurrection was no casual thing, but was a deep-laid secret conspiracy, although it had failed of present effect. Determined to be at the bottom of this conspiracy, he caused M'Kail to be examined under the torture of the Boot ; and enraged at not being able to extort the sort of confession he wanted, always called out to the executioner for "one touch more," and ordered his leg to be shattered with eleven strokes of the mallet. "I protest solemnly in the sight of God," cried the poor sufferer, "I can say no more, though all the joints in my body were in as great torture as that poor leg."

Strong intercessions were made on his behalf by the

Duchess of Hamilton to Rothes, and by the Marchioness of Douglas to Sharp, but in vain. Dr. Matthew M'Kail, his cousin, a very eminent physician, who has already been alluded to, made personal application to Sharp in Edinburgh, when Sharp "desired him to assure Mr. Hugh that he would befriend him if he would reveal the mystery of the plot, which he not being able to do, occasioned his torture.[1] Sharp left Edinburgh and went to St. Andrews, "for that," says Row in his Life of Robert Blair, "was his ordinary deceitful policy and trick, after he had plotted and contrived greatest wickedness and severities against the honest people, and had engaged the Council to act what he had contrived, and set them on, then to withdraw and come to St. Andrews, and, after the mischief was acted, to say that he was free of it, he was not there," &c. Dr. M'Kail followed him to St. Andrews with fresh recommendations. An account of the visit, as well as of some other incidents, has been preserved in a manuscript (from which quotations have already been made), apparently drawn up by Dr. M'Kail at the time. "After dinner he arrived at the Archbishop's house on Saturday, and the servant told that the barber was trimming him, and when he had done Mr. Matthew would get access. In the meantime, whilst he was walking in the outer room, the Archbishop's son, about twelve years old, came and inquired of Mr. Matthew if he came from Edinburgh, to which it was answered yes. Then he inquired for the news there, and Mr. Matthew answered there were none, but that

[1] MS. in Advocates' Library.

other four of the west-country men were hanged yesterday. The youth said, 'No more ! it will be long before they hang them all !' And thus was verified the old proverb, As the old cock crows the young cock learns."[1] On his obtaining an interview, and delivering the letters, Sharp, after having perused them, answered drily, "The business is now in the Justiciaries' hands, and I can do nothing." He went through the form, however, of writing a letter for Dr. M'Kail to carry to the Archbishop of Glasgow, then in Edinburgh, in the very midst of all the torturings and hangings, for he always took the full responsibility of the prelatic persecutions, and had none of the sneaking duplicity of Sharp. But that excited zealot had long been demanding from the Government, as we have seen in his own correspondence, the most extreme and exemplary vengeance against the disaffected Presbyterians, and now when the opportunity of bloodshed had come round, he was not the man to stop the effusion. He turned away from all appeals for mercy, and only gave the same cold stereotype answer, "That the business was now in the Justiciaries' hands."[2]

An indictment was served upon Hugh M'Kail to appear before the Court of Justiciary ; but the effects of his torture incapacitated him from attending on the day named. In the words of his petition for delay, "I am and have been ever since my torture in a great distemper and fever, besides the great pain and utter inability of my leg, which hath constantly kept me

[1] MS. in Advocates' Library. [2] *Ibid.*

bedfast, and doth render me incapable not only of minding my own defence, but wholly unable to walk or stand." On being somewhat recovered, he was tried, found guilty of treason, and sentenced to be executed at the market-cross of Edinburgh, on Saturday the 22d of December.

After some of the prisoners were condemned, and a few executed, it is stated by most respectable contemporary authorities (in the manuscript of Dr. Matthew M'Kail amongst other places), that a letter came from the King discharging the taking of any more lives. It came into Sharp's hands as President, and ought at once to have been communicated to the Council. But he kept it up until several more of the prisoners were despatched, particularly Hugh M'Kail, against whom he had a bitter grudge ; for were not the birds of the air carrying about the nickname of *Judas ?*

His father was dotingly fond of him, and Hugh returned this affection with equal ardour. Their interview after the sentence was most affecting. "Hugo," said the old man with a flood of tears, "I called thee a good olive-tree of fair fruits, and now a storm hath destroyed the tree, and his fruits and branches. . . . I have sinned : thou, poor sheep ! what hast thou done ?" With many groans Hugh answered : "Through coming short of the fifth commandment I have come short of the promise, that my days should be prolonged in the land of the living. God's controversy with thee," addressing his father, "is for over-valuing thy children, especially myself."

But his sufferings and sorrows, and the awful death awaiting him, did not extinguish the youthful hilarity and light humour which seem to have been natural to him. Like More and Raleigh and James Guthrie, and many other brave good men on the eve of a violent death, he had his quaint and innocent jests. On returning to prison after his sentence, some one inquired how his leg was that had been tortured : "Oh," he replied, "the fear of my neck makes me forget my leg." On the Thursday before his execution, sitting at supper with his fellow-prisoners, he called to them, "Come, eat to the full, and cherish your bodies, that we may be a fat Christmas pie to the prelates." The execution would be within three days of Christmas, which was now observed as a High Church festival by the new prelatic establishment. On the Friday night, the night immediately preceding his execution, he went to bed a little after eleven, and his cousin Dr. Matthew M'Kail lay with him, and relates how soundly he slept, "which the said Mr. Matthew knew, having slept very little that night because of a pain in his head, wherewith he was frequently troubled." About five in the morning he rose, and awoke his comrade John Wodrow, saying pleasantly, "Up, John ! you are too long in bed ; you and I look not like men going this day to be hanged, seeing we lie a-bed so long." But soon passing to the serious thoughts suggested by their situation, "Now, Lord," he prayed, "we come to Thy throne, a place we have not been acquainted with. Earthly kings' thrones have advocates against poor men ; but Thy throne hath Jesus an Advocate for

us. Our supplication this day is not to be free of death, nor of pain in death, but that we may witness before many witnesses a good confession."

When he came to the place of execution, "he appeared," says the old Memoir, "to the conviction of all that formerly knew him, with a fairer, better, and more staid countenance than ever they had before observed. . . . When Hugh M'Kail suffered, there was scarce ever seen so much sorrow in onlookers. Scarce was there a dry cheek in the whole street or windows at the cross of Edinburgh." When upon the scaffold he said, "Although I be judged and condemned as a rebel amongst men, yet I hope, even in order to this action, to be accepted as loyal before God. Nay, there can be no greater act of loyalty to the King, as the times now go, than for every man to do his utmost for the extirpation of that abominable plant of Prelacy, which is the bane of the throne and of the country. . . . I heartily submit myself to death, as that which God hath appointed to all men because of sin. . . . I praise God for this fatherly chastisement, whereby He hath made me in part, and will make me perfectly, partaker of His holiness." Standing on the ladder, with the fatal napkin over his face, he lifted it for a moment, and in the highest ecstasies of assurance and devotion exclaimed,— "As there is a great solemnity here, of a confluence of people, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out at windows; so is there a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven, of angels to carry my soul to Christ's bosom." His closing words were the famous anthem of

triumph—the "Farewell and Welcome"—which the after-martyrs so commonly repeated :—

"Now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to Thee, O Lord! Now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off.—Farewell father and mother, friends and relations! Farewell the world and all delights! Farewell meat and drink! Farewell sun, moon, and stars!—Welcome God and Father! Welcome sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant! Welcome blessed Spirit of grace, God of all consolation! Welcome glory! Welcome eternal life! WELCOME DEATH!"

Rothes now made a progress through the West, and many persons were executed; but the sufferings inflicted by these courts were nothing compared to those caused by the military executions which followed the suppression of the rising, and which extended more or less through the following year. "Most of the prisons," writes Mein, on the 13th December; "most of the prisons in the whole country are full of them. Barbadoes will be full plenished this next year. Most of them will be picked up."[1]

The prelatic party exulted in what they considered the success of their endeavours, and instead of showing any disposition to relent, aimed at the utter destruction of their opponents. "If we make a right use of our victory and improve it," is the language of the Archbishop of Glasgow in writing to Williamson, "it will

[1] State Paper Office.

conduce much to the King and kingdom's advantage, and help to settle this unquiet and tottering kingdom. If not, our remissness in pursuing this will lay the foundation for a new and worse rebellion." [1] Official men in their private communications to the Government evinced that they had no confidence in the forced submission of the people. Although the Pentland Rising, as often happens with sudden popular insurrections, had been dissipated to a marvel, yet they express their conviction that there was a general diffused sympathy with the insurrection and its objects; that it had been widely ramified, though it broke from want of sufficient pre-arrangement; and that there were still the bodings of a future tempest. Thus, Sir Philip Musgrave, writing to Williamson on the 10th December: "I hear the common people in the West of Scotland have kindness enough for those that have been in rebellion, and will not be very ready to discover such as skulk at their own homes. I am about setting a course of intelligence in those parts, for it is whispered everywhere that this late design was more formidably laid than some would seem to believe it, but disappointed by precipitation, and therefore by new encouragement may fall to work again." [2] Many of the richer of the Presbyterians had fled the country in order to escape the storm; and by the law of Scotland a man could not be tried in his absence, and therefore his estates could not be confiscated. But the judges, being previously tampered with, delivered an opinion in answer to a query by the King's Advocate, "that a trial might

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.*

proceed, and forfeiture might be decreed against persons adjudged guilty of high treason, though absent."

Having obtained this decision, the Council prepared for new trials, and more extensive confiscations than ever.

VI.

LAUDERDALE IN THE ASCENDANT.

During the seven years from 1660 to 1667, as might be expected, a junto of persons had been gathering about Charles, who made it their study to humour him to the utmost in all his fancies and vices. Everything good and serious was turned into jest; and he was the foremost amongst them who could outdo the rest in monstrous wickedness and shocking profanity. As regarded manners, morals, and religion, the palace was in a swarm with the most depraved libertines. The sober and stately Clarendon was the favourite butt of their lampoons and mimicry. Charles, who could be deaf to a thousand good arguments, could not resist a few bad jokes. Besides, the excesses of the Court, and some public disasters, had excited universal discontent; and Clarendon, the most faithful of his father's adherents, the most watchful guardian of his own fallen fortunes, was victimized by Charles without remorse, to glut the spite of a crew of the vilest men and women that ever preyed upon a country, and to appease the rage of the people at misfortunes which were chargeable, not so

much on Clarendon, as on Charles himself and his profligate accomplices.

The reins of government soon passed into the hands of the notorious *Cabal*. This ministry was so denominated from the initial letters of the names of its members—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley Cooper, and Lauderdale. It would be in vain to describe their policy. They had none, except that of doing from hour to hour whatever best suited their own interests and passions, and those of the King. To feed Charles with enormous sums of money to be wasted on the most dissolute wretches, to seize all the plunder they could make for themselves, to patch up secret and treasonable agreements with Louis of France, to mask their villanies under an outward show of opposing France and protecting Holland,—such, with almost every other private and public iniquity, was their notion of conducting a government. It was at this time that Charles became more directly the pensioner of Louis, receiving from him what would now be equal to half a million, to aid him in his continental designs, besides a promise of troops if the people of England should rebel in consequence of the intended establishment of Romanism. It was known to a few of the Caballers, amongst the rest to Lauderdale, that the Duke of York, his brother's superior at least in determination and activity, was, although a secret, yet a thorough and bigoted adherent of the Church of Rome ; and it was certain, when he could throw off disguise, he would enter into the most energetic courses for establishing the Romish Church on the disorders, confusions, and

enmities which were now weakening and tearing asunder the various Protestant sects in Britain.

The Court having thus broken with the Anglican or Church of England party, sought a counterpoise by conciliating the Nonconformists, both in England and Scotland, who, it must be owned, under this ministry, experienced considerable relief.

This change of counsels soon manifested itself in a radical change of the Scottish ministry. From the Restoration, Lauderdale had been secretary for Scotland, and had continued all along to keep in favour with the King, and consequently had always been able to exercise a large amount of control over Scottish affairs. Yet he had been much thwarted, first by Middleton, his rival and enemy, and also continually by the ascendency of Sharp and the Prelatists, supported as they had been by the dominant Anglican party of England, to whom Lauderdale was obnoxious as an old Covenanter. He was now freed from restraint; and having no rival near the throne, might govern Scotland very much according to his own real opinion and disposition.

We meet with Lauderdale, some thirty years before this time, when he was Lord Maitland, and a young man. He was then a zealous advocate of the Covenant. At the commencement of the civil war, he figured as commissioner on the part of the Covenanters to the English Parliament and the Westminster Assembly of Divines. As there is reason to suspect, however, that from the first the desire of personal notoriety and party

leadership was the mainspring of all his actions, he dropped off in course of time, from the strict Covenanters, who were under the patrician sway of Argyle, and were managed in all their transactions by the skill, fervour, and sleepless activity of Warriston. He next tried his luck amongst the Royalist Engagers, and became their busy diplomatist. For this defection he fell under the ban of the strict Covenanters; and, like so many others, was compelled, after the defeat of the Engagers in 1648, to do public penance in the church at Largs. This affront rankled in his mind ever afterwards. He left Scotland, and repaired to the Hague, where the prince, afterwards Charles II., was keeping his little poverty-stricken court; and seeing at once to the bottom of his indolent, easy, worthless character, he got hold of his confidence—a confidence which, strange to say, when so many better men were sacrificed, was never shaken, either by lapse of time, or by the incessant attacks of rivals and adversaries. He was the Prince's main adviser as to coming to Scotland in 1650, when he was crowned King; he shared in the defeat at Worcester, where he was taken prisoner; and he continued under confinement, principally in the Tower, until the very dawn of the Restoration. The progress of his fortunes since that time, we have had occasion to mark. He was now at the mature age of fifty-four, when a man's character, if he has one, becomes wound up, fixedly good or fixedly evil.

He was the most uncouth sort of personage that ever appeared at a court, or in any decent society. Here is

the account of him by the clever, tattling Burnet. "I knew him very particularly. He made a very ill appearance; he was very big; his hair red, hanging oddly about him; his tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to; and his whole manner was rough and boisterous, and very unfit for a court." In the amusing contemporary "Dialogue betwixt Hamilton and Lauderdale," his coarse and disgusting manners are very forcibly sketched when Hamilton is made thus to accost him :—

> "Your blustering cannot do us wrong,
> Should you wear out your buffling tongue,
> So pray proceed no further;
> But let's express
> The practices
> By which we cheat each other."

His portrait, though touched up by the refining fingers of Sir Peter Lely, attests till this day the accuracy as well as pungency of these descriptions. The low brazen forehead, the loose baggy cheeks, the thick insatiable lips, the satyr's eye, the huge brutish person, bring before us in their combination as gruesome a carle as can well be fancied.

He was a man of immense erudition, but not a man of thought, or of any fine natural ability. He was a prodigy of learning, according to the cumbrous fashion of the times—great in the classics, and even in Hebrew. He was an adept in theology, and versed in all history, ancient and modern. His ten years' prison (under Cromwell) had no doubt been a good college. His memory equalled his reading; and his information was thus not

only vast, but always at his command. He could express himself with the utmost fluency, and with endless amplitude, but without taste or discrimination. He was ready with topics, plans, expedients; but he had little prudence, and nothing of the sagacity and life-long patience of a true statesman. Buckingham, who was a wit, and had the wit's felicity in hitting off a character, called him a man "of a blundering understanding." He was always setting out with a wrong idea, or getting upon a wrong track, or doing even right things in the wrong way. And it was in vain to correct him: this only drove him into further freaks of folly.

But it was not his intellectual, it was his moral, or rather his *immoral* qualities, which gave him his high place in the confidence of the King, and consequently in the councils of the nation. As to the utter rottenness of his character, there is not one dissentient voice. Not one "honest chronicler" has a good word to say concerning Lauderdale. Amidst the accumulation of vices charged upon his memory, we can trace the one simple type to which all of them may be reduced, unredeemed selfishness, total want of principle, corruption insatiable as "the horse leech with her two daughters," crying eternally, "Give, give!" Even in that age of bold bad men, he was pre-eminently vile. He was swelled out with ambition, not from the grand impulse of a noble mind, not to realize some lofty conception of government, but for the low paltry gratification of being what is styled the *great man* of the country. He sought to conceal his treachery and cunning under a roaring noisy

bluntness. To his inferiors, and even his peers, he was haughty beyond expression; to those above him, or who could serve him, an abject loathsome flatterer. His friendships were squared to his interest, even dependent upon the caprice of the ficklest temper in the kingdom. His enmities were deep, burning, and unappeasable. His paroxysms of rage were terrific, Satanic—the madness of a foul distempered soul. At first he affected a kind of austerity of manners, and pretended to despise all worldly grandeur; but he plunged headlong into the flood of iniquity which set in with the Restoration. His sensuality was that of the sow wallowing in the mire, unaccompanied by any of that refinement which half veils its grossness. He rushed into a course of the wildest extravagance, and would be guilty of any baseness or oppression to wring out money for the support of his magnificence. Enriched by the bribes of Louis, a panderer to the lowest vices of Charles, grovelling at the feet of his mistresses, and blubbering for their favour; drawing his strength from every species of wickedness, he turned round and defied all the assaults of those who sought to overthrow him, whether from envy or from patriotism. In the earlier part of his life, and when in prison, he seemed under religious convictions, and courted the friendship of such men as good Richard Baxter; but afterwards, these impressions wore off as if they had never been; he was capable of the most awful falsehoods, and blasphemous appeals to God; and the favourite exercise of his coarse humour was to pun upon texts of Scripture, and mimic his old doings amongst the Covenanters. For

his mess of pottage, he sold himself, soul and body, to all the monstrous projects of the Court.

Lauderdale was now sole and uncontrolled master of Scotland ; and it happened to be the trick of the time to follow more moderate courses. Rothes was stripped of all his offices, except that of Chancellor, which he was still allowed to retain, owing to his being a personal favourite of the king. Sharp, by royal mandate, was dismissed from all management of affairs, and confined to his diocese. A poltroon at heart, he was as crest-fallen at this little touch of reverse, as ever he had been insolent in his own Court of Inquisition, and pitiless to the persecuted members of that Church of which he had once been minister and delegate. No respect or sympathy followed him into his retirement. The ballad-makers, who seem to have had a Punch-like pleasure in tormenting him, made merry with his disgrace, and gave tongue to the detestation in which he was held by his contemporaries, even by many on his own side.

"Most viper-like, I in the kirk
My mother's bowels rent;
And did cast out those zealous men
Whose money I had spent.
What nobleman and ruler can
Say, I have not him wronged,
By lying and base calumnies,
Where no just cause I found.

. . . . .

All men me hate, none truly love,
I can no man beguile,
My treachery and perjury
So notour is and vile.

The wild heads of the time do dream,
There's a world in the moon;
O to deceive, if I were there!
For here will trust me—none!" [1]

The Prelatists, so long accustomed to have their heel on the neck of their enemies, were secretly writhing with a chagrin and disappointment which they durst not very well express. "I am resolved," thus groans the Archbishop of Glasgow into the ear of Sir Joseph Williamson, "I am resolved not to complain any more, lest I seem to reflect on those that are not to be touched. But I am sure we (that is, the Prelatists) are not on the gaining but losing hand. . . . The country complains very much of the soldiers, and I fear the soldiers have as much reason to complain as any. Many, especially of the royal party, are strongly alarmed with the new change of our offices and officers of State, and think a foundation is laid for ushering in another interest. But I hope their fears and jealousies are groundless. Whatever necessity his Majesty saw for this change, I could wish they had chosen a more seasonable time for it. . . . My fears are indeed very great, and it is my misfortune that I must bury them in my own breast." However, amid all his secret griefs, the Archbishop takes care to fortify himself against the changes of State, by having a friend at Court. He has his own commentary on the text: "Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness;" for he informs Under-Secretary Williamson, "I ordered a small present to be tendered

[1] Wodrow MSS.—Advocates' Library.

to you, which I hope you will be pleased to accept, as an acknowledgment of my obligations, and a pledge of that respect which is due to you from me."[1]

The first step taken by Lauderdale was promising. He placed the management of affairs in the hands of Lords Tweeddale and Kincardine and Sir Robert Murray. Now that the old race of Scottish patriots had disappeared from the scene, these three were the ablest, worthiest, and most public-spirited statesmen left in Scotland. They agreed in certain characteristics, which fitted them to heal the wounds and gain the respect of the country. They were all three men of general knowledge and scientific attainment, of solid ability, of mild and benevolent temper, of moderate conciliatory views, and of sound moral and religious principles; were no zealots for Episcopacy, and were opposed to violence and persecution in matters of conscience. Sir Robert Murray was the most distinguished of them, indeed one of the first men of his time. He had been bred in the service of France, and was a great and trusted favourite of Cardinal Richelieu. During the civil wars, he stood high in the confidence of Charles I. But he is best known to posterity as the founder of the Royal Society. Wodrow, who seldom praises any of the ruling men of that period, warmly panegyrizes him. "He was a very learned and ingenious gentleman, a great ornament of his country, a a diligent promoter of every branch of useful knowledge, and moderate in his temper." Even Sharp, pretending

[1] State Paper Office.

to learn charity when under disgrace, and as if elevated by breathing the new atmosphere thus introduced, professed, in assumed meekness and humility, "It was a great happiness to deal with sober and serious men, for Lord Rothes and his crew were perpetually drunk."

It was impossible but that, under such men, the public administration should improve ; and the improvement would have been carried still further, and the wishes and rights of the people been more thoroughly attended to, but for the fatal *Prelatic influence*, having its roots in England, which tainted the whole government of Scotland, and paralysed every effort to adapt it to the feelings of the nation. The Government, instead of being mainly concerned in the civil business of the country, was little more than an engine of the prelates ; and was almost wholly absorbed in the miserable questions that were at issue between them and the people. Prelacy itself was the monster grievance of the nation. It contradicted the national opinion. It was a rock of offence to the national conscience. It could never be modified or shaped so as to harmonize with the principles and liberties of the nation. There was between them a barrier that could never be smoothed down ; a distance as wide asunder as the poles. So long as that compulsory establishment lasted, with all its appendages of oaths, declarations, and other fetters upon the conscience, so long real, free, just, and enlightened government was impossible. There could only be, by the best and most honest of men, a fair approximation.

Such an approximation was actually made by the men

now in power. They worked in entire and cordial union, and with the greatest application, zeal, and love for the public service. The finances were reduced to order and regularity. The public money was held sacred as a trust-fund. The public creditor was paid. Economy was enforced. And there was yearly a surplus revenue ; instead of the former state of things, when the motto seemed to be—" Waste and Want." A magazine of arms was laid in. Increased manufactures were encouraged ; trade facilitated and protected. Justice was well administered. Vice was discountenanced, both by the example of the leading men themselves, and by the whole spirit and tendency of their administration.

Peace having been concluded with Holland in July 1667, the army was disbanded, saving only a small reserve force, such as had always existed since the Restoration. The poor Archbishop of Glasgow, thus left at sea in a leaky boat, without rudder or sail, exclaimed in an agony of despair, " Now that the army is disbanded, the gospel will go out of my diocese." An indemnity was also passed to all who had been engaged in or accessory to the late insurrection. But, like most indemnities of the period, it was burdened with limitations and bonds, which prevented full advantage being taken of it by the Covenanters. Hence, as was observed at the time, " in the beginning it pardoned all, in the middle very few, and in the close none at all."

A searching investigation was made into past military excesses. Dalziel, the hoary old ruffian, was screened, simply because, if he was the worst offender, he was

also the highest in station, and had what we should now-a-days call "good interest at the Horse-Guards." The storm descended upon subordinates, Sir James Turner and Sir William Bannatyne. Turner admitted the charge made against him; but pleaded the authority of letters from Rothes and Sharp for all that he had done; and affirmed that he had even fallen short of their instructions. The Archbishop of Glasgow, who had at least the merit of sticking fast to his partisans though in disgrace, made strong interest for him at Court. "I know," he writes to Williamson, "you are no stranger to my own and other men's conditions here who have been employed in his Majesty's service. For myself, I am not much concerned, the conscience of my own innocence and integrity supports me; and if ever my own life or interest hath been so dear to me as his sacred Majesty's honour and safety, let me never be happy here nor hereafter. But the disappointments and discouragements others (more deserving persons) meet with, wound me deeper than I can well express, and what this may produce God only knoweth. There is a very honest gentleman, a particular friend of mine, one Sir James Turner, who is much blamed for his severity to the disaffected rebels who rose in arms last year; and there are some who impute that rebellion to him as occasioned by his rigour. . . . I hope without offence I may say, I have heard him recommended for the very same acts for which he is now so much condemned; and soldiers think they do not offend when they obey their superior officers' orders."[1] But in

[1] State Paper Office.

the present cashiering of subordinate wrong-doers, the Archbishop's voice was not attended to, and Turner was sentenced to be deprived of all his posts. Sir James was a soldier, though an unmerciful one. Bannatyne was the horrible hardened villain of confused and cruel times. Not satisfied with the ordinary routine of pillage and spoliation, he and his robber band inspired more fear by their foul licentious practices than even by the havoc which they committed upon the property and means of the country people. He was imprisoned and fined, and afterwards banished. He hung about London for some time to get a remission from Lauderdale, which the latter refused ; and it is said that Bannatyne, in revenge, formed some plot against his life, which however did not succeed. His occupation being gone at home, he went over to the wars in Holland. He was at the siege of Grave in the Netherlands ; and one day as he was walking very negligently within reach of the guns, some one called out and warned him of his danger. "Cannon-balls kill none but fey folk," was his contemptuous answer. Scarce had the words passed his lips, when a ball shot him through the heart—a fate which, according to the report of the times, was in awful coincidence with one of his usual imprecations.

It was at this particular juncture, when, for various reasons, plans of moderation were in fashion, both in England and Scotland, that a measure was first broached, which came with a very fair appearance, but which in the event had the same lamentable effect in dividing and splitting up the Covenanters of the present, as the

Engagement and Public Resolutions had in dividing the Covenanters of the former generation. This was the measure commonly termed the INDULGENCE.

It was evident, from the almost universal desertion of the parish churches, and from the faithful attachment of the people to their former ministers, so far as they had opportunities of evincing it, either, that the public ordinances of religion would become all but extinct, and the nation relapse into heathenism; or that a course of persecution must be entered upon, more complete, more systematic, more virulent and crushing than ever; or that some liberty must be accorded to the Presbyterian ministers to exercise their functions amongst the people. The latter was the alternative which the present rulers adopted; and hence the Indulgence.

This scheme took final shape in a letter from the King in June 1669, by which power was granted to the Council, at their discretion, to appoint the outed ministers to vacant parishes; those who would not receive collation from the bishops, not to have the stipends, but only the manse and glebe, and to be allowed an annuity; and those, further, who did not attend the diocesan synods of the bishops, to be confined in their ministry within the parishes to which they were appointed; and none of them were to admit to ordinances persons coming from neighbouring or other parishes. This Indulgence, then, was a royal permission to exercise the functions of the ministry, under certain limitations upon that exercise, and reserving to the Government a general authoritative right to watch, superintend, and

control the ecclesiastical actings of the ministers. From the account before given of the peculiar dogmas of the Church of Scotland on this subject, it will be apparent that this Indulgence, although as a measure of worldly expediency neither impolitic nor ungracious, was in its nature and conditions subversive of the true foundation of that Church, which was spiritual independence, under the sole headship of Christ, as manifested in the directory of His Divine Word. If this Indulgence should be accepted to any degree by the Presbyterian clergy, three things were sure to ensue, most injurious to the strength and unity of that Church, and calculated to deepen the evils of the persecution. 1st, There would be constant arbitrary interferences, on the part of the Government, with those of the ministers who were indulged. 2d, There would break out a rupture between the indulged and non-indulged; and the people, from their known tenacity to principle, would repudiate the former and cling to the latter (the non-indulged ministers). 3d, Those unauthorized religious meetings, whether in fields or otherwise, now termed Conventicles, to which the bolder ministers had hitherto resorted with the approbation and support of the people, would be more stringently prosecuted than ever by the Government, which would consider it had given every proper facility by the Indulgence, and was therefore bound to suppress every other mode of ministerial action.

Many of the clergy acceded to the Indulgence, and the above were the results which actually followed. The subsequent years of the Covenanting struggle are marked

—by incessant attacks upon the indulged, until the Indulgence became a dead letter; a new schism in the Church, if possible more complete, inveterate, and pernicious than the old one between the Resolutioners and Protesters; and a persecution of Conventicles, which never ceased, never flagged, but, on the contrary, acquired fresh vigour at every new step of its progress.

Lauderdale came down as Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament of 1669, a Parliament as venal, corrupt, and subservient as any of its predecessors.

In his coarse, yet very cunning way, he had done something, by means of the Indulgence, to humbug the Presbyterian people of Scotland. His next object was, by his measures in Parliament, to humbug the King and the Court party in England; to create in them the impression that he had all Scotland at his nod, and was so directing things there that, in case of exigency, he could bring in decisive military aid, should England be driven into revolt by the various machinations which were then brewing in the caldron of that infamous Court. Thus, Mein boasts in a letter to Williamson, that there were in Scotland "20,000 militia to rendezvous anywhere in the kingdom without one groat to the King."[1]

The key, therefore, to his proceedings in the present Parliament was this: that he endeavoured to exalt himself with the Court party, by showing what resources he could command in Scotland to aid them in their designs against the liberties of England; but further, to exalt

[1] State Paper Office.

himself with the Duke of York, and the more daring band of conspirators against the Constitution, who were beginning to gather around York as their head, by showing how completely the ecclesiastical system of Scotland was bound and laid captive at the foot of the throne, so that, one edict made, one word spoken, and on the instant Romanism would become the established religion of Scotland.

The wonderful interregnum of moderation which we have previously described, corresponded in point of date with the saturnalia of the Cabal, when license to Nonconformists was the order of the day in England. It was thought proper to keep up the same appearance for a while in Scotland. But this did not last long. The trusty counsellors who had wrought such an improvement in the condition of the country, fell before the animosity of the Prelatic party, aided by the personal spites of one of the most remarkable women of that time ; a time when women had an influence in public affairs which, in our altered state of manners, it is difficult for us to conceive.

This was the Countess of Dysart. Her father, William Murray, was son of the minister of Dysart in Fife. He had an uncle tutor to the prince, afterwards Charles I. ; and by this uncle he got the appointment of page to the prince, as well as whipping-boy, who had the honour to bear all the whacks which ought by right to have descended on the shoulders of sacred royalty. Charles was kind to humble dependants ; and, unfortunately for

himself, whilst he was ungracious and repulsive to honest and independent men who approached him, he had a fatal proclivity towards rash advisers and worthless parasites. When he became king he advanced this "Will Murray" (as the lucky adventurer was called) to be groom of the bed-chamber, and participant in his most secret thoughts and designs. Will evinced his gratitude by the systematic betrayal of the King's secrets to his enemies. But he cloaked his knavery from the king, one of whose last acts at Newcastle was to sign the patent by which the former whipping-boy was raised to be Earl of Dysart. His eldest daughter Elizabeth had married one Sir Lionel Tollemache, but on the death of her father, she assumed the title of Countess of Dysart. Quick in brain and loose in virtue, she had been the most notorious of intriguers, both personally and politically, all through Cromwell's time, and down to the present reign. But there was a method in her amours; she was soft but not weak, and lavished her favours on none but high politicians. With the coolness and calculation of a gamester, she made affairs of the heart subservient to affairs of State. Sir John Reresby, who knew her just about the time at which we have now arrived, assures us, "She had been a beautiful woman, the supposed mistress of Oliver Cromwell, and at that time a lady of great parts." And the old song, whether correct in all its scandal or not, echoes the opinion of her contemporaries as to the variety and distinction of her gallants:

"Now justice provokes me in rhyme to express
The truth which I know of my bonnie old Bess:

She is Bess of my heart, she was Bess of old Noll,
She was once Fleetwood's Bess, and is now of Athole."

She still had the remains of her former kind of beauty,—showy, meretricious, Duessa-like ; was dashing, clever, learned, stored with accomplishments, and full of amazing vivacity of conversation. She lived at boundless expense, and required some how or other to raise a boundless revenue ; and she stuck at nothing to compass this end. From the time of Lauderdale's imprisonment, after the Battle of Worcester, she had acquired a complete ascendency over him—the old story of Beauty and the Beast ! After his release their intimacy was continued, and was so conducted that his Countess separated from him. Now that he was in the plenitude of official power she managed him as she pleased, made a traffic of his immense patronage, and could at pleasure kindle his hostility against old friends, or assuage his resentment against his worst enemies. Tweeddale and Sir Robert Murray were too incorruptible to feed her avarice or wink at her extortions. The consequence was, that she speedily sowed the seeds of dissension between them and Lauderdale ; and these honest and useful statesmen retired from office, and with them departed all real and disinterested patriotism from the government of Scotland. What remained was sham, and even the sham was not long kept up. Lauderdale, at the instigation of Lady Dysart, advanced to the management of affairs his brother Lord Halton, whom he had ever treated with deserved contempt ; a low creature, weak and rapacious, corrupt and insolent, to the last degree.

Rothes, a half flame of hers, crept back into favour. Sharp now offered homage to the culminating star of Lauderdale. These three, Rothes, Sharp, and Halton, came to have the government very much in their own hands. Need it be said how rapidly any good that had been effected now disappeared! how surely all former evils returned, and returned with redoubled virulence and intensity!

Hence the severity against Conventicles in the Parliament now held by Lauderdale. The outed ministers were prohibited from preaching or praying except in their own houses and to those of their own family, and none but members of the family were to be present at any such meeting. All who acted to the contrary were to be held guilty of keeping conventicles. The person conducting such services in any house not his own was to be seized, and imprisoned till he found security, under pain of three hundred pounds, not to do so again, or else engaged to remove from the country. Persons present at the service were to be fined according to their rank; proprietors in a fourth part of their yearly rent, and so on as to the rest. The master or mistress of the house where a conventicle had been held was to be fined double. Magistrates of burghs, in case of any house conventicle being held therein, were liable to an arbitrary fine by the Council. But it was the field conventicles (those "rendezvouses of rebellion," as the Acts of the period always style them) that suffered the full weight of the rage of the persecutors. The preacher in the fields, or even in

a house which was so full that some were out of doors, was to be punished with death and confiscation of goods. Any one arresting and securing him was to receive a reward of thirty pounds, and to be indemnified in case he killed the preacher or any others in the seizure. Persons present at field, were to be fined double the amount of what was imposed on those present at house conventicles. Sheriffs and magistrates were empowered to call before them all who had attended conventicles, and for their encouragement were to receive for themselves the fines of all under the rank of proprietors. And the people were required, under the terror of heavy fines, to attend the curates in their various parish churches. In one county alone, that of Renfrew, the fines imposed upon proprietors at this period amounted to little short of £90,000 (according to the present value of money); and the Marquis of Athole, a creature of Lauderdale's, who had a gift of certain fines, made by them in one week upwards of £5000.

Lauderdale had now climbed to the highest summit of glory of which his sordid nature was capable. He had entered the English Cabinet (of which he had not hitherto been a member), was one of the Cabal, had been created a Duke, and had married that magnificent shrew the Countess of Dysart, his first wife having lately died at Paris forsaken and neglected. He brought his Duchess down to Scotland in the summer of 1672, with a pomp and ostentation never before witnessed in that kingdom. They travelled about the country in royal state, and

were everywhere received with royal honours, with that oriental worship which from age to age is offered up by low, greedy sycophants to the most successful villain of the hour. Amongst the summer swarm that were dancing attendance upon them, was to be seen conspicuous the smooth dimpling face and glazed leering eye of James Sharp, Primate of Scotland. Such a godly man was much required to act as a monitor in the midst of so much pride, vanity, and excess. The Duchess under her robes of silk, did a large trade as a common huckster. She was in the general line. Not a place, post, or office in the State, not a sly favour or a dirty job, but was sold over the counter to the highest bidder. Lauderdale she led according to her fancies and humours. Incapable of attachment or respect, she treated him as a convenience simply, and valued him for what she could make by him. He was a huge uncouth elephant, but the brute had an ivory tusk. She extorted incredible sums of money by all kinds of peculation and corruption ; but it must be confessed that she returned back to the country an almost incredible amount in her daily and hourly extravagancies.

It is true, the Cabal went to pieces in 1673, like a rotten rag, and the Court in its perplexity had again recourse to the Anglicans. Lauderdale, tumbling at first in the wreck, was threatened with impeachment in England, and a truly formidable coalition against him, under the Duke of Hamilton in Scotland. It is needless to enter into detail ; for by that species of good fortune which is known as the "devil's luck," he weathered all these rising storms, and became firmer with Charles, and more

thoroughly master of Scotland than ever. "This man," says an able contemporary document,—"This man, under the pretext of being his Majesty's sole Secretary, and having the advantage of residing at Court, is and hath been these years bygone, not so much his minister as our master; for he, being the King's informer in our matters, excluding all others with a severe jealousy, and having the absolute disposal of all places, gifts, and other things that concern us, it is evident that not only persons, but our Courts also, must depend entirely on his pleasure. . . . He being for most part absent, as well as the King, doth exercise the power of his own creatures; so that they, moving him according as they are pleased to suggest, all men are so exposed to their clandestine and partial informations, that it is very certain that the meanest of his favourites are courted by the greatest of our nobles; and, if I may say it with reverence, the kindness of his valet-de-chambre is more sought after than his Majesty's grace and favour." In the "Dialogue," from which we have already quoted, Hamilton is made finally to apostrophize him :—

> "Well, faith! I'm almost out of hope,
> You have so oft deserved a rope,
> And yet escaped without it:
> But your arrears
> Of sixty years
> You'll pay, you need not doubt it."

The head of the new Anglican ministry in England was Lord Danby. Although unscrupulous enough in his own way, he was respectable when compared with his predecessors. He so far truly reflected British instinct in that

he was hostile to France ; but he had not the hardihood, perhaps not the power, to put a stop to Charles's base dependence upon Louis. In all other respects he was an enemy to the liberties of the country, and was a much more fiery zealot for Anglicanism than ever the moderate Clarendon had been. He also strained every nerve to raise a powerful standing army, not for any legitimate purpose of defence, but to overawe the country, and in due season to clinch the fetters of despotism. Under his administration, the Prelatists in Scotland had full scope to renew their persecutions. Lauderdale, determined on retaining power at any price, made up his terms with Danby and the Scottish Prelatists. And henceforth, although swaggering before the world as the all-powerful governor of Scotland, he was in reality the bond-slave of James Sharp ; and was allowed to rule solely on condition that he should join the Prelatic party in their most violent schemes of persecution.

The country very soon began to assume the same appearance which preceded the insurrection of Pentland.

The Armed Conventicle being now the most threatening form which the Covenanting struggle took, the sword of persecution was turned with keenest edge against the holding of these assemblages. As the Privy Council was too large and unwieldy for the quick work required, and was not always without voices that uttered the language of complaint and remonstrance, the persecution was transferred to a few steady, unshrinking hands, under the title of the " Committee for Public Affairs."

This Committee, styled the "Secret Committee," had ever afterwards the principal management of the persecution. At this, its first constitution, it was composed of some of the most pliant of Lauderdale's party, headed by Archbishop Sharp, who was ever to be seen perched upon his eyrie, when there was a prospect of carnage, spoil, and destruction. This was just the revival of his inquisition, with more defined objects, and this time with more ready and facile instruments. The soldiers were again let loose upon the people, in roving bands, and in garrison parties, and of course repeated their endless sickening round of annoyances and cruelties. And all the while a hail-storm of proclamations was poured down on the devoted heads of the Conventiclers. Masters were enjoined to see that none of their servants or dependants attended conventicles, otherwise they were instantly to dismiss them. Landlords were to enforce upon their tenants subscription to a bond, obliging themselves not to attend conventicles; and on the latter failing so to subscribe, their property and possessions were to be forfeited, and the forfeiture to fall to the landlord, as his bribe for enforcing the bond. Magistrates of burghs were to be liable for the burgesses and inhabitants, in case of conventicles being held within burgh. Masters, landlords, and magistrates, if they failed to put the act into rigorous execution, were to incur all the penalties of contraveners. Whosoever should seize persons attending, or repairing to conventicles, were to have their fines; and in case of forfeiture, to obtain the gift of the property forfeited. The Council

were to cite before them any one suspected of having been present at a conventicle. If he appeared and confessed, he was to be subjected to an arbitrary punishment, that is, any punishment which the Council thought proper to inflict. If he did not appear, they were to hold him as confessed, and pronounce sentence upon him for the full penalty or punishment incurred under their multifarious and horrible statutes. To strengthen the hands of the Council, and to facilitate the execution of their mandates, additional forces were to be raised; a thousand foot and three troops of horse. Garrisons were stationed in the more disaffected districts; and were intentionally and maliciously placed in the mansion-houses of eminent Presbyterian gentlemen, or those who were opponents of Lauderdale, their houses being thus utterly dilapidated and ruined. Letters of intercommuning were launched against hundreds of persons—gentlemen, and even ladies, of old family and good estate, and against the more active ministers—forbidding any of the lieges, under the direst threatenings and pains, "to reset, supply, or intercommune" with any of the persons denounced as rebels, "or to furnish them with meat, drink, house, harbour, victual, nor no other thing useful or comfortable to them; nor have intelligence with them, by word, writ, or message, or any other manner of way."

Is it to be wondered at that the Covenanters staggered for an instant under these merciless blows? Only figure to yourselves the situation of an individual who still adhered to the old national creed and worship. For

every Sabbath he was absent from the homily of the ignorant, dissipated curate of his parish, there was a heavy fine. If he attended in a house, or in the open air, to hear the gospel according to the way of his forefathers, that was a conventicle, and he was liable to be fined, imprisoned, transported, sold as a slave in Barbadoes or Virginia. If he was the most faithful of servants, no master durst engage or keep him. If he was the most industrious of tenants, his landlord was bound to turn him out of his possession, and rob him of all the fruits of his industry. If he was himself an outed minister, he was virtually deposed from the ministry which, according to his belief, he had received from the sole King and Head of the Church. Deprived of every other means of exercising his ministry and of edifying the people, who clung to him with unabated, with augmented affection,—if he preached to them in the fields, his sentence was death. Preacher or hearer, his every step was dogged by spies, many of them his former companions: and he was pricked into the list of defaulters kept by the curate of his parish, who, if he could not convert, was always glad to ruin his parishioners. He might at any time be dragged before the Secret Committee, who owned no law, were amenable to no appeal, and seized, not to try, but to destroy. Soldiers were everywhere present, to insult, to abuse, to pillage, to waste; and there was no security for his person or property, no redress for injustice and oppression. He was shut out, by the dreadful ban of intercommuning, from the common hospitalities and cour-

tesies of life. Neighbour, friend, relative—all must shun him, all must close the door upon him. He was civilly, socially dead. Trying, awful situation for an individual!—for a nation! For a moment there was a horrid pause of suspense. The Armed Conventicle melted away as thin mist from the hills. The oracle ceased. The nation sank dumb.

The year 1676 witnessed an almost universal prostration.

So it was for a few months. But again, as ever it had been, the great heart of the nation rallied; and its pulsations recommenced in all their former vigour and activity.

After seventeen years of every species of persecution, what advance had been made in the establishment of Episcopacy? The Episcopal churches were attended by officials, by many of the upper classes as the Court fashion, and by all those lax and indifferent persons who will only follow the easy and comfortable in religion as in everything else. But the body of the Presbyterians, that is, the body of the nation, had not been seduced from their old mode of worship. The more moderate of them sought after the indulged ministers. As for the more zealous and uncompromising, the conventicle in the open fields, which had ceased for a while, was renewed. The Armed Conventicle was to be again seen, standing to the defence of religious rights. A report to the Government, containing "an account of the present

posture of affairs in the shires of Ayr and Renfrew, Nov. 5, 1677," mentions, that at their meetings it was determined, "That the people should not rise in arms till they should be someway oppressed and provoked, and that then the signs should be given them to make ready, that all the world might see they would not invade the worst pretenders without just cause. . . . This corner is in a perfect distraction, and still worse and worse. . . . Last week there was a fair at Maybole, where a great many swords were sold."[1] In fact, unless the State Church was to be allowed to drop from sheer inanition, some more efficacious remedy must be devised than had hitherto been applied.

The oft-repeated nostrums were tried to an extent never previously used—fines, imprisonments, intercommunings. In the year 1677, not fewer than 17,000 persons were harassed in this way for the crime of frequenting conventicles.

Next a bond was attempted to be imposed on all heritors or proprietors, by which they were to undertake obligations, not only for themselves, but for their wives, children, cottars, and servants, that none of them should withdraw from their parish churches; that they should not be married, or have their children baptized, except by the then parish ministers; and should not be present at conventicles. The proposal was monstrous. The west-country gentlemen, against whom principally the bond was levelled, came to Edinburgh to remonstrate with Lauderdale, who was there as King's Commissioner.

[1] State Paper Office.

In a frenzy of rage, he made bare his arms to the elbow, struck the Council table with fury, and swore "by Jehovah!" he would compel them to enter into the bond. But even with a blaspheming madman like this as ruler, some things will be found impracticable; and so it was with this bond. It could not be carried into effect.

One device remained, and one which at the time was the very thing the Court wanted. It was at this juncture that a strenuous attempt was made, on one pretext or another, to raise a powerful standing army. The army was in reality meant to be used against the liberties of the country. The English people and Parliament—always, since Cromwell's time, jealous of a standing army—were more jealous than ever, now that they had gained a thorough insight into the designs of the Court; and they set themselves in firm opposition to this scheme. When any piece of despotism could not be carried through in England, it was customary to get it passed in Scotland, where the Parliament was mere servant of all work to the Court, and where the people were disfranchised, and had not the slightest direct control. It was therefore determined to get up a cry which would afford some colourable pretext for raising a standing army in Scotland. This framework of an army might be enlarged from time to time, and turned to account against the English people, if their discontents should ever swell into anything like rebellion. The cry in Scotland was that very convenient one which we have so often heard in our own

times, "That the Church was in danger!" that an insurrection was breeding. The ground for this clamour was the increase of Armed Conventicles, and one or two paltry scuffles between small parties of country people and the lawless myrmidons of power, who were always roving about with arms in their hands, and committing acts of violence. These circumstances were magnified into the beginnings of a rebellion; and as it was difficult to raise a force in the ordinary way of enlistment, a plan was formed, the most barbarous and unnatural that could be conceived, that was, to bring down hoards of Highlanders upon the Lowland population, especially upon the west country.

The Highlanders of those days were in a state of rudeness bordering upon utter barbarism. Being engaged in constant feuds against one another, clan against clan, and almost man against man, they were ferocious, cruel, and predatory in their habits. But their broils with one another were nothing compared with the intense antipathy and scorn with which, from time immemorial, they looked down upon the Lowland "Sassenachs." To this old inveterate grudge had long been added difference on religion, if religion in any sense could be predicated of such uncouth barbarians. Whilst the Lowlanders were Presbyterians of the deepest dye, the Highlanders swore by the creed of their chief, which was either Episcopal, or in many cases Romish. Although fond of war, theirs was a wild and tumultuous warfare, without discipline, or any military restraint.

At the bidding of the Government they came down from their hills, about 10,000 in number, and were joined near Stirling by the few regular forces then existing. This Highland Host, as it was styled, marched upon the west country, not only with the ordinary arms, but with field-pieces, spades, and mattocks, as if to lay siege to some great fortifications. They were also provided with a large assortment of shackles to bind prisoners, and of thumbkins to work persuasion in the minds of reluctant witnesses. But what was the surprise even of those savage hordes when they looked about them, and could see no enemy? The ploughmen were busy in the fields, the shepherds were tending their flocks on the hills, the hum of the shuttle was heard in every town and village through which they passed. Enemy there was none. However bloody and ruthless they might be, they were not quite so callous to the common instincts even of the rudest natures, as to rush sword in hand and massacre a peaceful and unoffending people. Since there was no scope for fighting, it struck their rough heads that there was an excellent opportunity for stealing. They spread all over the shires of Lanark and Ayr, plundering and ravaging without mercy. "The Highlanders," writes Quintin Dick of Dalmellington, a sufferer of the period, in a little diary left behind him: "The Highlanders were sent in swarms through the country, there to lie and to plunder, pillage, and await orders for more havoc, against all who should seem to scruple whatever should be enjoined them. In such a shock, when all refuge failed me, I thought it

high time to make haste to the Rock of Ages." It is needless to detail the outrages which they perpetrated. These may easily be imagined. It was a downright levy of blackmail all over the west. It was an incursion of 10,000 "Ticket-of-Leave men," with license from the Government to exercise their vocation to the uttermost. They lived at free quarters; and, not content with the best ordinary fare, they forced the poor people to keep them in a full stock of brandy and tobacco. They attacked and robbed any one they met, and broke open houses, and carried off whatever they chose. If there was refusal, or remonstrance, or anything done to displease them, they drew their dirks, and inflicted the most severe wounds and ghastly mutilations. If they suspected any of having money or valuables concealed, they would roast them before the fire to extort a discovery of the place of concealment. Their gross and licentious conduct cannot be depicted. Over these enormities a veil must be drawn. Wodrow's description of the spoliation committed by them is more forcible and striking than is usual with his narratives. "When the Highlanders went back, one would have thought they had been at the sacking of some besieged town, by their baggage and luggage. They were loaded with spoil. They carried away a great many horses, and no small quantity of goods out of merchants' shops, whole webs of linen and woollen cloth, some silver-plate bearing the names and arms of gentlemen. You would have seen them with loads of bed-clothes, carpets, men and women's

clothes, pots, pans, gridirons, shoes, and other furniture, whereof they had pillaged the country."

During the two months the invasion lasted, the damage in the county of Ayr alone was moderately estimated at £36,000.

But the Highland Host did not produce the effect which Lauderdale and his confederates desired. Their calculation was that the oppressed people of the west would be provoked beyond endurance, and be hurried into a rebellion. Then there would be a gorging over their forfeited estates. Already, in exulting glee, had they parcelled out amongst themselves the several domains; and on St. Valentine's eve, instead of sweethearts, they drew the estates of the unfortunate gentlemen of the west country. But they were foiled in their expectations. The gentlemen and country people took patiently the spoiling of their goods; and the horror excited by those proceedings became so universal and overpowering, that the Government were fain to withdraw the Highland Host as hastily as they had brought it down. In two months the wild *caterans* disappeared from the west, like one of their own mountain-torrents, which exhausts itself in its very violence, but leaves behind it marks of devastation that are remembered for many a long day.

VII.

DRUMCLOG—BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

HAVING no longer the Highlanders to depend upon as the champions of their faith, the Prelatic party, to whom Lauderdale now pandered in everything, insisted on having a large standing army. Accordingly, a Convention of Estates was called in 1678, where an Act was passed to embody sufficient forces for the suppression of conventicles, and a national assessment, generally denominated the *cess*, was imposed for the support of the troops.

In the Private Correspondence of the time, we find the most forcible delineations of the growing evils and wretchedness of the country, of the factions and rivalries of the great men, and of the people's steadfast adherence to their creed in spite of all severities and oppressions. A letter of 6th August 1678, addressed to some one in Carlisle, says, "We have now every other day frequent conventicles, but on Sunday last there was a conventicle in the west country in Carrick that the like hath not been seen in Scotland; for there were, as is said, above 600 well-appointed men in arms, and above

7000 common people, so that in all probability they will rise in rebellion. For I am informed that there is many a man in Galloway, if he hath but two cows, he will sell one cow for a pair of pistols."[1] Another letter-writer, of 23d August, says, "There was never so much insolence committed as is now by those people; 14,000 were at a meeting in Galloway, and were three days rendezvousing there."[2] There is in the State Paper Office a very instructive series of letters from Dr. Matthew M'Kail, whom we formerly mentioned, to John Adams, merchant in Lisbon. No doubt the letters had been seized by the Government, and hence they are now found in the State Paper repositories. In one of them, dated 22d October 1678, Dr. M'Kail gives the following specimen of the ugly feuds and contentions that were now dividing the chief men: "I cannot give you a better character of the present state of this kingdom than what passed publicly here at the solemnizing of a marriage betwixt the Lord Newbyth's eldest son and the late Lord President of Session's eldest daughter, where be sure was no small assembly of lawyers, and amongst the rest Sir George Lockhart, brother to the late Lord Ambassador Lockhart, and the ablest lawyer in this kingdom, who as it seems, I assure you far from his custom, has been tempted to take a cup to the advantage; and being at the principal table with the present Lord Chancellor (Rothes), a health was begun by the Chancellor to Sir George Lockhart's mistress, his lady being lately dead. To which Sir George presently replied, 'My Lord, you

[1] State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.*

have a daughter ; give me her in marriage, and I'll put her in the best condition of any lady in this kingdom.' To which the Chancellor replied, he behoved first to understand what qualifications he had besides that he was a lawyer ; to which he answered again, that it was not possible to convince him even of these abilities, for he had lately in a case of the Chancellor's own cousin, the Lord Melville, disputed five hours, and he believed he understood not one word of the purpose. At which the Chancellor huffing, Sir George takes him up, and says, 'My Lord, you are the most unworthy man within the kingdom, for after you had engaged a noble person, Duke Hamilton, who had laid himself out for the liberty of the kingdom, you have most basely and treacherously forsaken him ;' and, says he, 'Sir George Mackenzie did many times in the beginning of that business call you a *hocus*, and that most rightly, but then I did not believe it.' Then the Lord Newbyth, who was master of the feast, was called to make a diversion, and begins to drink to Sir George. But he was easily rencountered : 'O Newbyth, are you come to hinder me to speak truth ? thou art one of the most unjust fellows upon all that bench. Such a crew of Judges as ye are all did never the sun shine upon. Good Lord !' says he, 'what shall come of this poor kingdom ?' Sir George being a person of so great authority and parts, nothing will follow upon it ; but when they parted he said, 'Now, gentlemen, I desire to be accused upon this to-morrow, for I am ready to make it all out.'" Dr. M'Kail adds, "The truth is, the constitution of all the judicatories in this kingdom

is absolutely at Duke Lauderdale's beck, that in judgment a dog cannot move his tongue against him, and he is able to effectuate anything that he pleases to wish, and every day his hands wax more and more strong. . . The policy that he follows is the point of absolute supremacy in his Majesty's person, and he values the Episcopal clergy as little as the Presbyterians when it comes in competition with that point."[1]

Sharp, from his old experience, understood the ideas of the Covenanters better than any of his fellow-persecutors. He could discern where the real danger lay in their operations. He had from the first appreciated the significance of the Armed Conventicle. The whole active spirit of the Covenant was there. It was a running protest against everything done by the Government. It was a renewal of the famous distinction—that the king *personal* may be resisted when he is impelled by evil counsellors to act contrary to his obligations as king *constitutional*. It was a declaration that the present state of things was a state of war, and that all which was wanting for actual hostilities was opportunity. It was offering a nucleus around which the scattered forces of the Covenant might gather in arms. The Covenant was a bond of the firmest union, a source of the highest inspiration, a transaction which had the seal and authority of Heaven ; and who could foretell the surprising results which might spring from the continued action of the Covenanting Armed Conventicle upon the popular mind ?

[1] State Paper Office.

It might grow so formidable that either the Government would be fain to yield (of which they had shown symptoms in the various Indulgences), and entirely or virtually annul the Episcopal establishment in favour of Presbyterianism, or, linking itself to the discontent which was at work in England, a new combination might be formed on the model of the Solemn League and Covenant, which might overturn Episcopal supremacy in both kingdoms, and the throne of the Stuarts on which that supremacy depended. A man like Rothes, a gay, dashing, reckless sensualist, saw in an Armed Conventicle only a disorderly meeting which ought to be dispersed. Sharp, cautious, astute, and knowing what lay beneath the surface, saw even in the humblest Armed Conventicle the germ of a revolution which must be crushed in the first seed if it was to be crushed at all. Hence his continual edicts against conventicles. Rothes, writing to the Duke of Queensberry in the end of 1678, says—"I have been frequently at our meetings in my Lord St. Andrew's lodgings, where we are busied taking care how to dispose of the forces through the country for suppressing field conventicles and others, for securing of the peace in this conjuncture." Hence also on the 1st of May 1679, Sharp brought before the Council the draft of a new edict, exceeding all that had yet been thought of, the effect of which, if properly executed, would be to give power to *kill* every man going armed to or from a conventicle. The warrant was not only to judges, but to all officers of the forces, and no form of trial was prescribed, so that the meanest serjeant might shoot a man dead

upon the spot who was carrying arms, if he chose to believe that the man was repairing to or returning from a conventicle. This was the gospel according to James Sharp. He thought there was no security for Episcopacy in Scotland, perhaps for the government of the Stuarts, unless every Armed Conventicler was killed.

It is not to be wondered at that such an extreme measure met with much opposition in Council, and was carried only with difficulty. It was to be sent in draft to London for the consideration of the King. It was to be forwarded on the 6th of May, and on the same day Sharp was to set off for London, to expedite the passing of this measure, and to concert other effectual means for the final suppression—were it even to be in torrents of blood—of this everlasting Covenanting struggle.

Before his departure to London, he started on the 2d of May for St. Andrews. He rode in his carriage of state, drawn by six horses, and was accompanied by his eldest daughter, and escorted by four servants. He crossed the Forth, and came to Captain Seton's house in Kennoway, some twenty miles from St. Andrews, where he remained all night. On the 3d, about nine in the morning, he left Kennoway for St. Andrews, taking Ceres in the way, which was some twelve miles farther on, where he "smoked a pipe with the Episcopal incumbent there." He had despatched one of his four servants with his salutations to the Earl of Crawford, whose ancient family seat of Struthers lay close to Ceres.

That same morning very early a party of nine, amongst

whom were David Hackston of Rathillet, John Balfour of Kinloch, better known by his by-name of Burley, and James Russell in Kettle, met in arms near Cupar, to proceed in search of one William Carmichael, a drunken bankrupt magistrate of Edinburgh, who had been appointed by Sharp sheriff-depute in Fife, for putting in force the laws against nonconformity and conventicles. Like most of the low broken creatures who obtained this kind of appointment, he executed his cruel office in the most cruel and wanton manner. He would beat and wound women and children, and torment defenceless servant girls, fixing burning matches between their fingers to force them to discover where their masters lay concealed, with all other atrocities which such a miscreant is sure to commit when armed with full power, backed by Government, and having nobody and nothing to restrain him. The intention of the party who were in search of him was probably to chastise him severely, and frighten him out of the district ; in short, to make his vile office dangerous to the holder. They had learned that he was to be out that day hunting on the Scotstarvet hills above Cupar, and, in fact, so he was, but a shepherd informing him that a number of strangers had been inquiring after him, he made home with the utmost speed, suspecting that their errand would be anything but agreeable. They searched hills, fields, and woods in vain, and about the middle of the day had arrived about a mile to the eastward of Ceres. There, wearied and disappointed, they drew their horses' bridles, and stood together for a few moments before parting. Just at this

instant a farmer's boy of the neighbourhood came running to them in great haste, and told them that the Archbishop's carriage was in Ceres, and was in a little to come up by Blebo, which was not far distant from the spot where they were standing. This intelligence, as an old account bears, put them "in a pose." They were overcome with surprise and a thousand agitating reflections. They had come out in search of a paltry, miserable agent; here was the chief author of Scotland's twenty years of suffering brought straight into their very grasp. A few moments longer they would have parted for the day; this intelligence had come across their path and arrested them like a decree of fate. Burley first broke the silence,—"It seems God has delivered him into our hands." Russell sternly replied, "I think we have a clear call from God to go forth and pursue him." After some further consideration they rode forward in the direction the carriage must take, but one of them called a halt, and suggested that a commander should be appointed whose word the rest should obey. Hackston was chosen leader, a truly brave man and a gentleman, though imbued with the fiercest tenets which those fierce and violent times had engendered. He answered, "God is my witness that I resolve to own the cause of Christ with my life and fortune, the Lord strengthening me so to do, but to be commander I will by no means consent. This is a matter of blood, of the last consequence to this nation and church, and requires more deliberation by far. Besides, there is a known private difference between James Sharp and me, so that what I should do

as commander in this business would seem to be from personal revenge, and would thus mar any public testimony that there may be in such an act. But as you are determined to go forward, I shall not part from your company." When Hackston refused to take the command, Burley cried with a loud voice, as he spurred his steed, "Gentlemen, follow me!" They all obeyed, and again set off in hot pursuit.

The Archbishop's carriage had now passed Blebo, and gained the high ground of Magus Moor. His daughter related afterwards, that "coming near to a farmer's house, called Magus, he says, 'There lives an ill-natured man: God preserve us, my child.'" Since an assault made upon him by one James Mitchell, in 1668, with intent to take his life, Sharp seems to have lived under a dread of assassination. But what ground of apprehension could there be where he now was? It was noontide in May; and there rolled before him the broad bright expanse of St Andrews Bay; and the spires of the ancient city rose pointed and close at hand, as if one could touch them. He was on the highway to the celebrated university and cathedral town, more important and more frequented than ever, because it was the residence of James Sharp, Primate of all Scotland. He was travelling in no narrow defile, no remote and lonely glen, no dark and tangled forest, fit spots for ambuscade or murder,—but on a high exposed summit, visible for many miles around, and the whole district dotted with hamlets and little towns. The husbandmen were in their fields; the shepherds on their hill sides; and for perfect

security, were not garrisons stationed at Cupar, Largo, and other places at no great distance? and were not patrols of soldiers constantly ranging through Fife, to watch and seize the outlawed Covenanters? But whatever his train of thoughts might be at the moment, his attention was suddenly roused by a hurried exclamation of his coachman. The latter, near the village of Magus, perceiving some horsemen making towards them, cried to the postilion to drive fast. Sharp, looking out at the window, saw a man riding forward at a furious rate on a fleet horse, and others at full gallop a little behind. He repeated the cry, "Drive, drive!" The carriage bounded along with frightful rapidity. The foremost rider, who was James Russell, casting off the cloak which encumbered him, urged his horse to greater speed, and came close upon the carriage. Some of his comrades had overtaken him. One Wallace, a servant of the Archbishop's, wheeled round upon them, and presented his carabine. They wounded him on the head, and dismounted him. This momentary diversion had allowed the carriage to gain a little ground; they discharged their muskets at it, but without any effect; and it was dashing away from them, fast as nimble horses, lashed and spurred to very madness, could fly. Russell, like the panther of the wilderness, again darted after his prey. Again he came up to the side of the carriage, and, firing in at the window, exclaimed, "Judas, be taken!" The rest of his companions (except Hackston, who rode a considerable way off), casting off their cloaks as he had done, at length came up, and commenced a running fire,

all with no effect. The coachman endeavoured to keep them back, by lashing with his long whip at the pursuing horses; and the choked, hoarse voice of the Archbishop from within was heard ever crying, "Drive! drive! drive!" One of them rushed forward to the postilion, commanding him to halt; and on his refusal, smote him on the face with his sword, and dismounted him; then cut the traces, and the carriage was stopped. Russell, advancing to the door, addressed the Archbishop, "Come out, cruel and bloody traitor!" for they were unwilling his daughter should sustain any harm. Sharp refused to come out, although the demand was frequently repeated. Burley and Russell, the rest being engaged in securing the servants, shot at him in the carriage; and one of them thrust at him with a sword. Strangely enough, he was not wounded. The party, however, believing him to be killed, were mounting their horses to go off. As they were doing so, one of them overheard his daughter sobbing in a low tone of voice, "Oh, there's life yet!" He gave information; and on returning, they found the Archbishop had not been touched. He was again commanded to come out, but he lingered, and implored mercy. "I take God to witness," said Burley, "whose cause I desire to own in adhering to this persecuted gospel, that it is not out of hatred to thy person, nor for any prejudice thou hast done or could do to me, that I intend to take thy life from thee this day; but it is because thou hast been, and still continuest to be, an avowed opposer of the flourishing of Christ's kingdom, and murderer of his saints, whose blood thou hast shed

like water on the ground." Russell, who was standing on foot at the carriage door, said to him, "Repent, Judas! and come forth." The only answer the prelate continued to make was, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, save my life, and I will save all yours." "I know," retorted the fierce and inexorable John Balfour, "I know it is not in thy power either to save or kill us; and I declare here before the Lord, that it is no particular quarrel of mine that moves me to this; but because thou hast been, and still continuest, a traitor to Jesus Christ, and his interest and cause; and hast wrung thy hands in the blood of the saints, not only at Pentland, but several times since; and hast perfidiously betrayed the Church of Scotland. These crimes and that blood cry with a loud voice to Heaven for vengeance, and we are this day sent by God to execute the same." He again ordered him to come out and prepare for death, judgment, and eternity. Sharp still refused, evidently hoping, by means of this procrastination, that they might be diverted from their fell purpose, or that they might be interrupted by some accident or some cause of alarm. Again and again he besought mercy, and offered them money to spare his life. Burley interrupted him with a scowl of wrath and impatience: "Thy money perish with thee!" One of the company at some distance then called out, "Seeing there have been so many lives unjustly taken by him, for which there is no sign of repentance, if any more be taken, we shall not ourselves be guiltless of the blood of them who are so slaughtered." As he still remained within the carriage, Burley fired a pistol at him; Russell,

who was standing at the door, stabbed him with a sword. Whereupon he fell back, crying, "Alas! I am gone." But the wound was not mortal. A number of them stepped forward to drag him out. "I am gone already, what needs more?" he murmured faintly; "but I will come out, as I know you will save my life." Pale and staggering, he came out of the carriage. He was urged to betake himself to prayer. Falling on his knees, he entreated them to spare his life, and promised to lay down the mitre of St. Andrews. The answer was, that he had been without mercy, and would receive none; that they would not spare his life; and that he must prepare instantly for death. He could not be prevailed upon to pray; and seemed under some delusive impression that the design was only to intimidate him, and that his death was not really intended. What perhaps confirmed him in this belief was seeing Hackston, "who was standing at a distance with his cloak about his mouth, all the time on horseback," not participating in the acts of the rest. A ray of hope dawned upon the wretched old man. He crept on his knees towards Hackston, and thus appealed to him: "Sir, I know you are a gentleman; you will protect me." Though disapproving, as we have seen, of the act, and only present because he would not desert his companions, Hackston felt that he could not interfere. "Sir, I shall never lay a hand upon you," was his reply, and he turned aside from the shocking scene. The Archbishop, left alone with the more determined of the band, renewed his entreaties, protestations, and blandishments; for, how-

ever singular, it is apparent that he was incredulous to the last as to their intending to take away his life. Seeing that nothing would induce him to believe that they were in earnest, or prevail upon him to go to prayer, they all fired upon him as he lay on his knees on the ground, and he fell back as dead. But somehow, whether from confusion or from some other cause, the shots did not take deadly effect, and he was found to be still alive. Wild thoughts of *diablerie* now mingled with their other passions. They believed, a common notion even amongst intelligent men in those days, that by the arts of sorcery he had rendered his body proof against shot, and that nothing but cold steel could kill him. What a scene did the bare, desolate moor of Magus present that day! The whole party drew their swords at once, and held them up flashing in the meridian sun. Sharp, roused by the lurid gleam from that stupor which had hitherto bound him, on seeing their swords, uttered the most piercing and hideous cries of terror. His daughter, bursting like a lioness from the hands that held her back, rushed with shrieks and dishevelled hair between her father and the bloody avengers of blood. Hackston, a man of chivalrous nature, meant for a noble soldier, if the times had been just, not for a desperado, again drawn to the spot as by some fearful spell, when the tragedy deepened into the last agonies of death, exclaimed in accents of horror, "Spare, spare, these grey hairs!" In vain, in vain; it was too late! Whilst the words were still upon his lips, their united swords were plunged into the body of the once terrible James Sharp. "He's dead

now!" growled the savage Russell, as he ruthlessly surveyed the body. Then turning to the distracted daughter and affrighted servants, "Go," said he, with a grim ferocious smile, "take up your *priest!*"

In estimating this act of the seventeenth century, we must bear in mind, that it was solely and entirely the act of the perpetrators, no other persons were cognisant of it, or participated in it; that it was an unpremeditated act, to which the perpetrators were impelled by a sudden, singular, and, as they mis-read it, providential accident; that so far as intention stamps the character of crime, they did not believe they were committing murder, but believed that they were inflicting just punishment upon a wretch worthy to die, who could not be reached by any ordinary course of justice; that the act was neither instigated, nor ever approved of by the Presbyterian body—most of them censured and condemned it; even the wildest would in general only go the length of refusing to pronounce an opinion upon it, regarding it with awe as a Divine judgment. Moreover, in those times, and long before and after, assassination was not the object of horror it now is in our own improved times, and in our own privileged country, but was recognised by even the wisest and ablest men—strange though it sound to our ears!—as a legitimate weapon of party warfare in cases of extremity, and where no other could reach the foe. Be it remarked, the Covenanters, in their associated capacity, even when driven to extremes, whatever rash individuals might think or do, always dis-

claimed, and expressed their abhorrence of assassination, and contended for nothing beyond the right of armed self-defence.

Sharp, although dead, yet spake. The proclamation, which had been carried by him in Council, against much opposition, only a few days before his tragical end, was returned approved of by the King, and was published on the 13th of May 1679. As already stated, it was a warrant, not only to judges, but to the officers of all the forces, even to the meanest serjeant, "to proceed against all such who go with any arms to those field meetings, as traitors,"—that is to say, to put them to death.

As regarded a great portion of the people, this was the same as to declare the preaching and hearing of the gospel to be treasonable, and punishable by death. The people, except in some cases upon downright compulsion, would not attend the preaching of the curates. They would as soon have knelt before the Mass, or before an idol of wood or stone. Nor could they conscientiously acknowledge the indulged ministers, who, according to their view, held their commission, not from the sole Head of the Church, but from the King's usurped supremacy. They had no outlet therefore to hear the Gospel at all, or have the sacraments administered amongst them, according to their conscientious belief, except at the field meetings, where some few ministers still preached, who had not defiled their hands by touching the unclean thing. But in attending field meetings, they were exposed to the attacks of the soldiery; and hence it had

become necessary, and had for many years been their practice, to carry arms to those meetings, but only for self-defence. The proclamation declaring this treasonable, was thus tantamount to denouncing death upon the hearing of the Gospel.

This new capital offence, coupled with all the past wrongs and severities, especially of the ten last years, gave rise to a new movement on the part of the strict Covenanters. Up to this time, their conventicles had been held in a detached manner, in different localities throughout the country. But since these meetings had been proclaimed to be treasonable, and the military were directed to put the proclamation everywhere in force, they felt that they must resort to more effective plans of defence. Instead of detached meetings, they resolved only to hold great aggregate meetings, in central situations, to which the people might repair from all the surrounding districts. Having adopted this plan, there was always at their command a large body of popular forces to resist any force that might attack them when engaged in the worship of God, according to the dictates of their conscience. A conventicle now became an encampment. Where the people worshipped, there they were prepared to fight and die in case of interference with their worship.

This no doubt was the commencement of *war*. And as there was no proper standing army in those days, and the forces then embodied were comparatively small, the Covenanters, by a series of military demonstrations,

might have overmatched, or thoroughly shaken the Government, but for two circumstances. The *first* was, that so many controversies and divisions had crept in amongst the body. When the time for decisive action arrived, they were never at a loss for numbers or for enthusiasm; but one difficulty always rose up before them like a wall of brass—the difficulty of "stating the quarrel" (as they termed it), so as to comprehend and satisfy all. The nicety of their logic blunted the edge of their swords. This evil, weakening and tantalizing as it was, could have been counteracted, if happily there had arisen amongst them a great commander, fit for the occasion. Less than Cromwell would have sufficed: such a man as their forefathers had in either of the Leslies; as that very generation had seen at Pentland in Colonel James Wallace. This also was denied them. They had many brave men to fight at their side; many excellent officers to march at their head; but never a great commander to master and wield them to purpose. This was their *second* defect. But an all-wise Providence meant them only to be the jealous temporary guardians of the liberties of Scotland, placed in jeopardy of being lost; not to be the dictators of the final settlement, when the British Constitution came to be founded, not for the special benefit of the Covenanters alone, but on principles tending to the equal development and universal welfare of both kingdoms—we may now say of the three kingdoms—nay, of a boundless empire beyond.

They were about this time joined by a young gentle-

man, Robert Hamilton, the younger son of Sir Thomas Hamilton of Preston. He had been educated under Burnet, the historian, when professor of Divinity at Glasgow. Burnet was nearly related to him, and praises him as having been "a lively hopeful young man." That he had many excellent qualities, was demonstrated by his leaving a station where he had before him wealth and worldly distinction, and espousing the cause of a despised and persecuted people. A life of consistency and self-denial must be accepted as a proof that he was, in his own way, a pious and patriotic man. They who knew him most intimately, loved and respected him most, which is always a favourable sign of any man. A contemporary poet, in mourning his death, describes him in these noble lines,—

> "Mirror of patience, resolute and brave;
> For all the shocks united dangers gave,
> Moved not his soul, which still serene appeared;
> He hated no man, and he no man feared."

But there is no doubt that his mind had a *twist;* and like all persons of the incurable crotchety description, he was self-sufficient, narrow-minded, obstinate, and supercilious. When once entangled in the web of difficulties which his own conceit and rashness did so much to weave, he seemed to be fascinated, and could neither move nor make a sign. Many a precious life came to be lost from his panic-stricken helplessness in positions which he ought to have had the good sense and the modesty never to occupy. Blown up by a vain ambition, he entered as a matter of course on the post of Com-

mander-in-chief of the Armed Conventicle. For this post he had not one qualification; it seems doubtful whether he had even the elementary one of personal courage, at least in the field of battle. Although good and kind enough in the very small circle within which his views and sympathies were confined, his was the worst type of fanaticism, which gloats in the extermination of those who are presumptuously deemed the enemies of the Lord. "To spare none of Babel's brats," was his code of warfare. On the austere stock of the Covenanters, he sought to ingraft the monstrosities of the Dominicans.

If the poor Covenanting remnant had thus made a very doubtful acquisition in such a commander as Sir Robert Hamilton, the Government were fortunate in their new rising Lucifer, John Graham of Claverhouse. He was the eldest son of Sir William Graham of Claverhouse, a place lying a few miles to the north of Dundee, and was born in 1643. He was a remote kinsman of Montrose. When about twenty-two years of age, he entered the University of St. Andrews, where, according to an old account,—"He was admired for his parts and respects to churchmen, which made him dear to the archbishop of that see (Sharp), who ever after honoured and loved him." At the university he is said to have particularly excelled in mathematics. Such being the bent of his mind, and with so many hereditary associations, it is not to be wondered at that his ambition urged him into a military career. He served both in the armies of France and Holland, and in the latter is related to have earned very

high distinction. He returned to his own country about 1678, when he was 35 years of age. He seems to have been marked out at once by the Duke of York for favour; and about the end of that same year was appointed captain of one of three troops of horse which the Government were then raising. This was a crisis when the country, ever irritated by constant and unmitigated suffering, broke out into one of its fits of insurrection. From this period down to the Revolution, Claverhouse continued to be chief military commissioner in the west country, to keep in check, and ultimately the object was to exterminate, the so-called "Fanatics." It was an ignoble employment, even in the mere military point of view—this riding down and slaughtering of the peasantry, because they would not conform to the Prelatic establishment, and because they could not and would not acknowledge the supremacy of the King in the matter of their religion. In such a low, degrading, and unnatural service, no man can acquire—no man deserves—the character of a great and illustrious soldier: he may be a first-rate mounted policeman,—he can never be more. That Claverhouse was able for better work—simply regarding him as a military man—few will doubt; but it is equally indubitable that he showed himself but too well qualified also for this—to be chief of a dragonade. Great injustice has been done both to him and to Montrose, by comparing them together. Except in some coincidences of sentiment and of fate, they bore little resemblance to each other. Montrose was a man of genius, with its defects as well as its brilliancies; of literary and poetic

impulses, not of methodic study ; of a heroic and imaginative temperament ; not a professional soldier, but a soldier because he lived in a military age, when every nobleman must head his vassals in arms. Swift, sharp, and sudden, he did everything by rapid surprises, which took away the breath of his own party as much as of his opponents ; and though he could win any number of battles, was not the man ever to secure a stable and final victory. Claverhouse, in his early years, addicted himself, not to the elegant studies of the poet, but to the severer sciences, which prepare the exact, technical soldier and strategist. He was a man of his own profession merely ; for though some of his panegyrists would exalt him as a great politician and diplomatist, there is really nothing to support this character,—it is a mere illusion—a whim of their own small idolatry. That he had talent to form military combinations—to see how physical force could best be brought to bear upon any object—may be true ; but this is the characteristic only of the able soldier, not by itself of the able statesman. Burnet commends him as a man "of some very valuable virtues." What these were he does not particularize ; but, aided by glimpses we have from other quarters into the habits of his life, we imagine that these were the virtues by which he was favourably distinguished when contrasted with most of the public men of the day, that he was more sober and decorous, more diligent and industrious in the execution of his trusts, and in age of venality and sordidness, felt some little spark of chivalry for the service of his masters at least, however much he

might ignore every other consideration. "He was proud and ambitious," adds Burnet; and no one can look at his portrait—the disdainful gleaming eye, the haughty lip, the almost effeminate delicacy of feature, the querulous and dissatisfied expression of countenance—without feeling that such the man was; proud, and isolated from all sympathy with the mass; ambitious, and ever fretting himself away for a wider sphere and a higher position. As might be expected from his family connexions, and his own antecedents, the same author testifies that "he had taken up a most violent hatred of the whole Presbyterian party." In this he was truly a zealot; he was inflamed with the passions of a Grand Inquisitor. In his one bosom seemed to be hoarded the whole accumulated rage of his party against the Presbyterians. "Fellows," "rogues," "villains," and "suffering sinners," are, throughout his correspondence, the contemptuous names by which alone he will deign to refer to them. The Scottish Episcopalians saw in him the champion who was to fix their ascendency beyond all reach of attack; and year after year he marched and toiled, planned laborious campaigns, and perpetrated hideous butcheries, to execute this fell purpose. From the rank of a true and legitimate officer, he dropped down and down to be the lowest thing that a man wearing a sword can be—(the nickname that Gustavus Adolphus gave to Tilly)—"*The Parsons' Drudge!*" But he was not without rewards more substantial and tangible than the sublime gratification of Episcopal zeal. This ideal knight of the Jacobites understood well the realism of lands and estates

—of pounds, shillings, and pence. To him, as to Pistol, "the world was an oyster, which with his sword he opened." By some strange accident, the more the west-country lairds were harried, the more was he enriched with fresh estates; the more blood of the fanatics there was shed, the more gifts of money flowed from the Treasury into his pocket.[1] This great hero did not trouble himself to inquire or to speculate what was the cause and meaning of the disorders of the country. The right or the wrong, the just or the unjust, was to him a thing indifferent. Enough that there were disturbances, and that he was ordered to quell them; enough that the people were disaffected, and that he was ordered to strike an exterminating blow. His only care was how to render that blow most effectual and destructive. He disclaimed reflection, he disclaimed morality, and only professed to awe the people into subjection by a series of terrible examples. In a letter to the Commander-in-chief, in 1679, he frankly declares—"In any service I have been in, I never inquired further in the laws than the orders of my superior officers." And again, in a letter to the Chancellor in 1683, "I am as sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves. But when one dies justly for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple." Just the inhuman, immoral, atheistic code of all the military executioners, who have mowed down the people that tyrants may walk smoothly over them. "Three days of bloodshed," grinned old Radetsky of Austria,—"Three days

[1] Entries in Warrant-Book of Scotland—State Paper Office.

of bloodshed yield thirty years of peace." Yes, ye ensanguined ruffians! and an immortality of curses on the memory of those who are guilty of such crimes against the human race.

On Sabbath morning, the 1st of June 1679, an aggregate conventicle was held in Avondale, one of those long-drawn valleys, so many of which strike off from the great strath of the Clyde. The place of meeting was on the Harlaw, a slight knoll in that wide heath-clad expanse which is overlooked by the dark frowning peaks of Loudon Hill. Thither the multitudes flocked from all parts of the West. Hamilton was present with a considerable band of armed men. Claverhouse was in command of the garrison stationed at Glasgow; and had been apprised of the intended meeting. Thirsting for the blood of those dangerous fanatics, he hastened towards the spot at the head of his own troop of horse, assisted by two companies of dragoons. Worship had begun. Thomas Douglas was in the commencement of his sermon, when suddenly one of the watchmen stationed on a neighbouring height, fired the signal gun, and retreated at full speed towards the assembled congregation. Claverhouse was seen advancing from the east. Interrupted in the midst of his discourse, it is recorded that the preacher thus addressed his hearers: "You have got the theory; now for the practice!" But they required no address to animate them. Their hearts swelled with ardour to meet Claverhouse in something like equal combat. The Armed Men drew out, firmly and orderly,

from the rest of the meeting. Their aged parents, their wives, children, and kindred, and those of them who had no weapons, were left behind, and directed to retire slowly towards some security, in case their defenders should be overpowered. There they mustered on that hill-side, transformed at once from a peaceful assemblage of Christian worshippers into a body of stern and fearless warriors, ready to the last drop of their blood to protect their homes, and the moorland temple of their God. They formed into a compact mass of fifty horse, fifty footmen with guns, and one hundred and fifty on foot, who were only equipped with halberts, forks, and other rude and inefficient weapons. Hamilton took the command, and was supported by brave men and skilful soldiers, who acted as his officers,—the veteran Henry Hall of Haughhead, in Teviotdale, Hackston, and Burley, and the gallant young soldier-poet, the Körner of the Covenanting army, William Cleland of Douglas, now only in his eighteenth year. Being formed in battle array, a grand old tradition survives, which tells how this little host marched in solemn majesty down the brow of the hill, singing together, to the half plaintive, half triumphant "Martyrs," that sublime Psalm :—

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name 's in Isr'el great:
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Sion is his seat.

"There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far.

"Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.

"When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God!
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a dead sleep cast."

At the swamps of Drumclog they met face to face with Claverhouse and his dragoons, ranged on the opposite slope. The troops fired first. By an instruction from young Cleland, at the burst of the guns the Covenanters dropped flat upon the ground, and not a shot took effect. Instantly they darted to their feet, and discharged volley after volley against the enemy with well-directed aim. As the clouds of smoke rolled off, many a saddle was seen to be empty, and the troops were thrown into confusion. Claverhouse now urged his dragoons to cross the morass. The Covenanters, fighting for all that the soul of man holds dear, and roused by the battle's heat, accepted the challenge. Burley at the head of the horse, Cleland at the head of the foot, splashed across the dividing swamp, and grappled with the enemy hand to hand and foot to foot; whilst the women were at their side ("for the women," says Russell in his account, "ran as fast as the men"), carrying off some that were wounded to the rear, and doing all they could for their relief. This close and desperate onset disordered the troops, who began to reel about like drunken men. "They received our fire," says Claverhouse in his own report, "and advanced to the

shock. The first they gave us brought down the cornet Crawford and Captain Blyth." His own horse was disembowelled by a pitchfork, "yet," adds Claverhouse, "he carried me off a mile." This impetuous assault could no longer be borne. The dragoons wavered and broke, and Claverhouse fled with the shattered remains of the troopers. "Their horse took the occasion of this," he proceeds in the report already quoted, "and pursued us so hotly that we got no time to rally. I saved the standards, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded, but the dragoons lost many more." There were about forty in all killed, and a considerable number wounded and taken prisoners. On the side of the Covenanters there was only one killed on the field, but five were mortally wounded and died soon afterwards. One of these, William Daniel, who had borne his part in the tragedy of Magus Moor, lying in his death-wounds, "spake to the astonishment of all beholders," his associate Russell informs us, "so that those that never saw William Daniel before wept so much, that at his grave in Strathaven kirkyard they sat down and wept before all the people."

This was an example of what a few hundreds could achieve when their hearts were in unison. We shall presently see how several thousands were most ingloriously vanquished when rent asunder by those divisions, for which, alas! they were as much distinguished, as for their wrongs and sufferings.

After the victory of Drumclog they held a consultation, and resolved to keep together in arms, and await the further direction of Providence. But when they had come to this propitious turn in their affairs, they felt more than ever the want of a master-spirit to preside over them. Although they had gained a momentary success, they had no sure or definite aim. Multitudes from all quarters were flocking to their standard, many of them gentlemen of good rank and estate; and their recruits were tolerably supplied with arms and other munitions of war. The people were galled by long oppression, and animated by the most fiery enthusiasm. As we have had occasion to notice, the standing forces of the Government were few, and the insurgents, to all appearance, had little to do but to march forward and take investiture of the country. But what would be the issue even of continued successes? Additional forces would be drawn from England and Ireland, breathing national hatred against the Scottish rebels; and the Government would be exasperated to the utmost height of fury. Ultimately the insurrection must be crushed under an accumulation of numbers; and the last oppressions of the country would be worse than the first. There was only one door of hope; that would have been to renew the Covenanting policy of 1643, and form a close alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Puritans of England. But thirty-six years of storm and vicissitude had passed since the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant. The Puritans were no longer the fresh and vigorous party they had been in those days, but were

nearly as much broken and decimated as the Covenanters themselves. Besides, a whole generation had intervened; a chasm yawned between them; they no longer understood each other, no longer sympathized with each other. Many years were yet to elapse before the whole parties in Britain, religious and political, could be so fused together, and melted into such a community of ideas, as to form into a great union for the redemption of their common country. Isolated for the present from any great central movement, the Covenanting Struggle could not swell up to the might of a Revolution. It could only at most foam and break into continued Insurrections. But had the Covenanters been a united body, these insurrections might at least have been a series of little brilliant triumphs, like Drumclog. Torn as they were by intestine feuds, the struggle seemed to terminate for ever in the miserable catastrophe of Bothwell Bridge.

After much aimless marching and counter-marching for some weeks after Drumclog, they gradually centred in a permanent camp on the Moor of Hamilton, in the close vicinity of old Bothwell Bridge. As no regular discipline was maintained, large eddying masses of people came and went at pleasure. Sometimes the number might reach eight or ten, but they gradually settled at an average of between four and five thousand. Robert Hamilton, more by his own presumption than by any kind of appointment, was still commander. We have seen how unfit for the task! He had the assistance of

the four able officers who gained the victory at Drumclog,—Hall, Hackston, Burley, and Cleland ; and there was Turnbull of Beauley, from Teviotside ; and valuable accessions were daily arriving in a number of steady old soldiers whose names are familiar to those acquainted with the insurrectionary movements in Scotland at this period. The two best known were veterans who had led the Westland men at Pentland, Major Learmont, and famous Captain John Paton of Meadowhead. This multitude of people, welded into an army simply by fellowship of suffering and of faith, although irregular and undisciplined, were of one mind and of one spirit, and fit for the most daring enterprises. But soon an unfortunate accident broke their harmony, and clogged all their after movements. This was the coming amongst them of John Welsh, and a considerable number of what were then termed Moderate Presbyterians, who shrank from the old policy of the Covenant, without having any new or determinate policy of their own to substitute. From the time of the arrival of this party, the camp became a debating club ; and instead of preparations for war, time was wasted, and passions were infuriated in hopeless attempts nicely to state the grounds of quarrel on which the persecuted people had taken up arms. Officer differed with officer ; minister preached against minister ; leader might be seen rushing upon leader with drawn sword. Their councils of war broke up in tumults,—so many of the officers following Hamilton, so many adhering to Welsh. The madness of division inflamed the people, who sputtered and disputed when

they ought to have been attending to their drill. Multitudes were every day leaving; some from party rage, but many in grief and despondency, because they foresaw the end of such divisions must be utter ruin. This motley army was not so much as apportioned into regiments; no officers were appointed; no stores of ammunition or other supplies provided; no plan of battle concerted; and Hamilton was only commander by a kind of grumbling sufferance.

The popular party were now in power in England. It was the time of the short-lived Essex (or Whig) administration, the party which had ousted and succeeded that of Lord Danby. Milder measures were being everywhere adopted; and to suppress this rebellion with as little violence as was consistent with the peace and safety of the country, the English Government deputed Monmouth, the favourite of the popular party, to take command of the forces in Scotland. His instructions were not unfavourable to the Scottish sufferers; and his own disposition, mild and kindly, and his love of popular applause (for, by winning all hearts, might he not, in course of time, win a crown for his brow?)—these were a guarantee that at least none of the barbarities would be perpetrated which would have been too likely had the command been with old Tom Dalziel or with Claverhouse. Indeed, there was an underhand correspondence going on between him and the Moderates under Welsh, which, however, led to no good, and did much harm by throwing the insurgents off their guard.

The Government army consisted of a small standing

force of about five thousand, with a Highland militia, and some English troops, amounting in all to 15,000 men, well equipped and well provided. They reached Bothwell without interruption ; 15,000 against 5000 ! But they were ill-assorted materials ; and, numerous as they were, would have been no match, under better circumstances, for the Covenanters. Had the latter only been as united as their brethren at Drumclog, when they descended the hill singing with one voice and one soul the 76th Psalm, they might have swept the 15,000 before them as chaff is driven before the wind. Union and enthusiasm have sometimes done greater things than that. But even when the Royal army had come close upon them, their camp was as agitated as ever with disputes and contentions, and no preparations were made for receiving the foe. Ure of Shargarton in his narrative observes :—" We were not concerned with an enemy, as if there had not been one within a thousand miles of us. There were none went through the army, to see if we wanted powder or ball. I do really think there were few or none that had both powder and ball, in all the army, to shoot twice." Amidst this confusion and fatuity, there were three true and vigilant officers. All the day and all the night previous to the engagement, that old bridge of Bothwell, which was the key of defence, was watched by Hackston, Hall, and Turnbull. There they stood, firm and steadfast, being afterwards joined by Ure of Shargarton and John Fowler, " whom Robert Hamilton made a captain who was once his man." They had under their command some 300 good men, but had only

one solitary cannon, and that very defective, against the large army that was advancing to the attack. About three o'clock in the morning of Sabbath the 22d June, the advanced guard of the Royal forces might be seen creeping up with their cannon to the opposite side of the bridge. The attack was begun, but vigorously resisted by the gallant three hundred, who stood their ground, returned fire for fire, and, preserving themselves under the shelter of some slight fortifications which they had run up, dealt deadly execution against the exposed front of the enemy. The bugle now sounded a parley. "The enemy," to follow Ure's narrative, "came hard to the bridge end, and spoke to us, and we to them. They desired us to come over, and they would not harm us, and called for Mr. Hamilton to speak with him; so Mr. David Hume (who had been minister of Coldingham, Welsh's right-hand man) went over, and another gentleman with him, and spoke with the Duke, and desired his Grace, if he would prevent the effusion of blood. He told them their petition should have been more humbly worded; and said, lay down our arms and come in his mercy, and we should be favourably dealt with. So he returned and told us. When Robert Hamilton heard it, he laughed at it, and said, "And hang next!" This parley of the Moderates ended in smoke, gave time for the whole of the Royal forces to be moved up, and added fresh fuel to the internal contentions which, more than the enemy, were subduing the insurgent host. The "Forlorn Hope" at the bridge resumed their struggle. They vigorously re-opened the attack, and repulsed their

assailants from the guns ; but were not supported by reserves from behind, who ought to have crossed the bridge and pursued the flying troops. There being no pursuit, fresh regiments came up and renewed the attempt to force the bridge, but still without effect. The gallant three hundred stood their ground. They felt that the bridge was the battle. For three hours they bore the brunt of attack,—those 300 wearied and overtasked men. Well do they deserve the tribute of admiration and praise ; for theirs is the one bright act to irradiate the memory of this disastrous day. Overpowered by numbers, they sent for reinforcements ; but none came. Exhausted by long watching, fatigue, and the toils of the incessant contest, they begged to be relieved by some of the many troops that were standing idly on the moor ; but there was no commander, there was no order, every man was in hot dispute with his neighbour. If they were to stand alone and unsupported in the breach, 300 against the iron weight of 15,000, at least they required more ammunition, for their store was failing them. The answer returned was that the ammunition was exhausted. Who can imagine the despair of that gallant 300, and their three brave officers, who had watched that bridge night and day, and maintained their post against all odds and against all comers ? But madness ruled the hour. They were ordered to retire from the bridge, and fall back to the main body on the moor. They retired with "sore hearts," as Hackston relates, for they knew that the fate of the battle was sealed. Monmouth's army slowly and steadily passed the bridge, and formed at

leisure on the same moor where the Covenanters were drawn up. When Hackston returned with desponding heart from the bridge, he was so far consoled to find that the troops on the moor were in good spirits, and were preparing (as they assured him) to fight the enemy "with hand strokes." All of a sudden, however, the panic-cry ran through their ranks, that their leaders had fled; and true it was that the maniacs who had betrayed them as effectually as if they had sold them for so much hard cash, rode off at full speed from the scene of misery of which they were the authors. Now all was utter confusion. The horse, in making their escape, dashed through the foot, and threw them into disorder. The foot fled in all directions, recklessly and at random. To their honour be it recorded, amid the universal panic, Hackston and his troop of horse, as they had been the most resolute in the hour of battle, were the most faithful in the hour of defeat. They lingered long after the rest of the horse had fled, to see if they could render any assistance; and when they saw all was hopeless, they withdrew in gloomy and heart-broken silence.

The Royal army, which evinced very little spirit so long as there was any chance of resistance, now broke from the leash like mastiffs, and sprung upon the disordered and helpless multitude. The foot, who tried to escape, were pursued along the banks of the Clyde, and through the woods of Hamilton, and cut to pieces by the barbarous soldiery. No prisoners were brought back, all were slain where they were found. In this death-chase, no fewer than 400 perished. An old

ballad, with simple pathos, recounts the disasters of that day—

"When the enemy had won the Bridge,
The Westland men did flee;
The Englishmen and Clavers both
Did kill them grievously.

"And all along through Hamilton town,
They did both kill and wound,
Until the streets with bodies dead
Was covered in the town.

"Some were dead, and some were sick,
And some were sorely wounded:
They drove them east like unto sheep
Before the dogs were hounded.

"Then some were dead, and some were sick,
And some for quarters cried,
And many a brave gallant's blood
Upon the ground there lied."

On the moor, twelve hundred, having no means of escape, and incapable of further defence, flung down their arms, and yielded themselves prisoners at discretion. The brutal soldiers, led on by officers as brutal as themselves, would have massacred every man of them where they stood; but Monmouth issued the command to spare the people. After Monmouth left the field, however, the soldiers had free scope to exercise their barbarities. The prisoners on the moor were stripped almost naked, and ordered to lie flat on the ground. If any happened to raise their heads, in changing from one posture to another, they were instantly shot like vermin. Thirst is well known to be the most excruciating cause of suffering to men in such a situation; and

when some country women, moved by an instinct of compassion, came with water to relieve their necessities, the soldiers broke the pitchers, and subjected the women to every species of insult and ill treatment. The monsters roamed through all the neighbourhood like a pack of wolves, and slaughtered in cold blood almost every person they met.

When Monmouth returned to London, the Duke of York, his imbittered rival, as hard-hearted as the other was merciful, reprobated his clemency to the rebels; and Charles, gay and debonair amongst his licentious companions, but perhaps more heartless than even York himself, taunted Monmouth by the innuendo, "If I had been present, there should have been no trouble about prisoners," meaning that he would have put every man of them to the sword. Monmouth's reply was as dignified as it was humane, "If that was your wish, you should not have sent me, but a *butcher*."

Strange to say, only two persons were executed for Bothwell, two clergymen of the names of Kid and King. This enforced idleness of the scaffold was no doubt owing to the merciful disposition and moderate counsels of Monmouth, who prevailed upon the King to pass an indemnity, and a relaxation in favour of House Conventicles. In after years, however, this reluctant leniency was amply balanced: for the indemnity was so clogged as to give little relief, and the indulgence was soon abolished; and for the nine years down to the Revolution itself, Bothwell was the stereotype excuse for

continual fines and imprisonments, proscriptions and forfeitures.

The prisoners, tied two and two, were dragged in disgusting triumph into Edinburgh. On the road, their necessities were not in the least attended to, or rather were purposely and wantonly neglected. Men durst not come to offer them any relief; for that act of charity alone, they would be instantly seized and added to the train of prisoners. Women only could venture to minister to their wants; but generally, when they did so, they were ill used by the guard, the food which they brought was thrown away, and the vessels containing it broken to pieces. The Edinburgh mob met the poor prisoners at Corstorphine, exulting over them with mockery and laughter, and shouting to them in language worthy of pagan savages, "Where's your God? where's your God?" As the prisons could not hold them, the Greyfriars churchyard, where forty years before the National Covenant had been signed with such universal devotion, was converted into a place of confinement. Sentinels were stationed over them day and night. No shelter or covering was allowed them; but they were exposed to sun and shower, wind and weather. During the day, some 1500 active, stalwart men had to find exercise within that narrow space as they best could. All night they had to lie on the bare, hard ground, without any accommodation, and their clothing very scanty. They were insufficiently fed by the authorities; and when charitable persons came to supply them with food, or any little comfort, either access was denied, or

they had to bribe the sentries, and generally whatever was brought was in some way plundered in passing. The soldiers on guard beat and maltreated the prisoners at their pleasure; and made a constant practice of robbing them during night of any little money they might happen to possess, or of some of their few articles of clothing. For five months, until November, they continued in this sad state. Considerable numbers, however, were liberated on taking a bond of non-resistance; some received favour, and some escaped, at the risk of their lives, over the wall of the churchyard. Being now reduced in number to about 250, who had failed to escape, who had no friends at head-quarters, and who stoutly refused to take the bond, without any previous intimation to themselves or their friends, early in a cold, raw morning of November, they were conveyed by a party of soldiers from Greyfriars to a vessel lying in Leith Roads, for the purpose, as it was given out, of being transported to the American plantations, and sold as slaves. About thirty, languishing under flux, and other distempers contracted by their cruel usage, were kidnapped along with the rest. On board the ship their treatment was, if possible, worse than that which they had hitherto experienced; for, by permission of Him who hardened Pharaoh's heart, this was a time when the rulers seemed to be dead to the commonest sensations of kindness or pity, and equalled by their inhumanities all that we can imagine of the malignity of demons. These 250 were stowed under deck into a hole not sufficient to hold 100 persons. Those who had some measure of health and

strength had to continue standing, so as to allow the sickly and dying to lie down on the boards. The place was so confined that many of them fainted away for want of air. Their meat was stinted ; even water was served out to them with the most niggardly hand ; and in the maddening extremity of thirst, men were reduced to modes of relief which nature sickens to think of. "All the troubles we met with since Bothwell," complains one of them, James Corson, in a letter to his wife and friends, "were not to be compared to one day in our present circumstances. Our uneasiness is beyond words. Yet the consolations of God overbalance all ; and I hope we are near our port, and heaven is open for us." After setting sail, the vessel encountered great tempests in the North Seas. Off the coast of Orkney, the danger was so imminent that the captain ran the ship close in shore, and cast anchor. The prisoners, in apprehension of what might happen, begged to be landed, and lodged in any prison, there to await the further orders of the Government. The captain's answer was, to lock and chain down the hatches upon them. About ten at night, a fearful swell broke over the vessel, and dashed her against the rocks. She was cleft right down the middle. The sailors, lowering the mast, laid it between the sinking vessel and the rock on which she had split, thus making a way for their own escape. But they refused to open the hatches, notwithstanding the agonizing cries and entreaties of the prisoners. A few of the latter, when the vessel went asunder, got out and

reached the shore on pieces of the wreck ; but at least two hundred were swallowed up in the raging deep, most merciless in appearance, yet to them a welcome refuge from the persecutions, far more merciless, to which they had been exposed in their native country !

VIII.

THE HOUSE OF STUART DISOWNED.

We have had occasion to notice that, for some years past, a process of separation had been going on amongst the Presbyterians, both ministers and people. It was one of those separations which always occur amidst the ferment of a Revolutionary struggle. In such times, the moderate and the extreme sections of the struggling party, sooner or later, are sure to divide, and then to direct against each other those energies of opposition, which ought to have been husbanded and employed only against the common enemy.

The proximate causes which led to separation in the present case were various, but the principal were—the Indulgence, or State terms, on which the Presbyterian ministers were permitted to exercise their functions,—the taxes, particularly the cess, levied by the Government expressly to maintain the persecuting troops,—and the keeping of Armed Conventicles. The quieter and tamer of the ministers had accepted the Indulgence, or countenanced and approved of those of their brethren who had done so. A large number, perhaps numerically the greater part of the Presbyterians, especially those who had estates to lose, wealth that could be plundered,

or positions from which they could not easily retire, dropt into a kind of obscure and passive compliance, and paid the taxes which otherwise would have been wrung from them by a visitation of the dragoons, although they were painfully aware that these taxes were to be applied to the extermination of their creed, and of their co-religionists. Almost the whole of the ministers, even those who had not bowed to accept the Indulgence, now ceased to hold conventicles of any kind, but, above all, Armed Conventicles, which it had become the fashion of the moderate Presbyterians to decry as the main cause of the continued and aggravated persecutions.

Judging by the average measure of men and things, who can condemn them? Who amongst ourselves would have been sufficient for the trials and terrors of that period? Who amongst ourselves would not have equally succumbed? Yet these compliances, however human and excusable, were defections from the principles of the Covenant. Those principles involved the spiritual independence of the Church; the right of the people, through free Parliaments, to raise and regulate the taxation of the country; and the right and duty of armed resistance against tyrannical, anti-national governments. The common compliances of the Presbyterians, then, were so far a giving up of the Covenanting struggle. These evidently were not the men to deliver Zion. One thing after another was surrendered or softened down, until soon not a vestige of constitutionalism would remain. The free breath of liberty was dying away into stagnation; the fetters of despotism, civil and religious, were

closing around the people without a word of remonstrance being uttered, or a hand raised, if not in resistance, at least in protest.

All seemed to be fast settling down, on the one side into rampant oppression, on the other into quiescent apathy. If this state of things had continued, then, humanly speaking, Scotland would have sunk under absolutism, and the Revolution of 1688 would either not have taken place, or not have been so decisive, complete, and successful, as happily it turned out to be.

The common people, always, since the Reformation, so well-educated and trained to the knowledge and defence of their principles, always the true custodiers of national traditions and sentiments,—the common people breathed inward defiance against the aggressors, burned with indignation against their unfaithful watchmen, and were anxious again to uprear and to rally around the fallen standard of Scotland.

Since Bothwell, a ferment had evidently been going on in the minds of the strict Covenanters. No longer standing merely at a testimony against the Indulgence, at refusing to pay cess, and at carrying on the Armed Conventicles, they were fast drifting towards a new, towards a final development of the Covenanting struggle; that was, *to throw off all allegiance to the House of Stuart*, and constitute themselves a people apart within the kingdom until deliverance should arise.

The first rustling of the leaves was heard in a document very famous in its day, called the "Queensferry

Paper." Some time in June 1680, it was prepared in draft, merely for future consultation, by old Donald Cargill, the worn-out faithful watchman in his lonely tower, moody and self-mortified, who thought "it was well won that was won off the flesh," and with whom "preaching and praying went best," when he came to the conventicles with his head bandaged up from wounds received in his innumerable narrow escapes; but amid all his moodiness and sorrowfulness, a man most affectionate, mild, and charitable, and who, within the boundary-line of certain fixed ideas, could vigorously think out his subject, and express his thoughts with great nerve and precision. Notwithstanding some vagaries, taking their complexion from the wild unsettled times, this Paper will be found to contain the very pith of sound constitutional doctrine regarding both civil and ecclesiastical rights. It is framed in the manner of a Bond or Covenant, and declares for all that shall enter into it, "We do reject the King, and those associate with him in the Government . . . from being our king and rulers, . . . being no more bound to them, they having altered and destroyed the Lord's established religion, overturned the fundamental and established laws of the kingdom, taken away altogether Christ's Church government, and changed the civil government of this land, which was by a king and free parliament, into tyranny." The conclusion is in the highest strain of patriotism, and may well be the watchword of all struggling freemen:—"We bind and oblige ourselves to defend ourselves, and one another, in our worship-

ping of God, and in our natural, civil, and divine rights and liberties, till we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to posterity, that they may begin where we end." "THAT THEY MAY BEGIN WHERE WE END!" How there breathes in these few heroic words the very soul of liberty—unwearied, invincible, immortal! In all ages the same; a legacy from each free generation to its free posterity. Little thought Byron, poet of the liberties of Greece, that the archetype of his own splendid lines was in an old mouldering paper of Donald Cargill, priest of the liberties of Scotland,—

> "Freedom's battle once begun,
> *Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,*
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

As often happens, though Cargill was the first to speak the word, yet, bending as he was under the load of seventy years of age, and twenty of ceaseless persecution, he was not destined to be the man to convert the word into a living reality—into a sacred popular act. That was reserved for his son in the faith, Richard Cameron, the one son left that would jeopard his life in the high places of the field, now in the very noon of his days, and possessed of that spell of magic eloquence which, in seasons of difficulty and danger, binds the masses together, and inspires them with preternatural strength for grand united movements.

Richard Cameron was born at Falkland, the fine old palace-town of Fife, under the shadow of the Lomonds. In what year is not recorded, but he was a young man

at the time of his death, in 1680. His father was a merchant in Falkland. He seems to have received an academic education, probably in the neighbouring University of St. Andrews, and was brought up in the dominant Episcopal persuasion. He was for some time schoolmaster in Falkland, under the curate there; but somehow he fell into the habit of attending the indulged Presbyterian ministers, and from that into attending the field conventicles. His opinions underwent an entire change. He not only adopted the doctrinal and ecclesiastical views of the Presbyterians, but being of a peculiarly honest, sincere, and decided turn of mind, he seems to have been shocked from the first at the inconsistencies into which those of their clergy had run who had accepted of the Indulgence, at the scandal which their compliances had raised, and the weakness and all but ruin which they had brought upon the old Covenanted Church. His conversion to Presbyterianism exposing him to a great deal of annoyance in his native place, he removed to be tutor in the family of Sir William Scott of Harden, in the county of Roxburgh,—a gentleman who suffered both imprisonment and a fine of £4000 on account of nonconformity. That family, however, attended an indulged minister; and Cameron, finding that his not accompanying them, and his strong aversion to the Indulgence, gave offence, resigned his situation, and joined in company with John Welsh, who happened to be residing and holding conventicles in Teviotdale. As there was a lack of young preachers, Welsh, who was much satisfied with him, pressed him to accept license

to preach. For some time he refused, alleging as one reason that he had such clear convictions of the error and sinfulness of the Indulgence, that he should consider himself bound, on the first opportunity, to bear public witness against it, and to counsel separation from the indulged. His scruples being overruled, however, he received license, and was set apart to the ministry in the house of the redoubted Henry Hall of Haughhead. After the service he still continued to repeat, with foreboding earnestness, that he should be a bone of contention amongst the Presbyterians. During 1677 and 1678, he preached with the outed ministers, such as Welsh, Semple, and others, on the Borders, and in Nithsdale and Galloway ; but, as he announced when licensed, he distinguished himself by taking every occasion to protest against the Indulgence. This was very displeasing to the generality of ministers, even the non-indulged ; and a cry was raised against him of *schism*. By constant harassing interferences, he was at length prevailed upon, for the sake of momentary peace, to promise to the body of ministers that he would abstain for a time from urging his objections to the Indulgence, and his arguments tending to separation. This was about the end of 1678. To a mind so single and upright as his, this engagement to silence was, on further reflection, a source of profound distress. Had he not hereby done violence to his own conscience ? Had he not agreed to withhold part of the counsel of God ? Had he not become the dumb dog, the false ambassador, the very characters for which he had censured others ? Had

he not made himself partaker of other men's sins,—doubly heinous in his case, as he sinned against light and knowledge? In an agony of self-reproach, he rushed from the scene of what he considered his apostasy, and went over to Holland, to unbosom his griefs, and doubts, and anxieties to the venerable fathers of the Church, who had been so many years in exile there—Brown and M'Ward,—the most learned, eloquent, and eminent of the Scottish ministers of the day, and whose letters and writings were received almost as oracles by the Presbyterians at home. The impression which Cameron made when there has been vividly described by M'Ward: "As to our brethren at home, I am not so great a stranger to what they preach, and to what others preach too. But I have confidence to say, on their behalf, they are much abused in the matter; and, which may be a cooling and calming instance, I crave leave to tell you, that the common report of poor Mr. Cameron (from which I may take my measure as to the truth and falsehood of what is said, and that with no less confidence of others) was, that not only he did preach nothing but babble against the Indulgence, but that he could do no other thing. And this was so confidently and commonly talked, that I was not in case to contradict it upon knowledge. But by his coming hither, the reporters have lost their credit of being so easily believed for the future; and many who heard him were convinced, that prejudice heightened to malice had given men liberty to talk so. For here he was found a man of a savoury gospel spirit; the bias of his

heart lying towards the proposing of Christ, and persuading to a closing with Him. And, besides, I can tell you what a person said to myself, whom you esteem gracious and judicious, and have reason to esteem him such, having heard him preach after his ordination,—'That he had not heard such gospel preaching since Mr. Brown's banishment.'" (Some two years before this time, Brown had been banished from Holland, most reluctantly on the part of the States-General, at the pressing importunity of the English Ambassador, who was instigated to this course by Archbishop Sharp.) Those who are acquainted with the talents of John Brown of Wamphray, and the character and style, and rich vein of piety in his writings, will understand this high estimate of Richard Cameron.

After many earnest consultations, his mind was somewhat set at rest, and his resolutions confirmed; and, accordingly, he received ordination in the Scottish Church at Rotterdam, at the hands of M'Ward and Brown, assisted by Kooleman, an eminent Dutch divine. When the two latter lifted up their hands from his head, M'Ward still continued his, and cried out, "Behold, all ye spectators! here is the head of a faithful minister and servant of Jesus Christ, who shall lose the same for his Master's interest, and it shall be set up before sun and moon, in the view of the world."

With this prophetic commission, Richard Cameron returned in 1680 to Scotland, to duty, and to martyrdom!

Cameron, we may here remark, gave his name to the

Strict Covenanters. It was the name they bore down to the Revolution, and after it ; and it is even perpetuated until this day. The party themselves, indeed, did not assume the name ; and with all their reverence for Cameron, repudiated such an application of it. But the world takes its own way in these things. They were known as CAMERONIANS so long as Covenanters existed, and those who claim to be their nearest modern representatives are still known by the self-same title.

Whenever a man gives his name to a sect, or to any considerable and enduring party, we may be sure there has been something singular about him,—something deserving the study of all who are interested in the aspects of human character. Whether they be men of rare intellect, as John Calvin, or men of a more common and measurable kind, as John Wesley, the founders of sects and parties have all some distinguishing faculty, some peculiar charm which draws around them the popular opinions and sympathies, and which assimilates into life and unity what would otherwise be a loose chaotic mass. Their times may be rude or enlightened ; their sphere may be narrow, or wide as the globe itself ; their influence may be beneficial or pernicious, or mixed in its effects. But allowing for the conditions under which they operate, they will always be found to have, on the one hand, marked individuality ; on the other, large geniality of character. In short, they have something very special to themselves, combined with much that is common to all. That which is common, kindles sympathy ; that which is special, establishes leadership.

Although Cameron was a remarkable and "representative man," I do not claim for him any of the higher attributes of intellect. I do not mean that he was an original or profound thinker, a skilful director of affairs, or a man of literary attainment. On the contrary, his scholarship, considering his opportunities, must have been of as humble an order as a public teacher could well have. His management, in the eyes of this world, was utter foolishness—the blind frenzy of fanaticism. And his whole modes of thought were drawn from two very old sources—the Bible, and the standards of the Scottish Kirk. But he had an honest mind that insisted on carrying out its convictions to their full legitimate consequences. He could not halt between two opinions. What to his mind was falsehood, was a thing to be cast out, though it were a right eye. What to his mind was truth, was a thing to be owned, proclaimed, and acted upon, whatever the hazard, and though all men should be offended in him. To this zeal and directness of purpose he added an amazing courage, physical, mental, and moral. He had the firm front of the confessor, the strong nerve of the soldier, the unflinching spirit of the polemic, and—rarest, grandest, most heavenly gift!—he had the calm willingness to die for the cause which his conscience taught him to be of God. The people always love and follow the man who goes straight like an arrow to his mark, and is not eaten up of doubts and difficulties. Such a leader the Strict Covenanters obtained in Richard Cameron. In common with all men who bear sway over their fellows, the cause which he

undertook was not a mere piece of business to be taken up and laid aside according to occasion. It was his *life*, that which alone bound him to the earth, and gave his existence its meaning and interest. Hence the intense and life-like power of that eloquence (rustic and primitive, no doubt, so far as regards artistic form) which he thundered forth in the moors and mountain-recesses of Scotland. It was not talk: it was not the perfume of the breath, the honey of the lip. In the few poor memorials we have of his discourses, snatched from oblivion by some fond disciples in the imperfect short-hand of the period, and under all disadvantages of outward circumstances, we see a brave, truthful, elevated soul, living and communicating kindred life to others. The function of the preacher is not to dig down in search of obscure and hidden dogmas; not to weave fine and intricate webs of argument; not to play off the legerdemain of style and unmeaning rhetoric; but seizing the great and necessary truths where all spiritual and eternal reality lies, so to flash them upon the hearts and consciences of men, that they shall be forced to exclaim, like the multitudes on the day of Pentecost, "What shall we *do?* what shall we *do?*" In this sense Richard Cameron was a MIGHTY PREACHER.

Picture to yourselves this noble and majestic youth, with blooming countenance and eagle eye, standing on some huge rock uplifted in the wilderness. Ten thousand people are grouped around him: the aged, with the women and children, seated near this pulpit of nature's

handiwork ; the men of middle age and the stalwart youths of the surrounding hamlets composing the outer circle, many of them with their hands on their swords, or their trusty guns slung by their side ; and on each neighbouring height may be seen the solitary figure of the watchman, intently gazing in all directions for the approach of the troopers, who are now kept garrisoned in every district, and who night and day are on the prowl to catch some poor outlawed Covenanter, or surprise some conventicle in the depths of the hills. It is a Sabbath in May. The great wild moor stretches out to a kind of infinity, blending at last with the serene blue sky. How sublime and peaceful the moment ! even in this age of violence and oppression,—of the dungeon, the rack, the scaffold, and murder in cold blood in the fields. Heaven smiles on the " Remnant." All is hushed and reverent attention. The word is precious. There are but three men now in Scotland who will venture their all to preach to the people, free from the chains of despotism, and asserting the independence of man's spirit and man's creed from all State control. These are, faithful old Cargill, weary-footed, prophetic old Peden, and the youthful Cameron, who now stands before us. The psalm has been sung, and the echoes of the myriad voices have died on the moorland breeze. The prayer has been offered, the earnest wrestlings with Heaven of men who before sunset may themselves be an offering for their religion. The preacher rises. He eyes for a moment in silence that vast multitude, gathered from all parts of the West. Always serious, always inspired with

elevated feeling, there is in his manner more than the usual solemnity. There is a mysterious look, full of mingled emotion, of tenderness, sorrow, weariness, longing for rest, and the presentiment of Paul, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Yes! he knows that his days are numbered; and but a few more suns, the heather-sod shall be his bed of death. A strange, almost unearthly sympathy is visible, stirring those assembled thousands to the very depths of their being. Rousing himself from the reverie which had passed over him, the preacher announces his text, "*Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.*" He commences by expounding the words: he enters into a plain and forcible illustration of the various doctrines which lie embedded in the text. Yet there is manifestly something weighing upon his mind, a vehement desire to throw aside mere general discourse, and to come into close interior contact—soul to soul—with the consciences and affections of the people. He may never see them more; never again address them on the concerns of their eternal wellbeing. He bursts away from the trammels of common didactic speech. Hearken! as that mighty thrilling voice startles the solitudes around—

"Are there any of you here saying, This doctrine is true that you are telling us; you have told me the thoughts of my heart, for there is a great unwillingness in me to come to Christ?

"Alas! ye came too easily by your religion in the West of Scotland, and so betides. You have taken it up at your feet. You have been born with it.

"Oh, sad to think upon the West of Scotland! The wild Highlands have not neglected so many calls as thou hast done. O ye in the West! ye all have religion! Truly, ye are like the Church of Laodicea, that lacked nothing, but knew not that she was lukewarm, poor, wretched, blind, and naked.

"It may be ye think ye have enough, and stand in no need of persecuted gospel ordinances. Yet ye are the people in all Scotland that are in the worst condition. My Master hath been crying unto you in the parishes of Muirkirk, and Crawfordjohn, and Douglas, 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' What say ye? Shall I go away and tell my Master that ye will not come unto Him?

"Ye that have been plagued with deadness, hardness of heart, and unbelief, He now requires you to give in your answer,—Yes, or no.

"I take instruments before these hills and mountains around us, that I have offered Him unto you this day. Angels are wondering at the offer. They stand beholding with admiration, that our Lord is giving you such an offer this day.

"What shall I say to Him that sent me? Shall I say, 'Lord, there are some yonder saying, I am content to give Christ my heart and hand, house, land, and all I have for His cause.'

"Look over to the Shaw-head, and all those hills,—look at them! They are all witnesses now, and when you are dying, they shall come before your face."

The preacher trembles as he speaks; and the thou-

sands around him, from the aged patriarch to the tender stripling, are touched with indescribable emotion. Language fails to paint the scene. Fancy cannot realize it. The old chronicler, with Hebraic beauty and simplicity, records : "Here both minister and people fell into a state of calm weeping." *Calm weeping !* What a depth of meaning in that one phrase ! The Shaw-head seemed to look down into their very souls. "All those hills" became animated into living creatures with eyes of flame. Surrounding Nature was bound over to appear as a witness against them at the day of dread decision ; and already they felt themselves amid all the fears and anxieties, the shadows and gleams of hope that wait upon a dying bed. "The Shaw-head and all those hills ! . . . When you are dying, they shall come before your face !"

After a long and affecting pause—after an interval where so many thousands were subdued into "calm weeping"—Cameron, before again proceeding, offered up a prayer for the composing and tranquillizing influences of the Holy Spirit.

If you comprehend, even in the faintest measure, the scene which I have endeavoured to depict, you have the key which at once explains the whole problem—How it was that Scotland could bear up for so many years, and grow in strength and fortitude, and ultimately triumph over the fiercest and most desolating persecution which, perhaps, ever descended upon any age or nation. The Mother of sons like Richard Cameron could not be crushed.

But Cameron was not merely the preacher of the persecuted remnant. He was the champion that was first to proclaim, that the House of Stuart had forfeited the British throne. It was now necessary, in the evolution of circumstances, that the tie which had so long attached the Scottish people to their native dynasty, should be gradually loosening; and Cameron commenced this dissolving process amongst the strict Covenanters.

In one of his earliest sermons, after his return from Holland, he thus expounds his views:—

"The most part of the land cry out, We will have no other king but Cæsar, no other king but King Charles. We must cry, We will have no other king but Christ. *What, say ye, are ye against monarchical government? We are not much taken up with that, if God let pure government be established, that is most for the advantage of civil and ecclesiastical society.* . . . If ye would have God be for you, you must cut off this king, and these magistrates, and make able men be rulers; men endued with suitable qualifications, both of body and mind. . . . If ever ye see good days in Scotland without disowning the present king, then believe me no more. Indeed, that is not much; but look to the Word of God. If ye would raise up ten thousand, yea a hundred thousand men, ye would not prosper, even though they were well trained and equipped, if they owned the present king and magistrates. . . . I know not if this generation will be honoured to cast off these rulers; but those that the Lord makes instruments to bring back Christ, and to recover our liberties, civil and ecclesiastical, shall be such as

shall disown this king and the magistrates under him. . . . Let them take heed unto themselves ; for though they should take us to scaffolds, or kill us in the fields, the Lord will yet raise up a party who will be avenged upon them. . . . We had rather die than live in the same country with them, and outlive the glory of God departing altogether from these lands."

In 1680, this was *Treason :* in 1688, it became the *Revolution Settlement.*

On the 22d of June (the anniversary of Bothwell), the ancient burgh of Sanquhar was startled, in the midst of its black and desolate hills, by the appearance of twenty armed men on horseback, who rode slowly up the main street. On arriving at the market-place, two dismounted and went to the cross, whilst the rest formed a circle around them at a little distance, and the inhabitants flocked to the spot. The two who dismounted were Richard Cameron and his brother Michael. A psalm was sung ; a prayer offered ; after which Michael read a paper, amid the strange and breathless silence of the gathered multitude. It was the *Sanquhar Declaration :* —" We do by these presents disown Charles Stuart, that has been reigning, or rather tyrannizing on the throne of Britain these years bygone, as having any right, title to, or interest in the crown of Scotland, for government, —as forfeited several years since, by his perjury and breach of covenant both to God and His Kirk, and by his tyranny, and breach of the very *leges regnandi* (the very essential conditions of government), in matters civil.

. . . We do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper, and all the men of his practices. . . . And we hope after this, none will blame us for, or offend at our rewarding those that are against us as they have done to us, as the Lord gives opportunity." After a concluding prayer, those twenty armed horsemen formed again in rank, and sternly and silently rode away into the pathless deserts from which they had come.

There were now in Scotland two kingdoms, the Stuart monarchy and the Cameronian theocracy. The latter was but a cloud the size of a man's hand, yet in eight years it overspread the whole sky, and descended in a hurricane of ruin on the "Bloody House." Amidst much that is sectarian in their phraseology, the real matter of fact for which they were contending was just the old claim of the Covenanters—a Free Parliament and a free Assembly. And these were the essential principles which triumphed at the Revolution. It is the glory of the Cameronians, in which no other party shares, that when most people lay prostrate, and many of the bravest stood aloof, they were the first to hoist the flag disowning the government of the Stuarts, without whose expulsion liberty was impossible.

Cameron felt that his work was done. He used to say that "the Sanquhar Declaration would ere long shake the throne of Britain." And so it did in this sense. It was the first public testimony against the race of Stuart, it was the first token that the Scottish

people were beginning to be alienated from them, and it worked away amongst them like leaven, until they were fitted to unite with the English people in the great common movement of the Revolution. With this public act, the launching of the Sanquhar Declaration, Cameron believed that his career was to terminate. By his decision, veracity, and eloquence, he had given a new current to the minds of his countrymen; the rest must be left to the Joshuas whom it might be the will of Providence to raise up after him. In hourly expectation of a violent death, his mind was interpenetrated with two absorbing sentiments. The *one* was a fixed assurance that the time of Scotland's deliverance, both as to her religious principles and civil rights, was rapidly approaching; the *other* was a sentiment as regarded himself of the most entire resignation to the disposing hand of God, and tranquil repose under the shadow of the Almighty wings. In all his remaining acts and words, these two sentiments come out steadily, clearly, impressively.

His last sermon was preached in Avondale, not far from the field of Drumclog. This was only three days before his death. His text was from the Psalms:—"*Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.*" Some notes of this sermon have been preserved. Meagre as they are, they present to our minds a very distinct and noble image of Cameron, when standing at the entrance of the valley of the shadow of death.

Speaking with certain assurance of the restoration

which was about to visit the now persecuted church, he breaks out into this bold apostrophe—" 'I will be exalted among the heathen.' What need you trouble yourselves, ye that are the people of God! Hearken to what He says; ye that are in hazard for the truth, be not troubled. Our Lord shall be exalted among the heathen. Many will say, we know He will be exalted at the last and great day. Yes, but He says, I will be exalted *in the earth*. . . . The people of God have been exalted already. Oh, the Church of the Jews was sometimes very high, and sometimes the Christian Church! In the time of Constantine she was high, yea, and the Church of Scotland has been high in her time, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. The day has been when Zion was stately in Scotland. The terror of the Church of Scotland once took hold of all the kings and great men that passed by. . . . But all this exalting that we have yet seen is nothing to what is to come. . . . Let us not be judged to be of the opinion of some men in England, called the Fifth-Monarchy men, who say that before the great day Christ shall come in person from heaven, with all the saints and martyrs, and reign a thousand years on earth. But we are of opinion that the Church shall yet be more high and glorious, and have more power than ever she had before. Therefore we declare avowedly in opposition to all tyrannical magistrates, magistrates that are open enemies to God. We declare that we will have none such acknowledged as lawful magistrates over us. We will have none but such as are for the advancement

of piety and the suppression of impiety and wickedness. The work begun shall be carried on in spite of all opposition. Our Lord shall be exalted in the earth, and we do not question but He shall be exalted in Scotland. . . . If ye be not delivered and made a free and purified people, ye shall no more be a nation or embodied people than the Jews are at this day. I say not this to disquiet you, but to stir you up to take hold of Christ, and to range yourselves under his standard, on which shall be written—LET CHRIST REIGN! . . . It is hard to tell where it shall be first erected, but our Lord is to set up a standard, and oh that it may be carried to Scotland! When it is set up it shall be carried through the nations, and it shall go to Rome, and the gates of Rome shall be burned with fire. It is a standard that shall overthrow the throne of Britain, and all the thrones in Europe that will not kiss the Son lest He be angry, and in His anger they perish from the way. Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth."

Imperfectly reported as they are, do not these words run like a ball of fire, burning along the paper on which they are printed? Said I not well that Richard Cameron was a mighty preacher? A man of his times, as we all are, circumscribed by the ideas and phrases of his age—ideas, some of them extinct now—phrases, many of which have now ceased to operate like a spell, as they did in those days on the moorlands and mountains of Scotland. But in his own age he was a great

living spirit. And apart altogether from what is peculiar to his times, do we not hear in the surging and swelling of those old rough sentences, the eternal voice of Humanity, ever struggling against tyranny which is of the Devil, ever struggling for liberty which is of God?

But the most affecting passages are those where, with hymn-like sweetness and beauty, he descants on the great theme embodied in the text, that in a believing stillness and peacefulness we ought ever to feel, that we are not withered leaves blown about by the breath of chance, but are immortal spirits under the guidance of a Being all-wise and all-gracious. Not that the sermon contains any statement of personal circumstances or feelings. In references to himself Cameron seldom indulges. The man was too great and expansive for that, and when he happens to make any such allusions, he does so always with humility and manliness. But although he does not make his statements in the form of personal experiences, you see at once that he has himself wrought in the mine whose rich ores he so well describes; that he has himself been a tiller in the garden whose medicinal plants and refreshing fruits he so ardently recommends to others. Never was there a more touching utterance of a soul fully and entirely surrendered into the keeping of God. "Abba, Father!" breathes in every word. As the trusty swimmer to whom ocean is not a terror but a delight, buffets not against the waves in fear or unskilfulness, but lays himself down upon them lovingly and is borne along in

safety and joy; so does Richard Cameron lay himself down on the swellings of the Jordan of death, in the full assurance of faith, that they will only waft him over to that celestial city where there remaineth a rest for the people of God.

I only cull one or two scattered sentences.

"Inquietude of mind is inwardly experienced, not only in the beginning of outward trouble, but even when God is about to put an end to it. Some men's minds will be in a strange hurry. The reason is, their inordinate and excessive desire of the speedy accomplishment of what they are in the hope and expectation of from the Word of God. . . . Whensoever the Lord is to make an end of troubles, let us study to be still and know that he is God."

"There are very few, and those very well circumstanced, that find themselves in no hazard of quarrelling with God. I think almost if angels were on earth they would be in hazard of it. There are none that have corruption but they have need to be afraid of this. But many give way to this quarrelling, and consider not the hazard thereof. Beware of it, for it is a dreadful thing to quarrel with God. Who may say unto him, What doest thou? It is a good account of Aaron, that when God made fire to destroy his sons he held his peace. Let us then, while we bear the yoke, sit alone and keep silence, and put our mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope."

"Are ye not in love with this—*Be still! Be still!* Would ye not be content to be at this with it? . . .

Labour to have much of the awe, fear, and dread of God upon your spirits. If we looked to the greatness, sovereignty, and power of God, and could say, The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge, we should have composure of spirit."

"Ye should be brought to calmness and submission. . . . The man that has a good conscience has a good bed to sleep on, were it in a moss, moor, or mountain; in the open field exposed to wind and weather. But for a guilty conscience, there is no getting free from it. A man that has a good conscience, before he sees the enemy may be afraid; but when they come his fear evanishes. But an evil conscience is never without fears: and, O man! if thy heart condemn thee, God can lay much more to thy charge."

"If we had this fixedness, we would be fit to go about duties. . . . Without being still, there is no right going about duty. Without it, we cannot wrestle, pray, or praise. How can ministers preach, or people hear? How can there be reading or praying aright, without being still? The man that is disquieted and fearful is unfit for any duty. He is a prey to every temptation. There is a proverb, 'It is good fishing in troubled waters.' The devil labours to confuse men, and then he easily catches them. He busks his hook, and takes by one temptation or another. So that the thing to be understood is—to be patiently waiting on God, and to beware of murmuring, despondency, fearfulness, and disquiet of mind."

He spent the last night of his life in the house of William Mitchell of Meadowhead, on the Water of Ayr. On the morning of the 22d July, the woman of the house gave him water to wash himself. Having finished, he looked at his hands, and laid them on his face, saying, "This is their last washing. I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them." At this the woman's mother wept. "Weep not for me," he said, "but for yourself and yours; for melancholy, sorrowful, and weary days are before you."

For a week past, he had been escorted by what may be called a body-guard of upwards of sixty persons—twenty-three of them horsemen, and forty on foot—very indifferently armed. But they were sufficient for any ordinary attack. The principal persons amongst them, besides Cameron himself, were his brother Michael, Hackston of Rathillet, who had been military director since Bothwell, and a youth, James Gray of Chryston, as remarkable for zeal and piety, as for great bodily activity and strength. They had heard that a party of soldiers were in search of them; and they lay all night in Ayrsmoss, a large dismal morass, stretching for miles between Cumnock and Muirkirk. In the afternoon, they were reposing themselves on a grassy plot, a solitary green spot in this waste and gloomy desert. Suddenly and unexpectedly a troop of dragoons came into view, and were seen riding furiously towards them. It was Bruce of Earlshall's regiment—some one hundred and twenty men, of course well equipped, and in good

condition every way. As there were no means of escape, the small body of Covenanters resolved to fight it out. There were only a few minutes to offer up their supplications to Heaven. They gathered devoutly round Cameron, who uttered a short prayer. Even in that anxious moment, one memorable and sublime expression thrilled through every soul, and by faithful chroniclers has been floated down to our own time. Thrice, with all the intensity of a dying man, he prayed—"*Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!*" On concluding, he turned hastily to his brother Michael, who was at his side, and with a last fraternal pressure of the hand, intrepidly whispered, "Now let us fight it out to the last; for this is the day that I have longed for, and the day that I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord's avowed enemies. This is the day for the crown." He then addressed the rest of the little devoted band—"Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly: for all of you that fall this day, I see heaven's gates open to receive you." They put themselves into the best posture they could; and formed on a small rising knoll, surrounded in almost all directions by bogs and standing pools of water. On the right were drawn up eight horse, commanded by Cameron; on the left were the remainder of the horse, commanded by Hackston; the forty footmen were in the centre. Scarcely had they time to form, when about twenty dragoons on foot made a movement to outflank them; but an equal number of footmen were sent out to repulse this movement. At the same instant, the rest of the dragoons rode forward

in a body ; and the horsemen of the Covenanters advanced to their very faces, fired first, and killed and wounded several. They broke the first line of the forces ; but unfortunately their foot—unaccustomed to military manœuvres—did not come forward and support them, but only fired from a distance. The numbers being so unequal, the horse of the Covenanters were soon separated, and each of them was separately surrounded by several of the dragoons. They fought desperately, neither giving nor taking quarter ; and in the thick of the combat Cameron fell dead to the ground. Young Gray of Chryston performed prodigies of valour ; and the troopers afterwards admitted, in their own words, that "he was the one that mauled them most." Hackston, with his great strength and impetuous courage, had ridden right through the whole body of dragoons, out at the other side, dealing wounds and death around him, for he was an admirable swordsman. He was assailed on all hands, and long maintained a running fight in the morass, sometimes pursuing, and sometimes pursued. At length his horse bogged, and so did that of the foremost of the dragoons, David Ramsay—"one of my acquaintance," writes Hackston quite coolly, in his narrative of the rencontre. Such are the strange meetings of acquaintances in times of civil commotion ! The two fought for awhile on foot, both very equally matched ; but as they closed, three dragoons from behind most basely struck Hackston on the head, and wounded him severely. He fell to the ground, and surrendered prisoner to Ramsay. The few horse of the Covenanters

were killed or scattered ; but most of the foot, when they saw the day against them, saved themselves by retreating into the moss, where the dragoons could not follow them. "They gave us all testimony," says Hackston, his military spirit proud of the acknowledgment, even amid his painful wounds, and with the prospect before him of the most racking tortures, and the traitor's barbarous death—"They gave us all testimony of being brave, resolute men." The prisoners, amongst whom was Hackston, were carried into Edinburgh amidst every vulgar indignity. Cameron's head and hands were cut off by Robert Murray, and also taken to Edinburgh. "There," cried Murray, as he delivered them up to the officials of the Council,—"There are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting."

After the death of Cameron, followed as it soon was by the execution of old Donald Cargill, the Strict Covenanters formed themselves into what were termed *Societies*. The first meeting was held in December 1681. In the individual societies, the members engaged in the fellowship of mutual prayer and conference ; and then, for maintaining a common union and discipline, there were general or aggregate meetings, held quarterly, in some secluded but central locality, which were composed of commissioners delegated from the several separate societies. Gordon of Earlstoun, when examined before the Privy Council in September 1683, with the instruments of torture standing by, and when he was

under the temptation rather to diminish the importance of the Societies, and allay the fears of the Council, than make any exaggerated statements, declares, that the members were divided into "districts in the several shires of the kingdom; that there were 80 such districts, and about 7000 associated members."[1] He is speaking of what they were near the commencement of their association; but from various facts it is manifest that they increased in numbers and resolution as the perils increased around them, and from their vast assemblages at the time of the Revolution, they had evidently become a great and imposing force,—all armed, and secretly trained in military exercises. Something like a systematic correspondence was set on foot by the Societies with foreign Protestant churches and divines, who showed sympathy for their cause and peculiar opinions. This connexion was principally with the churches in Holland, and was conducted mainly through Sir Robert Hamilton, who was now resident there. One can also trace that, on special occasions, they were in the habit of sending abroad as their representatives some of the more influential of their number; such as Alexander Gordon, of Earlston, who was Hamilton's brother-in-law. This machinery, of affiliated societies at home, and of correspondence with foreign churches, was very admirably wrought, amid so many hazards and obstacles down to the Revolution.

The United Societies, or, as they were popularly styled,

[1] State Paper Office.

the Cameronians, thus took up a new position, both in relation to the Stuart despotism, and in relation to the Moderate Presbyterians.

Hitherto the Presbyterian party had acknowledged the rule of the Stuarts as a civil government; but they refused, on grounds of conscience, to yield submission to their interference in religious matters; and so far, but so far only, they had always passively, and sometimes actively resisted the encroachments of the Government; and they also protested generally against the whole system by which the ancient political constitution of the country had been violated. Still they were professed subjects of the King, but subjects suffering from oppression—oppression in matters of faith and worship. To this species of oppression the name of persecution is more particularly applied; and in cases of persecution, it is the governments that are almost invariably in the wrong,—wanting in tenderness and conciliation towards the subject, and trenching upon a domain which belongs peculiarly to the individual's own conscience.

But this persecution had now continued for more than twenty years; and instead of there being any prospect of abatement, it was only acquiring more strength and more violence. Once somewhat intermittent, it was now becoming a constant and fixed disease of the body politic. There was evidently to be no release, so long as a Presbyterian or Constitutionalist (and these were convertible titles) was left in the country. This party were treated by the Government no longer as subjects. They were stripped of all civil rights, disqualified for all offices,

denied the privilege of petition or remonstrance, and liable to the most arbitrary punishments, if they attempted to follow their own mode of worship,—to fines, and imprisonment, and banishment, and summary death without trial before any regular tribunal. *De jure*, in their treatment by the so-called laws, they were no longer subjects. And, forsooth! whilst they were thus deprived of all protection and rights,—whilst thus exposed to every injustice and cruelty, without the means of redress,—like the task-masters of Egypt, who demanded bricks whilst they refused straw, the despotic rulers expected the most ready and implicit submission, and were amazed and enraged when they found that oppression produced discontent, not cheerful and grateful obedience! The Moderate Presbyterians,—as is always the case with moderate sections, who are only fitted for the questions and expediencies of ordinary times, but fail when they have to cope with monster evils and iniquities,—I say, the Moderate Presbyterians temporized with this system of oppression; and, without altogether yielding to it, would not commit themselves to an open rupture, where there was so little chance of success, and where there was so much power and rigour in the opposite scale. The Cameronians represented those bolder, firmer, and more fervid minds, who preserve nations from slavery, and the world from stagnation. They were of those who will not be governed like the horse or the mule, but must be governed by reason, through their own free will, and for the general good. As the oppressions had continued unabated, had been more and more aggravated

for so many long years, the question at length arose, Ought there not to be an end put to this state of things by the people themselves? The Cameronians held that all true government was dissolved; that the tie between king and people was hopelessly rent asunder. Their rulers had treated them as no longer subjects *de jure*. The Cameronians replied: "We accept the situation: we declare that henceforth we are no longer subjects *de facto*." This simplified the position. The Cameronians separated themselves from the Moderate Presbyterians; they disowned the Government altogether; and, so far as they were concerned, the remaining stages of the struggle were not properly the persecution of subjects, but the incipient conflicts of a civil war. They counted not their numbers; they measured not their weakness; they quailed not before the power of the oppressors; they refused nothing to their country—not only words, and arguments, and testimonies, but body, and blood, and life itself; and with a great faith and a great heart, they proclaimed, "This tyranny can no longer be endured: we disown it, we declare war against it. We wait the movements of Providence; and God defend the right!"

There is no need, in this country, and in this age, to insist upon the proposition, that the duties of ruler and people are correlative, and that a point may arrive where such is the tyranny, and wickedness, and illegal conduct of the ruler, that the people are absolved from their duty of allegiance, and are entitled to resist and overthrow the ruler, and substitute another and a better government. This has long been, not a thesis, but a trite

established postulate in all our own political discussions. It needs as much as ever to be thundered in the ears of the potentates and congresses on the Continent of Europe; but with us, it is about as inconsequential to labour this proposition, as to set about formally proving, that the man who has been long troubled with a smoky chimney is entitled to get the mason to repair it. Our ancestors—with whom this proposition was no easy postulate, but a novel and difficult problem, on which hung the issues of life and death—deeply and maturely weighed the subject, and only came to the resolution after the most patient and anxious thought. What gross injustice has been done to them by the Romancers who make mirth out of their sufferings, and madness out of their grave, heroic wisdom! We are to believe them to have been a mere howling jumble of Macbrairs, and Kettledrummles, and Mause Headriggs, only saved from utter contempt by a certain kind of earnest, enraptured nonsense. Never was there a more baseless libel. Read, but read with proper understanding and information beforehand,—read the treatises of the men who really led them,—read, above all, the Minutes of their Society meetings from 1681 to 1691, and you will be struck with the prudence, sobriety, and calmness with which they transacted all their business, and encountered all emergencies, and considered all the difficult and trying questions that came before them. This very question of resistance to the ruling power, which, as we have said, was then a novel and perplexing question, they discuss with a depth, precision, and completeness which

has not been exceeded by any of the jurists or statists who have since reasoned on the subject. There is not a finer or more comprehensive statement of the proposition than that which is contained in the Society's letter to Friends in Ireland, dated 2d March 1687 :—"In things civil, though we do not say that every tyrannical act makes a tyrant, yet we hold that habitual, obstinate, and declared opposition to, and overturning of religion, laws, and liberties, and making void all contracts with the subjects, intercepting and interdicting all redress by supplications or otherwise, doth sufficiently invalidate his right and relation of magistracy, and warrant subjects . . . to revolt from under, and disown allegiance to such a power. Yet they may not lawfully arrogate to themselves that authority which the tyrant hath forfeited, or act judicially either in civil or criminal courts. Only, they may do that which is necessary for securing themselves, liberty, and religion." See with what fearless breadth they enunciate the main principle, that systematic and incurable tyranny invalidates the title of the ruler, and warrants the people to revolt and to overthrow his lawless authority ; yet with what caution they guard against this principle being abused by sudden, insufficient, and rash rebellions for only occasional freaks of tyranny. And again, with what sagacity, and self-control, and true Conservatism, they check any ebullition of democratic folly, any hasty running-up of lath-and-plaster governments before the national will has been fully matured and expressed ; at the same that they advise the most careful provisional arrangements to maintain

order, and to secure the safety and liberties of the people until a solid constitutional government has been formed. A whole volume could not more clearly define, or more completely exhaust the subject. These are the maxims, at once wise and bold, on which the British Revolution was soon afterwards effected. They are the maxims which are at present being exemplified before our eyes by the Italian people, and which have gained for them the respect and confidence and sympathy of every thoughtful friend of liberty throughout the world.

Such, then, was the principle upon which the Cameronians took up their position at the period of which we are now speaking. The House of Stuart, by their inveterate character of selfishness and violence, and by their course of systematic and incurable tyranny, had, upon this principle, forfeited the throne of Britain. The Cameronians felt and believed this; they would be held back by no timid counsels or whisperings of expediency, but disowned the authority of their rulers, and threw off their yoke. They formed into a separate community—armed, drilled, organized—and eight years before any other party, when the rest of the nation were supine or overawed, when other people, "as in the days that were before the flood, were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage," they foresaw that a great convulsion must take place, and they prepared steadily and methodically for it; would be drawn aside into no rash or sectional movement (such as that of Monmouth and Argyle), but waited on and suffered patiently until the decisive hour came; and when the hour came they knew

it, and rose in their thousands of armed and disciplined men—the sole Volunteers for their country—and bore a glorious part in accomplishing the Revolution of 1688.

That Revolution justified their whole resistance. The government of the Stuarts was not a whit worse or more tyrannical in 1688 than it was in 1680. If it was just and right to declare they had forfeited the throne in 1688, it was just and right, and far more noble and far-sighted to have done so in 1680. And those who have studied the protests and papers of the Cameronians will bear witness, that these documents set forth the same grievances, and require substantially the same alterations of government, as were embodied in the "Claim of Right" of 1689, on which William of Orange was crowned King of Scotland; and on the tenure of which, in effect, our Kings and Queens have held the crown of Britain ever since.

So thoroughly are our Cameronian ancestors identified with the constitutional *status* which all of us now possess, and of which we ought never to forget how largely they were the founders.

IX.

CAMERONIAN AND WHIG MOVEMENTS.

At the origin of the United Societies, no doubt some difficulty was felt by the members from the want of some person of superior education accustomed to the use of the pen, and with a capacity for the transaction of business. That want was immediately supplied. In Richard Cameron they had the mighty Agitator; in James Renwick they were to receive the masterly Organizer.

Amongst the great mixed crowd assembled in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, on the 27th of July 1681, to witness the execution of the far-famed Donald Cargill, might be seen, close to the scaffold, a mere youth, evidently under twenty, of small stature and slight appearance, but of a fair, ruddy countenance, and sweet engaging look. Unconscious of all else, his whole soul seemed entranced as he gazed intently on the aged and venerable martyr, and drank in every syllable which flowed from his lips. With what a throb of emotion he heard his concluding words,—"Now I am near the

getting of the crown, for which I bless the Lord, and desire all of you to bless Him that He hath brought me here, and made me triumph over devils, men, and sin. They shall wound me no more. I forgive all men the wrongs they have done me, and I pray the sufferers may be kept from sin, and helped to know their duty." When the death-struggle came, the youth closed his eyes in anguish and horror, and hurried away to some place of solitude where he could vent his grief and mourn over the iniquities and miseries of the time. This youth was James Renwick. His course was of the shortest, for he died at twenty-six, but bright, fresh, and cheering, as the sun in a clear, cloudless, early spring day.

He was born in 1662, at the pleasant village of Minniehive in Nithsdale. His father was a weaver, an excellent, exemplary man; and his mother is recorded to have been a woman of superior intelligence, pensive and thoughtful, and exquisitely tender in her maternal feelings. After many deaths in the family, he was her last born, and he was her only son; and with the peculiar sentiment of the age, she treasured him as a gift from the Lord. He displayed amazing precocity of intellect, something almost incredible, if it were not well attested. At two, he was observed to aim at prayer. When a mere child, he mastered the first elements of learning, and read with avidity every book he could lay his hands upon. In the cottage of Minniehive the chief book was the Bible; but there were various other works. As early as his sixth year, he read, and brooded, and

pondered, until a strange whirl of thought perplexed the little opening mind. "Where are the invisible worlds? and how could they be reached? How was it that all things had been created? Where did God dwell? and how could we know of His existence?" For two years shadows of this kind, singular at such an age, haunted and frightened him; but they dispersed as they came, it was impossible to tell how. As he waxed older, it was necessary for him to take to some vocation; and so obedient was he to his parents, that if they had desired him, he would have gone to any trade they chose. But his whole love was in books, and in the attainment of learning. Some persons having the means, impressed by the rare promise of such a boyhood, enabled him to prosecute his studies. Afterwards, obtaining some very good engagements as tutor to the sons of gentlemen, he entered upon the curriculum of Edinburgh University. He seems at this time—in the bloom of youth, clever, brilliant, and agreeable—to have been as much the companion as the tutor of his pupils, and indulged in gaieties and diversions of which he afterwards bitterly repented, and which, most maliciously and unjustly, were often made matter of subsequent reproach against him by his enemies. It was probably at this time that those shadows of mental doubt, which haunted him even in childhood, again settled down upon him, denser and heavier in proportion to the more advanced state of his mind, like a darkness which might be felt. He was for a moment enveloped in the tremendous gloom of Atheism. "Oh!" he groaned to a trusted friend, with whom he

was walking in the fields, looking with haggard and disconsolate eye to the mountains near them, "If these were all devouring furnaces of burning brimstone, I should be content to go through them all if so be I could be assured there was a God!" But like all true and deeply reflective spirits, he groped his way out of this labyrinth, and reached a firmness of belief, a perfect balance and serenity of mind, and a realizing sense of divine things, such as have seldom been attained on earth. Having finished his studies at Edinburgh with honour, he ought to have received his University degrees; but in order to this, he must by law take the oath of supremacy. He refused, and would rather give up his laurels. A complete transformation had taken place in a mind which could once be gay, thoughtless, and volatile. Circumstances had thrown him amongst the Society people; he had been a spectator, as we have seen, of the martyrdom of Cargill; and though only in his nineteenth year, Youth and he parted company for ever; he passed at once into a grave and mature manhood, and determined to cast in his lot amongst the persecuted remnant.

He saw that if religion and liberty were to be preserved in Scotland against the threatened inundation of despotism and Popery, there must be no compromise, no half measures, no patching up of incongruous materials. The old principles of the Covenant must be maintained in unalloyed, unmixed purity, involving the perfect spiritual independence of the Church, and the government

of the country by free Parliaments and just settled laws. Hence, there must be a separation from all trimmers, even though walking under the colours of Presbyterianism; but above all, there must be a disowning of the perjured and tyrannical House of Stuart. Better ten men pulling all one way, than a hundred straining and tugging in as many different directions. The strength of a party lies more in oneness than in great loose multitudes. Such were Renwick's notions of policy. And it will again be observed, what is characteristic less or more of all the successive and varying phases of the Covenanting struggle, that, although there was much that was ecclesiastical in his views, in his language, and in his modes of operation, yet the result upon the country was political; for, with all its exclusivism in some respects, the Covenant necessitated and drew along with it the setting up of Constitutional government. The *Free Assembly* could only work when in harness with the *Free Parliament.*

Of the almost extreme breadth of Renwick's political doctrines there can be no doubt. What, indeed, could be broader than disowning and declaring war against the reigning sovereign, on the ground of his being the subverter of the religion and liberty of the nation? At his very first joining the Societies, he thus discusses the rights of the people in a letter addressed to Sir Robert Hamilton:—"*Magistrates have no power but what is derived from the people;* and magistrates have nothing actually, but what the people have virtually; yea, and more than virtually, for they may actually confer it upon

whom they think most fit. For the power of government is natural and radical to them, being unitedly in the whole, and singularly in every one. *So whatever magistrates may do, the people may do the same, either wanting magistrates, or the magistrates failing or refusing to do their duty.*" That is as ultra as anything in Samuel Rutherford's "Lex Rex," from which we formerly quoted, and which was published near the commencement, as this letter was written near the close, of the Covenanting struggle. So that all through the epochs of the Covenant, this most liberal and comprehensive idea of civil government was held aloft,—That all true government is but the original scattered power of the people concentrated into a head, and brought into an orderly and workable shape.

Soon after RENWICK's accession to the Societies, they resolved—being altogether without a ministry—to send him over to Holland to the University of Groningen, that he might there pursue the study of theology, and become qualified to be their minister. He went over about the end of 1682; and as their case was urgent they could only allow him half a year. During the whole course of his theological studies, he was kept in continual solicitude and affliction by the intelligence of the increasing persecutions in Scotland, especially of the people by whom he had been sent, and amongst whom he was to labour. Every day he was travailing with them in pain; and his studies were almost interrupted and broken by distress at the news he was constantly

hearing, and a home-sickness to be amongst his people, to live or to die with them.

What was said of Luther, that in his monk's cell he went through, within his own soul, the whole struggles of the Reformation, may be adapted to Renwick. In his student's chamber at Groningen, he went through, within his own soul, the struggles of the Covenanting cause in Scotland. In one of his letters when in Holland he says, " My longings and earnest desires to be in that land, and with that pleasant remnant, are very great. I cannot tell what may be in it, but I hope the Lord hath either some work to work, or else is minded presently to call for a testimony at my hand ; and if He give me frame and furniture, I desire to welcome either of them. Oh, dear Sir, mind me, become of me what will !" Then, in one of those matchless sentences, ringing like the clang of a trumpet, which are uttered only by the great heroic spirits of this earth, " Courage yet ! for all that is come and gone. *The loss of men is not the loss of the cause. What is the matter though we all fall ? the cause shall not fall.*"

In the end of 1683, James Renwick returned to Scotland ; and his presence was soon felt, both amongst the people and by the Government. The gentle—fearless one ! his motto, again using his own inimitable words, was this, " Let us be lions in God's cause, and lambs in our own !"

From his powerful and cultivated mind, his rare practical abilities, his tact and skill in managing men,

his prudence and meekness working in combination with zeal and courage, his acuteness as a thinker, his fertility and force as a writer—in a word, from his inherent governing genius—the "poor wasted Remnant" derived inestimable benefit. This youth of twenty—the "boy Renwick," as people called him—was truly their necessary man. He gave coherence and smoothness to their organized Societies : he gave new life and ardour to their operations, so that, like subterranean fire, they burst from the earth at all points, to the confusion of their enemies, and to the surprise and encouragement of those who were still lingering on in hope of their country's revival. He enunciated their principles, and expounded their plans of action, in a series of logical and masterly papers ; and no longer left them to be misrepresented by opponents, to be falsely accused by the Government, to be mistaken even by good and candid men who had hitherto had no authentic means of information. Amid provocations which would have wellnigh justified every excess ; amid oppressions which might have driven the wisest of men mad, he trained them to a moderation, caution, and habitual forbearance, unprecedented in history. "Iron sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Himself of a large, warm, Christian spirit, and brought up and fostered amongst foreign Christians, differing widely in many things from the Church of Scotland, he infused into the persecuted people amongst whom he laboured the most elevated feeling of the communion of saints. On the distorted pages of our novelists and historians—most of

them, whatever their merits otherwise, but the spawn of the old Jacobite faction—the Cameronian stands the type of an ignorant, fixed, repulsive, self-righteous bigot. Yet show me the sect or party in their own time, show me even the individual writer, except such prodigies as Milton and Locke, who equalled them in comprehensive Christian charity.

In the "Informatory Vindication"—the great standard which defines their position—which, though drafted by Renwick, was long and maturely considered by the Societies, both in their sections and at their aggregate meetings—in the "Informatory Vindication," they laid down a platform of Christian fellowship such as no other sect or denomination in their own time could have conceived, far less propounded. As in their politics they anticipated the Revolution, so in their ideas of religious union they anticipated, nay, they even surpassed in breadth and catholicity, our modern Missionary Societies and Evangelical Alliances. They were before their time every way, and hence they suffered the fate of all premature Reformers—they were vilified, and hated, and persecuted, and their very extermination was the whole Scottish policy of the Stuarts during the remaining five years of their misgovernment. On the question of communion they distinguished between their own special condition in Scotland, where strict terms of fellowship were necessary, and the general relation of Christians to one another, which ought to be free, and open, and trustful. They said in effect,—"We are not a Church at present, and cannot act as an embodied

Church. We are a broken remnant, scattered and hunted through the country, every one of us under the doom of death. Our societies are not a Church, but only the temporary means by which alone we can enjoy religious instruction and ordinances. Besides, they are also associations for self-defence, for watching and taking advantage of any national movement through which we may aid in overturning the present despotism, and regaining our liberties civil and religious. To guard their efficiency and safety, therefore, we must be stringent in the terms on which we admit members into our societies, else we should soon be overrun with spies who would betray us into the hands of the enemy, or with loose and contentious men who would breed quarrels, divide our associations, and reduce us to our former helpless imbecility. But turning away from this our special, our broken and melancholy condition, are there not close and hallowed relations between all who are truly disciples of the same Lord? On this catholic communion let us impose no narrow restrictions. Although they differ from us in the word of their special testimony, if they agree in the essentials, let us embrace them, and love them, and acknowledge fellowship with them as Christian brethren." Impelled by the grandeur of this conception, they—they, the proscribed, the persecuted to death—from their glens and mountain sides in Scotland, sent forth their commissioners with messages of affection to the churches of Holland and Switzerland, and yearned for brotherly communication with the Waldenses of the Alps and the Protestants of Hungary!

Nay, with a depth of penetration and an ardour of love, not only transcending their own times but ours, they divined the idea, *That Christianity was grander than Protestantism;* that there might be souls who had not found their way out of ancient corrupt systems, yet who lived by faith on the Son of God, who were one with themselves in the Head, and whom if they met they could not start back from as from the pestilence, but must join and clasp as living members of the same body. Renwick in one of his letters, lamenting over the divisions among Christians, and longing for communion and brotherhood with all truly good men, exclaims like a second Paul, "Oh, when shall those be agreed on earth that shall be agreed in heaven! Methinks if my blood were a means to procure that end, I could willingly offer it."

Besides the movement in the Cameronian Societies, there was also a movement about this time amongst a large body of independent country gentlemen of Scotland. These were much the same class, many of them were the same persons, who, it may be remembered, were arbitrarily imprisoned in 1666, on the eve of the Pentland insurrection. Being men of worldly experience, and having properties and other important interests open to easy attack, the generality of them had acted with care and caution during the hazardous times since the Restoration. Few of them had been implicated in Pentland or Bothwell, and although mostly Presbyterians, they had not committed themselves too far in

the acts of resistance which had been offered to the establishment of the Episcopacy. The most that the rulers, gaping for their estates, had ever been able to make out of them, were swingeing fines for absence from the parish church, or for their ladies attending conventicles, or for their harbouring intercommuned persons. But then their very prudence, and careful, moderate conduct, only rendered them the more a source of alarm to the Government. Were they not biding their time? were they not in a state of preparation to move whenever a clear prospect of success opened before them?

This independent country party in Scotland were not directly identified with the Covenanters, least of all with the Cameronians. Their opinions and designs were more akin to those of their own class in England, who in general composed the popular party there. As the name of *Whig* was now commonly given to this party (*Tory* being the counterpart for the adherents of the Court), we shall, for the sake of brevity and distinctness, style them either the English or the Scottish Whigs. Their main principles were: in domestic concerns, parliamentary government; in ecclesiastical matters, toleration amongst Protestant sects, and a political barrier against Popery; in foreign relations, a hostile attitude to the ambition of France, and a good understanding with Holland. Their antipathy against the Church of Rome was founded, not alone in an abhorrence of her creed, which no doubt most of them entertained, but in a deep sense that that Church was the main prop of despotism all over the world.

Into the movement which they now set on foot, and which heaved above the surface in the year 1683, and afterwards in the invasions of Argyle and Monmouth, it is not my purpose to enter. This would be foreign to my subject, which is confined to the special case of the Covenanting branch of the movement. But in treating of this portion of Scottish history, I should feel there was indeed a woful blank in my humble delineations, if I paid no passing tribute to the august memory of Robert Baillie of Jerviswoode, who belonged rather to the body of Scottish Whigs than to that of the Covenanters.

When the Duke of York rose into the ascendant in 1680, the Whigs in both kingdoms were impressed with the conviction that decisive steps must be taken for the preservation of the country's liberties, otherwise despotism and Popery would ere long fling their baleful shadows over the whole length and breadth of the land.

In Scotland, the Earl of Argyle had been sentenced to death as a traitor (though he made his escape at this time), because in taking the test, he added a reservation by explaining that he was not thereby to be precluded from seeking such alterations in Church and State as he might deem for the public good. Again, Laurie of Blackwood had received sentence of death (though he was respited), on the new capital charge of *Intercommuning;* because he had had business dealings in open market with a country drover, who, on the authority of some private list, was alleged to have been at Bothwell four years previously, but who had never been charged,

or tried, or proclaimed rebel, and who all these four years had been living unmolested, and dealing openly with all the world at fair and market. A proclamation was also issued that all such converse and dealing was treason. There were at least 20,000 persons in the country who in one way or other might be implicated in the charge of rebellion, any intercourse with whom would be a capital crime. What hand could be touched, which might not thus communicate the contagion of death ?

Scotland becoming really uninhabitable for free men, the Whig country gentlemen engaged in a scheme of emigrating and forming a new settlement in Carolina. In 1682, about thirty-six leading noblemen and gentlemen, among whom were the Earls of Callendar and Haddington, Lords Cardross and Yester, and the two distinguished advocates, Lockhart and Gilmour, had entered into negotiations with the patentees of the colony for the purchase of a large tract of country, in which they might settle, and enjoy their religion and liberty undisturbed. It was at this time that the extensive project was fermenting in England amongst the popular party, which was disconcerted by the discovery of the minor affair, concocted by a different and lower set of conspirators, known as the "Rye-House Plot." The Scottish malcontents, in their journeys to London to negotiate their purchase in America, came into communication with the leaders of the English Whigs, and entered warmly into their plans. The chief of the

Scottish Whigs in this matter were,—Lord Melville, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree and his son, the two Campbells of Cessnock, Crawford of Crawfordland, Stewart of Coltness, and Robert Baillie of Jerviswoode. It is now universally admitted that the Whig chiefs knew nothing of what was properly the "Rye-House Plot," that is, of any plot to murder the King or the Duke of York. It is probable they had no very defined scheme; but the outline was, to move again, more strenuously than ever, in the agitation for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, and to compel the King to summon Parliament and govern in a constitutional manner. Probably this compulsion was meant to be accomplished by certain military demonstrations, in which the Earl of Argyle, now under sentence of death, having fled to Holland, and the other refugees, were to take part. No details were fixed. However, mainly by the artful management of York, the Whig leaders were at once involved in all the infamies of the Rye-House Plot; and by this cunning but nefarious method of confounding the project for reform with the alleged plot for the murder of the Royal family, Russell and Sidney were brought to the block in England, and Baillie of Jerviswoode was executed in Scotland.

Robert Baillie was descended of a good old family in Lanarkshire. His grandfather was a younger son of the house of St. John's Kirk in upper Clydesdale. Younger sons in those days generally either betook themselves to foreign military service, or embarked in

commercial pursuits. The grandfather became a merchant-burgess of Edinburgh, and amassed a large fortune. He acquired the estate of Jerviswoode, near Lanark; and either he or the family afterwards acquired the estate of Mellerstain in the rich and fertile plains of the Merse. Robert was an elder son, and had the rare fortune to be connected by affinity with some of Scotland's greatest men. He was a great-grandson of John Knox, through the marriage of an ancestor with one of the Reformer's daughters. His own mother was a sister of Lord Warriston; and he married his cousin, a daughter of that celebrated man. Through this connexion with the Warristons, he was cousin-german to Burnet, the historian, who regarded him with the warmest esteem and friendship.

I scarcely know an instance where, in the case of a man so extraordinary as Baillie of Jerviswoode, distinguished no less by his character than by his fate, the materials for biography are so few and disappointing. One reason undoubtedly is, that he was cast in an evil time, when wise men kept in seclusion, and good men were thrust out of view, and men remarkable for wisdom and goodness combined, as he was, were marked men, and required to be doubly guarded with their tongue and pen and in their every action. We have light enough, and more than enough, to comprehend all the infamous crew who then engrossed the stage,—Charles and James, Buckingham and Lauderdale, Sharp and Claverhouse. But when we strain our eyes to catch something of the lineaments of Robert Baillie, he seems

to recede from our view into a dim religious shade. Still, we have some memorials that bring us very close to him ; and his is one of those strongly defined characters about which there can be no mistake.

We have an authentic record of his momentous public acts, and the concurrent testimony of some of his ablest and most discerning contemporaries. We have, what I always feel to be less or more an index to the man, a good portrait of him, of which, however, I have only seen an engraving ; and we have an elaborate character, by Dr. Cheyne, of his only son George, who rose to eminence at the Revolution, and who, from the trying circumstances of his youth, ever retained a most lively and tender feeling in regard to his father's memory, and, besides hereditary disposition, no doubt formed himself greatly on his father's example. It so happens also, that all these divers rays of light fall into one focus, and bring out one harmonious impression. The fanciful analogist tracing the qualities of the father in the son, the physiognomist reading the portrait as a map of the living soul, the biographer weaving together the various accounts and hints of him, the historian diving through acts into motives and sentiments,—would all meet on one and the same landing-place, and agree in one common character. It is as simple as it is exalted. It looks all one way, and has no hidden corners or double aspects.

In my vision of Baillie, derived from various sources, I see before me a handsome and stately figure, compact and athletic ; the contour of the face at once elegant and manly ; the head a vast dome, elevated almost to

disproportion in that region where the phrenologists have placed *firmness*, whilst the hair falls in great thick masses over the shoulders ; the lips closely compressed, yet soft and rounded ; the eyes large, luminous, and penetrating, but shaded by a contemplative depth of meaning ; the forehead broad and projecting, with an appearance as if heavy-laden ; the countenance betokening dignity, nobility, that might easily pass into scornfulness and pride, yet suffused also with an expression of calm and thoughtful benignity. The inward man was more than worthy of this majestic exterior. His character, as we have said, was simple, and of a perfect oneness. It is always difficult to dispose of such a multiform and mixed thing as human character by one word, yet Baillie's might very nearly be concentrated into that one word, *magnanimity*. His mind was truly great. In that age of meanness, frivolity, and vice, his genius naturally allied itself to great thoughts, great studies, great objects. His intellect was solid, vigorous, and comprehensive, taking in the whole range of knowledge, but particularly devoted to those branches which require industry, sustained attention, and the power of abstract thought. He was learned in the languages, thoroughly versed in law, and an adept in mathematics, and in the natural sciences as then known. "You have truly men of great spirits in Scotland," observed Dr. John Owen in conversing with a Scottish friend ; "there is for a gentleman Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode, a person of the greatest abilities I ever almost met with."

But if his great and varied abilities elicited so much

admiration, what shall be said of his virtues and piety? Burnet describes him in one happy stroke—"A gentleman of great parts, but of much greater virtue." Magnanimous in everything, Truth and Honour were the two poles within which his whole actions revolved. By natural temperament, by the innate quality of his mind, no less than by education and self-discipline, he was capable only of the loftiest conceptions, of the noblest sentiments. Everything little, false, and corrupt, he spurned as the dust beneath his feet. In a crooked path he could not walk; in a foul atmosphere he could not breathe. Like the pine of his native forests, he loved the hill top, in the upper region, high and pure, where the gales of heaven might breathe upon his branches. His resolutions and convictions were rooted too deep to be torn up by any blast that could blow; and his was that rarest and most heroic form of courage, which is superior to events, which looks above the vain fleeting show of things, and stands immovable on the eternal laws of righteousness. His piety, like everything about him, was genuine, efficacious, and practical; and more concerned with the main thing—a humble and holy deportment in the sight of God—than with questions of doubtful disputation.

Though debarred, as a Presbyterian, from public life, and keeping himself generally very retired owing to the utter hopelessness of the times, yet he had reflected deeply upon Civil Government; and his political views were mature, rational, and enlightened. "As for my principles with relation to Government," he writes, in

one of the few papers which have survived him, "they are such as I ought not to be ashamed of, being consonant to the Word of God, the Confessions of Faith of the Reformed Churches, the rules of policy, reason, and humanity." Wodrow, who lived very near his times, and amongst many who had been his contemporaries, records: "He was a gentleman who had the testimony of some of the greatest men of this age whom I could name, for one of the best of men and greatest of statesmen; and so was a very proper object of the fury of this period." Into the political arena he brought all his high intellectual qualities, and all the grandeur and heroism of his character. During the great concerted Whig movement in 1682 and 1683, he was the object of every one's confidence, of every one's veneration. He carried about him that priceless talisman, the magic of exalted moral character. He was boundlessly trusted by the Country party of Scotland, the Melvilles and Campbells; by the Patriots of England, the Russells and Sidneys; by the Refugees in Holland, the Argyles and Polwarths; and he is believed to have been more completely the depositary of the whole political secrets connected with the movements of that time than any other man. All worthy was he of the trust thus reposed in him! His breast was the temple of honour, which nothing selfish or unjust could approach. All these secrets, so far as not otherwise discovered, perished with himself on the scaffold; though in return for them he would have received life, and estate, and every worldly advantage.

If his magnanimity of character commanded the regard and veneration of the good, it was fuel to the wrath, it was gall and wormwood to the temper of the persecutors. As lightning seeks to discharge itself on the tallest oak, or the highest spire, so he seems to have been the person in all Scotland most feared and hated by the rulers. This instinctive, envenomed hostility can only be explained upon the ground of the antagonism between their utter baseness and his exalted virtues. It was like Satan scowling at the Sun,—"How I hate thy beams!" Sharp, some eight years before this time, seized upon an infamous pretext, and by all that malignity, cunning, and falsehood could do, endeavoured to effect his ruin. And now the "Rye-House Plot" affords another opportunity to the ruling powers to exhibit against him the peculiar fierceness and intensity of their malice. The writer of a letter to Secretary Jenkins says: "This Baillie is certainly a dangerous man, whatever the others are."[1] That is, the other delegates from Scotland who had come to confer with the English patriots.

Having been apprehended in London in the summer of 1683, he was speedily brought before the Privy Council. The King and the Duke of York were both present. The Duke was in high feather, revelling in the misfortunes of the party that had so long struggled to exclude him from the throne. The King had now lost his former boasted gaiety, and was openly showing the malice and blood-thirstiness which had always been

[1] State Paper Office.

latent under his careless, smirking exterior, at least when he was in any way personally touched. They were both aware that Baillie held the whole secrets within his breast. So eager and anxious was the King, that he conducted the examination himself. At first he attempted to extract information by a show of courtesy and indulgence. When he found this ineffectual, both he and York became more vehement; and at length their passions broke loose, and they threatened Baillie with every extreme and torturing punishment. Their low and sensual natures could not measure the man that was before them. This was none of their small courtiers; none of their trimmers and apostates, whom they could always allure or affright. He had passed through a different training, and been formed in a school of which they knew nothing. Cold and indifferent to their courtesy, his magnanimous spirit rose in disdain at their threats. Just as Aristides, firm as Cato, devout as Polycarp, he bade defiance to their dungeons, their fetters, and their racks.

Foiled in their attempts either upon his integrity, or upon nature's horror of pain, they ordered him back to prison, and commanded that he should be heavily loaded with irons. This was done to such an extent that his constitution, already undermined, was now completely prostrated, and his life rendered a burden and a misery. Another chance was given to him to redeem his life, not for his own sake, but to enable the Government the better to prosecute their vengeance against others. For this purpose he was taken to Newgate on the morning of the trial of Lord William Russell, and by every con-

sideration urged to be a witness against him. For still the worldlings will hug themselves with the conceit that virtue is all a sham, and honour but another mode of raising a man's price, and that he will no longer hold out when he finds that he must either sell his conscience, or miss the market of life altogether. If they had minds that could be convinced (but they have not, for the god of this world blinds their eyes with incurable darkness), a man like Robert Baillie would teach them, that life is indeed sweet, but an approving conscience sweeter ; that wealth, and ease, and the delights of hearth and hall, are a strong temptation, but evanish at the touch of honour ; that Death is awful, but the voice of Duty inspires a still deeper awe.

It need not be said with what inexpressible loathing and abhorrence this heroic man turned away from all these enticements of the tempter. He was sent down to Scotland, where the law of treason was so wide and loose that even the most trifling expressions of dissent from the measures of Government might be brought in as treasonable ; and where, besides, the laws could be more readily strained than they yet could in England, and judges and juries were but the beagles of the King's Advocate. On his arrival, he was shut up in Edinburgh close prisoner. He was in the lowest state of weakness. His wife, the sore-tried daughter of Lord Warriston, supplicated admission to him, and offered to be laid in irons at his side, so as to remove any fear of escape ; her supplications were rejected. His little daughter, twelve years of age, who sought to comfort him in his sickness,

was also refused admittance. At length when his trouble appeared to be mortal, his wife and his sister-in-law, Lady Graden, were allowed to come and attend him in prison. A few weeks longer, perhaps a few days, his enemies would get rid of him by natural death, which was evidently near at hand ; but this would not feed their revenge. It would also disappoint their avarice, for, if he died a natural death, then his estates could not legally be forfeited ; and if the Duke of York wanted his head, the Government robbers wanted his estates ; and for fear that death might perchance carry off their prey, they imposed a fine upon him (independently of the treason charge) for harbouring and converse with outlawed Presbyterians. The fine was equal to £18,000 or £20,000. All the while he was fast sinking. "Yet," says Burnet, "he was so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the reviving of the spirit of the noblest of the old Greeks or Romans, or rather of the primitive Christians, and first martyrs, in those best days of the Church."

His trial in all the steps of it, into which I shall not enter, was worthy of the Court of the Inquisition. It was for a conspiracy against the life of the King and the Duke of York, and for the subversion of the King's Government. The witnesses were two of his own confidential friends, who by threats and every foul means had been coerced into giving evidence against him ; in fact, to purchase their own lives and freedom at the price of his destruction. And there were also used against him certain written declarations of persons im-

plicated, some extracted under torture, some on the assurance that they were not to be used in any prosecution, and all of them inadmissible according to the just rules of evidence.

He was so weak that he was brought to the bar wrapt in his night-gown. Lady Graden sat at his side, and supported him, and had often to administer cordials to keep him from fainting away. That "tinkling cymbal" of tyranny, Sir George Mackenzie, though he had admitted to him, in a private interview, that he believed him innocent, now declaimed, with professional eloquence and acrimony, on the hideous crime of which he had been guilty, and on the condign punishment which was his due. Baillie, as was his wont, listened unmoved and serene. At the conclusion of the advocate's harangue, he rose with difficulty, amid the breathless silence and earnest sympathetic looks of the audience, and, resting for support on the bar, thus addressed the President of the Court :—

"My Lord, I desire liberty to speak a few words, not being able to say much, because of my great weakness.

"My Lord, the sickness now upon me, in all human appearance, will soon prove mortal, and I cannot live many days. I find I am intended for a public sacrifice in my life and estate ; and my doom being predetermined, I am only sorry, under such circumstances, that my trial has given the Court so much and so long trouble by staying here till past midnight."

Then turning to the Jury :—

"Gentlemen, I doubt not but you will act as men of honour on the evidence which you have heard. The

depositions of the witnesses, I admit, contain some hard things against me; and these must be your rule in coming to a verdict, and nothing that I can say may be entitled to any legal effect. Yet, for the exoneration of my own conscience, and that my poor memory and ruined family may not suffer additional injustice from the breath of calumny, I am bound to direct your attention to this, that the most material witnesses were former associates and correspondents of my own, connected in what I was connected, embarked in the same principles and cause. Life may be precious to them, and the saving of it may colour or even add something to their evidence. One of them certainly is blessed with a very ready memory, which is never at a loss; yet I am sure there were some things said to have been spoken at a meeting at which I attended, which I am positive were not, at least not when I was present. I say this merely in self-defence, and from my own consciousness of innocence. As to the witnesses who have appeared against me, I do most heartily forgive them. But," he continued, with a fire and energy which came from his noble spirit, not from his frail shattered body, "there is one thing which distresses me extremely, and where I am injured to the last degree,—that is, to be charged with a plot to cut off the King and the Duke of York; and that I was engaged in this with such an ardent zeal and fury, that I sat up whole nights to form a declaration to palliate or justify such villany. I am in all probability to appear in a few hours before the tribunal of the Great Judge. In His omniscient presence, and before your

Lordships and all present, I solemnly declare that never was I prompted or privy to any such thing, and that I abhor and detest all thoughts or principles that would lead to touching the life and blood of his Majesty, or his royal brother, or of any person whatever. I was ever for monarchical government, and I designed nothing in all my public appearances, which have been few, but the preservation of the Protestant religion, the safety of his Majesty's person, the continuation of our ancient government upon the foundations of justice and righteousness, the redressing of our grievances by King and Parliament, the relieving of the oppressed, and putting a stop to the shedding of blood."

With a grandeur of manner truly electrifying, he turned suddenly from the Court and the Jury, and fixed his still penetrating glance on the Lord Advocate. For a moment he paused, half collecting the strength which was ebbing away, half swelling with indignant scorn. Looking full in the face of his adversary, who cowered beneath his eye, he thus appealed to him :—

"My Lord Advocate, I think it strange beyond expression that you charge me with such abominable things. Do you remember when you came to me in prison, you told me such things were laid to my charge, but you did not believe them? How, then, my Lord, dare you throw such a stain upon my character, and with so much violence of accusation? Are you now convinced in your conscience that I am more guilty than I was at the interview, where you freely acquitted me of guilt? Do you remember what passed betwixt us in prison?"

Every eye in the assembly was riveted on Mackenzie. He rose agitated and embarrassed, and said in tremulous and hurried tone, "Jerviswoode! I own what you say; my thoughts there were as a private man. What I say here, is by special direction of the Privy Council." Pointing to Sir William Paterson, the Clerk—"*He* knows my orders."

"Well, my Lord," was Jerviswoode's stern-ringing reply, "if you keep one conscience for yourself, and another for the Council, I pray God to forgive you—I do!"

Overpowered at last, not from any failure in his ever magnanimous spirit, but from sheer exhaustion of the enfeebled body, looking up to the President, he said, "I trouble your Lordships no further,"—and sank back in his seat.

I need not say, that by the verdict he was found guilty; and sentence was pronounced that he was to be executed on that very same day, within a few hours of the sentence; his body was to be quartered, and the mutilated remains exposed in the chief towns of the kingdom; his estates confiscated; his name, fame, memory, and honours to be extinct; and his blood tainted for ever.

Greater and stronger the nearer he approached the goal, he rose with dignity, drew around him his sick robes, and in slow and solemn accents uttered his memorable Farewell:—

"My Lords, the time is short, the sentence is sharp; but I thank my God, who hath made me as fit to die as you are to live!"

The sentence was executed in all its revolting barbarity. His estates were confiscated, and made over to the Duke of Gordon, a Popish minion of York ; his honours were extinguished ; his despoiled and bereaved family compelled even for life's sake to flee to Holland, then the refuge of oppressed Liberals, as happily our own shores are now ; and the name, fame, and memory of Jerviswoode disappeared for a time from the face of Scotland.

In his Dying Testimony, he says with touching and noble pathos,—"I leave my wife and children upon the compassionate and merciful heart of my God, having many reiterated assurances that God will be my God, and the portion of mine."

In his last hours, he expressed to his beloved son George, then only nineteen years of age, the full assurance he felt, that the testimony of the Psalmist would be verified in the case of his family,—"I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

When the signs of an approaching revolution became palpable, and James in affright sought to appease the Liberals whom he had so long persecuted, his first expedient was to redress the grievous wrongs which had been suffered by the family of their chief. Against the strenuous opposition of the Duke of Gordon, he ordered all moveables to be refunded to his widowed lady ; and her full jointure to be paid out of the estates.[1] A pension was granted to Lady Graden, who so devotedly attended him at his trial and execution.[2] Two months

[1] Warrant Book of Scotland, State Paper Office. [2] *Ibid.*

only before William of Orange landed, one of the last orders in the Warrant Book of Scotland directs, that the head of the patriot, and his dismembered body should be taken down from the places where they were exposed, and be delivered to his family for interment.[1] After the Revolution, his son George, the inheritor of much of his talent and all his virtues, had the estates restored to him, rose high in the confidence of King William, was appointed Secretary of State for Scotland, and managed the whole politics of the country, lived respected, and died in honour and peace, leaving a name not unworthy of the martyred sire from whom he had sprung. His descendants, the Baillies of Jerviswoode, have ever been amongst the most esteemed and beloved of our country gentlemen. It is a pleasing reflection, one which "justifies the ways of God to man,"—that but a short time ago one of his descendants held the very office of Lord Advocate which was prostituted for his destruction, and now sits a member of that Bench by whom his doom was pronounced, and sits there under the same venerated title—*Jerviswoode*—one of the brightest jewels in the historic crown of Scotland. And the blood of the martyred Robert Baillie—that blood that was to be "tainted for ever"—now, by inheritance and marriage, flows in the veins of some of the greatest and noblest families both in Scotland and England.

I say not, that God orders the affairs of men and of families so as always to square with our moral instinct of justice; but when He is pleased to do so, as He has

[1] Warrant Book of Scotland, State Paper Office.

done in this case most signally, then let all honest and patriotic men take courage. The sentence of tyranny is reversed, when carried by appeal to the bar of Heaven!

Although the Popular party was quashed in the meantime, yet the Government were still irritated against them, and still afraid of them. It became evident also, that, although frustrated for the present, a hostile invasion was meditating amongst the refugees in Holland and other foreign countries. In Scotland, the Cameronian Societies were believed to be in concert with the refugees; and to be a domestic army gradually forming and preparing for the season of active hostilities. The Armed Conventicle, which had dwindled out of sight after the death of Cameron, was again displaying its hated banner. James Renwick, to adopt the striking imagery of the Covenanters, "had lifted it up, where Richard Cameron laid it down." The United Societies driven into a corner,—subjected to every oppression and barbarity that can be named,—ensnared on all sides by spies and informers,—and daily and hourly hunted down by military murderers,—had emitted a *Declaration*, drawn up, as all their papers now were, by Renwick, in which they proclaim their firm resolve to defend themselves to the uttermost, and being in a state of war, to retaliate on their implacable foes. "Let not any think that (our God assisting us) we will be so slack-handed in time coming to put matters in execution, as heretofore we have been; seeing we are bound faithfully and valiantly to maintain our Covenants and the cause of

Christ. Therefore, let all persons be admonished of their hazard; and particularly, all ye spies! who by your voluntary informations endeavour to render us up into the enemy's hands, that our blood may be shed. By such courses, ye both endanger your immortal souls, if repentance prevent not, seeing God will make inquisition for shedding the precious blood of his saints, whatever be the thoughts of men; and, also your bodies, seeing you render yourselves actually and maliciously guilty of our blood, whose innocence the Lord knoweth. . . . We desire you to take warning of the hazard that ye incur by following such courses. Sinless necessity for self-preservation, accompanied with holy zeal for Christ's reigning in our land, and suppressing of profanity, will move us not to let you pass unpunished. Call to your remembrance, all that is in peril is not lost, and all that is delayed is not forgiven."

These various concomitant grounds of alarm, followed up in the course of time by the actual, though ill-planned and ill-fated invasions of Argyle and Monmouth, quickened the vigilance, and whetted the vengeance of the Government. In the years 1684 and 1685, the furnace of persecution was indeed heated sevenfold; and nothing less was intended than to consume and destroy every individual member of the detested sect. To all the usual appliances—fines, imprisonments, forfeitures, spoiling of goods, banishment, tortures, executions on the scaffold, military quarterings, and ravages,—there were now added other and more deadly means to insure the extirpation of the Cameronians. *Extirpation!*—that

was now the word of the powers of darkness who ruled the country. The execution of the laws was committed wholly and absolutely to the soldiers. They had no limited instructions ; they had powers and express orders to go through the whole country and kill ; kill in the house, kill in the field, kill one or many, as they should meet them ; kill with full indemnity against consequences, kill at their own discretion, and kill instantly and upon the spot. These times are still named with a shudder, "*The Killing Times of Scotland.*"

What need to repeat those martyrdoms, so many of which are now sacred in the world's memory—like the history of Joseph, or the three Hebrew youths in the fiery furnace, or Daniel in the lions' den ?—such as the martyrdom of Margaret M'Lauchlan the devout widow, and Margaret Wilson the heaven-consecrated maiden, drowned together in the waters of the Blednoch ; and of John Brown of Priesthill, the "Christian Carrier," shot in front of his own habitation, before the eyes of his wife and children ! All know, all have wept over those scenes of unparalleled tragedy. At this time murder stalked red-shod in every valley, and by every homestead of the west and south of Scotland.

In the midst of this hideous mass of horrors, in the beginning of 1685, Charles, who had hitherto been healthy and strong, and was only fifty-four years of age, died a sudden and fearful death, not without suspicion of his having been poisoned. This suspicion fell strong upon that cockatrice-nest of Reactionists who had long

been forming round the Duke of York, the next heir to the throne. Charles was understood latterly to be tired of playing the tyrant, for which certainly he had no qualification except low and bestial selfishness, and no taste, if only he could get money quietly from the people to fill the quagmire of his vices. His death seemed very convenient at the time to the Reactionary party. If it was natural, it was a fortunate accident to them. If it was by foul means, it was a crime which they would have no difficulty in committing. But however this might be, the Duke of York stepped on the throne over an utterly prostrated people, amid acclamations and festive rejoicings not inferior to those which had welcomed the Restoration.

X.

PEDEN THE PROPHET.

Before we become entangled in the narrative—short and rapid it must be—of the concluding struggles of the Covenanters, let us turn aside for a moment in reverential grief, and close the wearied eyes of one who has a niche all his own in this history—Alexander Peden, the *Prophet* of the Covenant. At the end of this same year, 1685, from his sufferings, and wanderings, and toils, and burdens in the valley of vision, prematurely old and worn out long before his natural term had run, he came to die in his native place, in his old home of Auchincloich, near the murmurings of the Water of Ayr.

Peden—in an age fertile in singular men, and when the circumstances of the times brought out their qualities in the strongest relief—surpassed all in what may be termed the *romance of character*. His memory has been overlaid by the very doatingness of martyrology, by the very rankness and luxuriant foliage of tradition. Wonder-Tales creep and cluster and twine all around him, as the ivy does around some majestic old tower. Love and awe and primitive simplicity—working on an extraordinary subject—have well-nigh changed into a

wizard this brave, wise, kindly old spirit, whose marvellous insight, and great intensity of feeling and expression, were all his sorcery.

Yet in the main, the accounts concerning him are authentic; and it is generally easy to see the exact line, where the *real* begins to pass into the haze of the imaginative or superstitious. Lord Grange, a lawyer, a judge, and an acute man of the world, contemporary with Peden, and intimate with many of his friends, gives his testimony on this point, when writing in reference to some of the crude biographies which had been published soon after his death :—"I have talked about it with some who were personally acquainted with Mr. Peden, and were often in his company, and from whom I have heard several uncommon things about him. They say, the author is mistaken as to several circumstances; but as to the main, in all the passages, or most of them whereof they had particular knowledge (and were eye and ear witnesses of divers), *they say he tells the truth*: but missing of circumstances, and a wrong way and manner of narrating, in matters so delicate, gives them a very different form and appearance."

Of all the men of this strange and troubled time, Peden displays most of that temperament, and of those subtle traits, to which we give the scarcely definable name of *genius*. Not of the high creative order; nor has it stamped any great result upon the world; yet the essence was there; and the little wild-flowers are to be discerned by those lowly and loving eyes that follow

nature into her out-of-the-way nooks and corners. His character is a mosaic, chequered and irregular in composition, but the materials good, the colours striking, and the whole effect full of a nameless interest and charm. He was the sage, the humorist, the rhapsodist, the devout believer, the mystic. These were the primal elements of his character. And as the storm of persecution deepened around him ; as he was driven more and more into the wilderness for his home ; as his own sufferings increased, and the blood of his brethren began to flow in larger torrents ; as civil and religious slavery more and more firmly enchained the land ; as the dispensations of Heaven became more and more frowning and mysterious, and his own impulsive soul turned in upon itself, and terribly heaved in conflict and anguish, —everything external commingled itself with his own spirit ; and his own spirit retreated more and more into silent, awful contemplation, and wrestling communion with God—with God, to whom was the last appeal of His creatures oppressed and miserable, who alone could shield His people, and purify His sanctuary. There thus formed around him a kind of universal living reality, where not the Present only, but where the Future lived before his mind, in the visions of Divine faith. "God is in the Future," he felt to himself, "and I see it—I see it ! I see the tracings of His righteous and Almighty Hand !" And he spake to the people the visions of his faith ; and they received them, wondering and trembling, and he was their *Prophet.*

It is in no fantastic or preternatural sense I say it,—

it is in the ordinary course of Divine illumination, that a man so peculiarly constituted and attempered, with keen human insights, quick darting thoughts, powerful imagination, and transcendent faith in the unity and certainty of the Divine purpose, has flashes and apprehensions of things, analogous to the prophetic gift ; and sees more vividly and palpably than other men, what must needs be the future fact—the fate to which this or that man is driving ; the result in which this or that course of actions must terminate. This *spiritual preconception* Alexander Peden undoubtedly possessed in one of its highest degrees.

He was born at Auchincloich in Sorn, about the year 1626. His father was a small proprietor ; and he seems to have been the eldest son ; at least he is spoken of as having had the heritage. Whether it was from early connexion, or from subsequent acquaintance, he was honoured by the friendship of the Boswells of Auchinleck, in his immediate neighbourhood, an old respected family from whom descended the biographer of Samuel Johnson. Indeed it is manifest from many incidents, that Peden was on terms of endearing friendship with many of the best old families of the West. I mention this in passing, not because in itself it made him anything better ; but to remove an impression which has been propagated, that he was some obscure, ranting vagrant, half-crazed nondescript. In the best sense of the word, Alexander Peden was a gentleman, and through life the companion of gentlemen,—of the Boswells, and Campbells, and

Fergusons, and Fullertons, families who still form the flower and blossom of the west country. It is not without some interest also to mark, that when the iniquitous fine of £18,000 was inflicted on Baillie of Jerviswoode for reset and converse, Alexander Peden has the distinction to stand on the roll of his guests.

No exact description has been preserved of his personal appearance; but there can be no doubt that he was a man of a massive frame, and a noble and impressive countenance. All the old accounts—some of them by persons who had seen and heard him—speak of the majesty of his appearance. One old journalist, relating some of his conversations, begins with this expression,—"And he laid his *heavy hand* upon my shoulder," implying weight and massiveness. His wanderings, and escapes, and long days' flights before the pursuing dragoons, bespeak great physical strength.

Omitting intermediate circumstances of his life—many of which, however, tended to confirm that taint of melancholy which was implanted in his nature,—we find that he was ordained, a little before the Restoration, as minister of New Luce in Galloway. This place lies at the head of a long narrow glen, girdled in by dusky hills; and there the waters of the Luce, with many a whirl by bank and scaur, seek for passage into the wide expanding and glistening Bay. It is a lonely, pastoral, out-of-the-world spot.

After some three years' sojourn there, he was ejected in 1663, by the operation of the "Drunken Act of Glasgow." His farewell services were so eagerly listened to

—so loath were people and pastor to part—that on his last Sabbath, until the shades of night descended, he continued amongst them in the church. Frequently did they interrupt his discourses by bursts of wailing; and though himself deeply moved, he besought them to compose themselves. As he left the pulpit, he closed the door fast behind him; and knocking on it very hard with his Bible three times, he thrice repeated,—"In my Master's name I arrest thee! that none ever enter thee but such as enter as I have done—by the door." The hoary-headed peasants of Glenluce, who were witnesses to this solemn act of "arrest," used, after the Revolution, to relate with a glow of pride to the new generation, that no curate or indulged minister ever entered that pulpit; and that the door was never opened again, nor Peden's arrest taken off, until the Church of Scotland was restored to her rights; and then a pastor entered lawfully and Christianly, as their old Prophet had done before.

After his ejectment, he was amongst the first of the ministers whom we find preaching at conventicles. On the Pentland insurrection, he joined the party at Lanark; but soon left them, from an apprehension that they were not in a condition to offer any successful resistance. As he had been present, however, he was included in an indictment directed against all the leading insurgents; and not appearing, was denounced an outlaw, and his property forfeited.

Being now an outlaw, he was forced to that trying, wandering mode of life in which the remainder of his

days was spent,—sometimes in the north of Ireland, sometimes in Scotland. In 1673, when staying in the house of Ferguson of Knockdow in Carrick, he was apprehended; and being brought before the Council in Edinburgh, was sentenced to imprisonment in the Bass. Whilst there, a contribution was sent from some Christian friends, through the hands of Patrick Simpson, the indulged minister at Kilmalcolm in Renfrewshire, for his relief, so far as he might require it, and that of his fellow-prisoners. His answer, written, as he himself says, "in great haste and no less confusion," and which, it seems, had to be conveyed away secretly from the Bass, has been preserved. It was difficult to decipher; and therefore some obscurities in the sense are probably owing to errors in the copy. It is an admirable specimen of mingled dignity, delicacy, and meek submission to a most painful lot. It is just the letter that brother would write to brother; and, short though it be, is distinguished by those compact, pithy sayings—those touches of nature that make the whole world kin, those pictures in a stroke, and that terse abrupt diction, which seem to have been spontaneous to him, even when "in great haste, and no less confusion."

"Love," he writes, "yea conscience to duty, makes me run the hazard thus to bless you, with the brethren there, for your sympathy and continued earnest care, especially towards me, unworthy of bonds, and most unworthy to be remembered in bonds. My trial enjoins deep silence abroad; but loud pitiful language upwards. But it were not a cross, if not crossing; nor a prison, if

not straitening." In how few pathetic words does he embody the whole vast sorrow of the prisoner's soul!—"We are close shut up in our chambers; not permitted to converse, diet, worship together; but conducted out by two at once in the day, to breathe in the open air,—*envying (with reverence) the birds their freedom; provoking and calling on us to bless Him for the most common mercies.* Again we are close shut up day and night, to hear only the sighs and groans of our fellow-prisoners." For five years had Peden now been close prisoner in the dungeons of that desolate sea-girt Rock. "*He* only knows wherefore we are reserved, and what is appointed for us, who out of the eater brings forth meat. Our long fast will resolve in sad earnest; and when darkest, it will be light; and most care, least care. O for grace to credit Him (hitherto never cumbersome) and His cross, in whatever piece of service, in bonds or freedom, He cuts out!" Then reverting to the liberality of which he and his fellow-prisoners had been the recipients, he gently reminds his correspondent, "ingenuously, without breach of charity, there were at freedom more in necessity than some in bonds; and to suspend towards me, who design no great things for myself (His cross and bonds excepted), for food and raiment, promising to burden you with the first." His closing benediction has the graciousness and simplicity of the early Christian times: "Now peace be to the brethren, and love, with faith, from God the Father; and grace be to all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity! So prayeth your unworthy and affectionate well-wisher in bonds,—ALEXANDER PEDEN."

In December 1678, he was brought out of the Bass, but only to be sentenced, with sixty other prisoners, to perpetual banishment. They were put on board a ship at Leith to be carried to London, and thence to be conveyed to America. He encouraged his companions, assuring them that "the ship was not built that would bear them over the sea to any of the plantations." When they reached London they were all liberated; from what cause is not explained. It was reported to have been through the influence of Lord Shaftesbury, whose party was then in power, and who was courting the friendship and support of the Presbyterians. Peden remained for a while in London, and then travelled through various parts of England. He returned to Scotland in 1679, and for the five years down to his death he divided his time very much between Ireland and Scotland; or, as he described it in his graphic manner, "in going from the one bloody land to the other bloody land."

In 1682, we find him amongst his people at Glenluce; and two sermons which he preached there are the only lengthened specimens of his preaching which we possess. Their undressed homeliness and roughness make us feel as if we were hearing them actually delivered; and no doubt they were preserved, like so many others of the period, by the shorthand of some attached disciple.

With Peden, a sermon or discourse was no formal harangue, but an utterance of the oracle within; a reflex of the ebbings and flowings of his own soul. It was

truly the man thinking and feeling aloud. In the language of musicians, it was a *fantasia* starting from a certain theme, running away on the impulses of the moment, but returning ever back and back upon the theme with which it commenced. He does not reason, discuss, or propound. What he sees by the inward eye, that he declares, and describes in all its living lineaments as it stands before him. The universe is not to him a bundle of doctrines and notions and platitudes; but all is present to him as a living and working reality. The condition of man, the sovereignty of God, the hearts of his hearers, the events of the times, the scenes and appearances of nature, even the embryo forms of futurity,—all press close upon him, and lie as with a real heavy weight upon his soul. Hence everything is spoken of as SEEN. His descriptions assume the prophetic mould; his images are vital, and his words beat like pulses. By constant meditation upon God; by a constant realizing sense of His presence, he looks up to Him as the ever-watchful, ever-pitying Father, who tries His children only to strengthen them, and allows their punishment only for their improvement, and will assuredly break the arm of their oppressors. This begets a filial confidence, a home-bred familiarity, especially when expressed in his own simple Hebraic form of speech, which can be only delightful to those who appreciate the moral and personal in the Divine attributes, and to whom the name of God is something more than an abstract term in metaphysics.

Whilst there is one region of his being which touches upon the cloud-land of mysticism, there is another which

is most thoroughly mundane,—most genially human. On his heart he bears every interest of man,—all the cares and sorrows and joys of his brethren. His sympathies are tender as those of woman,—artless and outspoken as a child's. Then, like April weather, sunshine and shower, where the spirit of pathos is, there the spirit of humour will generally be found; and nothing can be more rich, grotesque, and honest-hearted than the *humours* of Alexander Peden. Even his nicknames—glancing and sharp as a sketch by Cruickshank or Leech—used to transfix a man as upon the point of a lance; and many of them stuck to families even after the Revolution. "There comes the Devil's rattle-bag!" he cried out one day as he was preaching, when he observed David Manson, a noisy religious pretender, pushing forward and trampling over the people to get near to him,—"There comes the Devil's rattle-bag! we don't want him here." David in due time became a spy, and through all the country round was known as "the Devil's rattle-bag." After the Revolution the nickname stuck like a bur to himself and his family; and when he complained to his minister of the grievance, all the consolation he could get was, "You well deserve it. He was an honest man that gave it to you; you and yours must enjoy the title of 'the Devil's rattle-bag;' there's no help for it."

No wonder that such a true, leal, large-minded man was the object of so much love in his own time; and that his memory is cherished with reverence, at least by the peasantry of Scotland, even till this day.

We have the rare good fortune to possess a speaking portrait of Peden's peculiar manner and style of preaching, in the following description from the diary of his contemporary and frequent attendant, Serjeant Nisbet :— "Although every act of worship that Peden was engaged in was full of divine flights and useful digressions, yet he carried alongst with them a divine stamp ; and such was the weighty and convincing majesty that accompanied what he spoke, that it obliged the hearers both to love and fear him. I observed, that every time he spoke, whether conversing, reading, praying, or preaching, between every sentence he paused a little, as if he had been hearkening what the Lord would say unto him ; or listening to some secret whisper. And sometimes he would start, as if he had seen some surprising sight." How real and perfect !—the mingled love and fear of the hearers, the flights, the digressions, yet the unfailing majesty of the preacher,—his pauses, his listening attitudes, his sudden starts, his impulsive exclamations !

Imperfectly reported as his "Sermons in the Wilderness" must be, there is a uniqueness about them, a strangeness, a humorousness, and at times a wild, bare, rugged, moorland-looking sublimity which cannot be mistaken, which mark all that tradition or written registers have transmitted to us of his peculiar utterances. A *Pedenism* may be known amid any quantity of dull rubbish.

To his old flock at Glenluce he preached in 1682,

some three years before his death. One sermon was on the Parable of the lord of the vineyard, and the husbandmen who killed his eldest son :—

"Now there is fruit called for from these husbandmen. What fruit is this? ye will say. This fruit, sirs, is not such fruit as ye pay your rents with, as corn, hay, or the like, *that your hearts love well.* Then what fruit is this that is called for? Why, it is faith and repentance, love to God, and obedience to his revealed will, which many of you, yea the most part of you, are as great strangers to as if ye had never heard the everlasting gospel preached. Now, people of God! what are you doing when such dreadful wrath is at hand in Scotland this day? He is not worth his room in Scotland that prays not half his time, to see if he can prevent the dreadful wrath that is at the door, coming on our poor mother-land. O sirs! ye must pray ploughing, harrowing, reaping, and at all your other labours—when ye are eating and drinking, going out and coming in, and at all your other employments. O that noble life we must have of communion with God! It is He that makes heaven pleasant; it is communion with God that makes heaven. Do ye long to be there, O people of God?"

In describing what, in his usual figurative style, he calls "dead folk," he says :—

"A *third* sort of dead folk are you who are plunging in the world—who have no God but the world: that bears most sway in your hearts. We must lay you by, for your worldly-mindedness and excessive covetousness.

'Oh,' say ye, 'we must labour for our living. Would you have us let our handy labour alone?' But, O worldly miser and fool that thou art! hath not Christ said, 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and the righteousness thereof, and all other things shall be added unto you.' Oh, sirs! will ye trust God, and give him credit? If so, He will help you at all your work. Friends! if ye will make Him your own, I will tell you what He would do for you. He would plough your land, sow your corn, shear your corn, sell your corn, and bring home your money. He will even, as it were, rock the cradle, if it were necessary for you. He will condescend as low as ye desire Him—only once close with Him, and that upon His own terms, and make a surrender of your hearts unto Him."

And how he scatters about his sayings and stories, so brief, pithy, and keen!

"For you, the poor broken-hearted followers of Christ, to whom He hath given grace to follow Him in the storm, I tell you, *Grace is young Glory!* At your first conversion our Lord gives you the one end of the line, but He keeps the other end in glory with Himself. But, sirs, He will have you all there at length!"

"Where is the Church of God in Scotland, sirs, at this day? It is not amongst the great clergy. I will tell you where the Church is: *It is wherever a praying young man or young woman is at a dyke-side in Scotland; that's where the Church is.* . . . A praying party shall go through the storm. But many of you in this country-side know not these things. The weight of

the broken Church of Scotland never troubles you. The loss of a cow, or an ill market day, goes nearer your hearts than all the troubles of the Church of God. . . . Poor creature that resolvest to follow Him, pray fast! *If there be one of you, He will be the second; if there be two, He will be the third. Ye shall never want company.*"

"There was a poor widow in Clydesdale as I came through, that was worth many of you put together. She was asked how she did in this evil time? 'I do very well,' says she, 'I get more good of one verse of the Bible now than I did of it all lang syne. He hath cast me the keys of the pantry-door, and bidden me take my fill.' Was not that a Christian indeed! Oh, sirs, take heed what ye are doing, when the blood of the saints is running so plentifully."

"I trow there are many of you in this age that are like young wanton folk that run fast together and marry, but never take any account how they will keep house, but presently go to poverty and beggary. It falls out so with many of you that are professors in this generation. Ye take up your religion and wot not how, and cannot give an account how ye came by it. I tell you, sirs, ye will abide no longer by Christ than till a storm blow. Then ye will quit Him and deny His cause."

In some of his images and expressions what a scorching intensity, what an almost Dantesque sternness and terribleness!

"A sixth sort of dead folk are you that want heart-holiness. Although ye have a profession, ye are but

light wanton professors. I fear the devil is invested in many of you, boiling in your hearts' lusts and idols. Well, sirs, all the ministers in the world cannot help you in this case. It must be Christ himself that must do it, as He did to Mary Magdalene. For the devil is as much in many of you as he was in her. And I fear Christ hath quitted many of you, *and given you the farewell clap upon the heart*, and He will reprove you no more until He make his fury to rest upon you."

"O people of God, 'enter into your chambers!' For I fear there shall be no shelter ere it be long. Yea, I fear ere the storm be over, the day is coming on these lands *that a bloody scaffold shall be thought a good shelter.*"

"When God comes to call the roll of Scotland, He shall find many blanks, dead ministers, dead professors, *dead men and women though going upon their feet.*"

Of a different style—of his humour, rich and broad as that of the Ayrshire bard, born in the same valley, who followed him at the interval of a century—it would be easy to select specimens, but space forbids; and at any rate this current of humour will be seen trickling and glancing even through many of the quotations already given.

Of his rude moorland sublime we cannot refrain from giving one specimen, not as the finest, but the easiest of extract.

"Now, sirs, what is it that has carried through the sufferers for Christ these twenty years in Scotland? It is the fellowship of His sufferings. It is the filling up

of His sufferings according to the ancient decree of Heaven. For my part, I seek no more if He bids me go! He bade many, from 1660 to the year of Pentland, go forth to scaffolds and gibbets for Him; and they sought no more but His commission—they went and He carried them well through. Then in 1666, at Pentland, He bade so many go to the fields and die for Him, and so many to scaffolds and lay down their lives for Him; they sought no more but His commission—they went and He carried them well through. Again, in 1679, at Bothwell, He bade so many go to the fields and scaffolds and die for Him; they sought no more but His commission, and went. He bade so many go to the seas and be meat for the fishes for Him; they sought no more but His commission, and went. And afterwards in the year 1680, at Ayrsmoss, He bade so many go to the fields and scaffolds for Him; they sought no more but His commission, and went. This cup of suffering hath come all the way down from Abel to this year 1682 in Scotland. Our Lord hath held this cup to all the martyrs' heads wherever He had a Church in the world, and it will go to all the lips of all the martyrs that are to suffer for Christ, even to the sounding of the last trumpet. But yet, people of God, it is only the brim that the saints taste of. Be ye patient in believing; God shall yet make His enemies wring out the bitter dregs of the cup, and fall and rise no more. Believe it, our Master will set up this cup, and close it, and swallow up time in eternity, and blow that great trumpet, and heaven and earth shall go at once

into a red flame. O believers, long for that noble day ! it will put an end to all your sad and suffering days ! . . . Our noble Captain of salvation hath vanquished these bloody persecutors in Scotland these twenty-two years, more by the patient sufferings of the saints than if He had threshed all down in a moment. The patient suffering of the saints, with their blood running, declares His glory much abroad in the world, and especially in these lands. As I came through the country, there was a poor widow whose husband fell at Bothwell ; the bloody soldiers came to plunder her house, telling her 'they would take all she had ; we will leave thee nothing either to put in thee or on thee.' 'I care not,' said she ; 'I shall not want so long as God is in the heavens.' That was a believer indeed !"

His remaining years were the "Killing Times" of Scotland, and he lived entirely a wanderer in the wilderness. Toil, grief, and mental depression, bowed down the massive frame ; and although only sixty, he was always spoken of, and always spoke of himself as a very aged man. "Cast the lap of Thy cloak," as he once prayed, in his strange familiar way, with its touch of rude sublimity—"Cast the lap of Thy cloak, Lord ! over *puir auld Sandy*." All day long he led a life of sore travel and danger ; at night he betook himself to some cave of the rock ; but slept none, groaning over the miseries of the land. It was now remarked that he could not be prevailed upon to preach, always answering, "It was *praying folk* alone that would get through

the storm." "O John!" he said, as he laid his heavy hand on John Clerk of Muirbrook in Carrick,—"there shall be dark days, such as the poor Church of Scotland never saw the like, nor ever shall see, if once they were over. If a poor thing should go from the east sea-bank to the west sea-bank, seeking one to whom they might communicate their case, or that would tell them the mind of the Lord, he shall not find one. Many a conventicle has God had in thee, O Scotland! but ere long, God will hold a conventicle that will make Scotland tremble. He sent forth faithful messengers to preach to thee; but ere long, He shall preach to thee by fire and sword. Yet, John! the Church shall arise from her grave; and at the crack of her winding-sheet, as many as had a hand in her burial shall be distracted with fear. Then shall there be brave days for the Church; *and she shall come forth with a bonny bairn-time at her back.* O John! I shall not see these days, but you may."

Early one morning, after he had slept for the night, in company with some others, in a sheep-cot far up in the moorlands, he took a walk along the margin of a solitary stream, where he stayed for some time. When he returned, he saluted his little company with that verse of the 32d Psalm:—

> "Thou art my hiding-place, Thou shalt
> From trouble keep me free;
> Thou with songs of deliverance
> About shalt compass me,"—

adding, in his strange, deep, picturesque way, "These and the following 'are sweet lines. *I got them at the*

burnside this morning; I will get more to-morrow; and so we shall have daily provision, and go on in His strength." Brave, God-trusting old man!

When he felt his end drawing nigh, he crept back to the old home of Auchincloich; but even there he was not allowed to rest; for a constant search was kept up for him by the wretched emissaries of the Government; and he was fain to hide in a cave in the neighbourhood. Often he would say with a sigh, "Carry me to Ayrsmoss, and bury me beside Richie, that I may have rest in my grave, for I have had little in my life." But he added, "Bury me where you will, my body will be lifted again." When he died, the Boswells of Auchinleck, to protect his bones from insult, gave the most touching proof of friendship by causing the body to be interred secretly in their family vault, under the shadow of the far-stretching plane-trees. But the soldiers in the garrison of Sorn heard of the circumstance; and though it was forty days from the time of the interment, most daringly invaded the territories of death, and rifled the tomb of its lawful prey. The peasant of Auchinleck will yet tell with horror-stricken look,—how the miscreants burst open the coffin, and tore off the shroud; and though the day had previously been without a breath of air stirring, there came a sudden blast like a whirlwind, which caught up the shroud, and twisted it round the large projecting branch of one of these plane-trees; and from that day, he will add, as he points to it, that branch withered away, but has remained there ever since,

like a black shrivelled arm uplifted to heaven,—Nature's protest against the sacrilegious crime ![1] This is one of the countless Wonder-Tales that have gathered around the memory of Peden. The body was carried to the hill above Cumnock where the common gallows stood ; and there, in spite of the remonstrances both of the Boswells and the Countess of Dumfries, was suspended on the gibbet. When taken down, it was reinterred in contempt, like the body of a felon, at the foot of the gallows-tree. At that time the churchyard of Cumnock was in the town below ; but generation after generation came and laid their dust on the Gallows-Hill beside Peden. It thus became the churchyard of the place ; and there lies the Prophet in the midst of his own dear people of the West, with two old thorn-bushes—the one at the head, the other at the foot of his grave—planted there by some kindly, reverential hand. It is a place worth visiting ; a sweet spot, a sweet sight,—soothing, tranquillizing, ennobling !

[1] Local Tradition.

XI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

JAMES—partly by a concurrence of favourable circumstances, partly by the effect of his temper, as dogged and imperious as that of his brother had been light, careless, and incapable of long or severe tension—appeared now to have reached that Elysium of absolute peaceful sovereignty, which Charles during his whole reign had desired with as much ardour as he could possibly feel about anything. The explosions consequent upon the Rye-House Plot seemed to have blown to atoms the country party both in England and Scotland. The ruin of Argyle and Monmouth had put a stop for ever to the conspiracies of the exiles, and of the malcontents at home. The Terrorism of so many long dismal years had awed into submission the Nonconformists of both countries, or stript them of all means of becoming dangerous. The Anglicans still surrounded the Throne with the most profuse declarations of loyalty. Parliaments, called and dismissed at the will of their royal master, crouched before him like beaten spaniels. The courts of law (so called) were filled with lay figures which the King could mould into any shape he chose. The towns

and corporations, robbed of their ancient charters and rights, had sunk into insignificance, or only echoed the phrases of the palace. There was not a breath to ruffle this calm, except some coarse harsh sounds issuing from remote corners of Scotland, from the Cameronian outlaws, wandering in deserts, or hidden in dens and caves of the earth.

Had James been content with this position of things, it is difficult to see how any change could have been brought about, or how Britain could have been saved, if not from perpetual, at least from long-continued, dull, and abject servitude. Happily for the cause of British freedom, James had a nature that could not be quiet, but, like a rook on its tree, must be eternally fluttering and screeching. He was cursed with that vain, meddling restlessness, which will always be found to distinguish men of narrow intellect, false ambition, and morose and unfeeling temper, when under the dominion of some superior wicked influence, goading them on to their ruin. James had long dreamed of the glory to which he was destined to rise by founding a "grand monarchy," that is a complete absolute government, like that of France; but above all, by gathering back the erring sheep of England and Scotland into the fold of the Catholic Church. Hence he set himself with all his might to establish those two things in Britain—Despotism and Popery. He ceased to be his own master and became a puppet in the hands of Father Petre, a bold daring ecclesiastic, and his Jesuitical confederates. "It is wonderful," writes one of the fraternity,—"it is

wonderful to see King James's great affection to our Society. . . . . Upon Father John Keene's return into England, he gave him a most gracious reception, while earls and dukes were commanded for some hours to wait for admittance. . . . . Father Clare being arrived at London, got an easy access to the King, and as easily gained his point. The King himself forbid him to kneel and kiss his hand according to custom, saying, 'Reverend Father, you have indeed once kissed my hand, but if I had known then, as I do now, that you were a Priest, I would rather myself, Father, have kneeled down and kissed your hand!' After he had finished his business, in a familiar conversation his Majesty told this father, that he would either convert England, or die a martyr; and he had rather die the next day, and convert it, than reign twenty years piously and happily, and not effect it. . . . . The Catholic interest grows very strong. . . . . There is to be great preparation of war at London; and a fleet of above an hundred men-of-war is to be fitted out against the Spring."

The Jesuit Cabinet, as might be expected, were very knowing in their schemes. As they were necessarily breaking with the Anglicans, they must strengthen themselves by getting up an alliance with the Nonconformists of England and Scotland, who had suffered nearly a generation of persecution at the hands of this same Anglican Church. A deep and dreadful provocation, it must be confessed! The Jesuit Cabinet, therefore, in the most magniloquent terms, descanted upon the

beauties of universal toleration, as the bait to catch the Nonconformists ; and also upon the justice of abolishing all penal laws and disqualifications, as the postern-gate by which Romish intrigue could be smuggled into the citadel of the Constitution. At the same time, the most strenuous efforts were making to raise a large standing army, to be commanded by officers, and as far as possible composed of soldiers, of the Romish communion. The Toleration, it was reckoned, would alienate the Nonconformists from the Anglicans. The Church of England party, by far the most formidable opponents to the Court, would in this way be isolated from all the other Protestant denominations, and be rendered helpless. The whole Protestant and national parties being thus befooled, bewildered, and divided, the Romanized army, at a signal from the Jesuit Cabinet, would trample down every vestige of Constitutional Government, and erect in its stead the Tyrant's Throne and the Priest's Inquisition.

A notable clever scheme ! yet, somehow, like the counsel of Ahithophel, every part of it was turned into foolishness. A toleration was granted both to England and Scotland, and this was done by the King's own Proclamation, as the Parliament declined to pass it. So far well in one respect, as the long fire of persecution, kept up, it must be owned to her shame, by the Church of England, was slackened. But the Nonconformists were not in consequence won over to the Jesuits. On the contrary, thoroughly understanding the double game that was being played, and that the Toleration was only pushed forward to smooth the way for Romish ascend-

ency, they came to a distinct and cordial agreement with the Anglican party, for the defence of the liberties and Protestant institutions of the country. The Parliament, however servile and spiritless, could never be got to furnish funds for maintaining a large standing army. Both the soldiers and sailors, as if seized with some epidemic fervour of Protestant zeal, refused to serve under Romish officers, or to receive into their number Romish recruits. The army and navy had a mind to be Protestant! Thus, after all their plotting and projecting, James and his Jesuit Cabinet found themselves standing *alone* in the midst of a whole nation,—with the great Anglican party against them; with the dense and solid body of Nonconformists against them; the soldiers and sailors almost in mutiny—the aristocracy and leading men disgusted, and already looking out for another sovereign. They found themselves deserted even by the moderate men of their own creed, and only cheered on in their crusade by the frantic shouts of a few bigots and desperadoes.

After our lengthened survey of a scene of oppression without parallel in the history of the world, it is a relief that we have at length arrived at "the beginning of the end!"

I have mentioned, that a universal toleration, or liberty of worship, was granted to all sects in England and Scotland. Although the real object was perfectly seen through—to introduce Romish ascendency and absolute government—yet the Nonconformists in both countries readily embraced the breathing-time thus

allowed. When I say there was Toleration conceded to *all*, I ought to add there was *one* exception—one remarkable prophetic exception. That was, The Armed Conventicle of Scotland ! The Conventicle was excepted from the millennial age of the Jesuits. It was proscribed as heretofore. It was denounced as treasonable. Death continued to be the doom of him who preached, and of them who heard. And if no quarter was given, no quarter was asked or expected. The Cameronians had been born out of due time. They had anticipated by eight good years the verdict which was at last pronounced by all Britain, united to a man. They had disowned the Stuarts ; had proclaimed that by their oppressions and cruelties that family had forfeited the British throne ; and had stated themselves in readiness, according to their means and power, to make war against the Bloody House. When all other sects smiled and received favour from their hands—when the body of the Presbyterian Clergy of Scotland, cowed and silenced for so many years, rose again into vitality and eloquence at the touch of the Jesuits' wand—there was this one firm, dauntless, solitary band, who spurned the treacherous gift ; who defied the tyrannical giver ; who would hold nothing from a government under forfeiture for its crimes against the nation ; who stood upon man's natural rights, and the ancient treaties and covenants of the land ; who would rather suffer on, and wait in the patient belief that the day was drawing nigh when Zion should be redeemed by a mighty hand, and when freedom could be enjoyed truly free, without base compromise or sinful compliance.

The whole burden of the Covenanting struggle now fell upon the shoulders of James Renwick, alone and unassisted ; a young man only twenty-five years of age, always slight and weak in body, but now worn out with toil, and fevered with constant thought and endless anxieties. His former associates, Shields and Houston, had both left the country, and there was thus devolved upon him the whole care and management of the Unted Societies. In those days, so different from the present, when places were so inaccessible, and travelling so slow and difficult, he had to be in constant movement through all the Lowland districts, at least through Galloway and the South Borders, Fife and the West of Scotland. He had to be daily and almost hourly lecturing and preaching, visiting households, examining, conversing with the people individually, and in groups, and advising in all matters both public and private. He had to attend at the stated meetings of the Societies, take the heaviest part in their discussions, guide their deliberations, write their papers and manifestoes, and conduct their public debates against opposing parties. He was their foreign Secretary, maintaining an extensive and regular correspondence with friends abroad, and with the foreign churches and theologians. Besides, he had a large private correspondence, and was necessitated from his position, and impelled by his own warm Christian sympathies, to address letters of advice, condolence, and encouragement to all sufferers—to all in bonds, to all under banishment, to all appointed to die for adherence to their faith. And all this was done with a method and de-

spatch, an industry and aptitude, a talent and over-mastering influence upon the minds of others, worthy of a first-rate administrator. Not whilst he was in the possession of every facility, but, on the contrary, in the midst of impediments, alarms and distresses, rendering anything like serious and continuous work all but impossible. Naturally of a weak constitution, he was now very often so borne down with sickness and total prostration, that he had to be carried from place to place on the shoulders of his affectionate followers, or supported when on horseback. Soldiers and spies were ever on his track. The greater part of ordinary loose-living people hated him for his religious strictness, and were everywhere ready to inform against or seize him. To their disgrace be it spoken, many of the moderate Presbyterians were so incensed against him, that they would have betrayed him without scruple, especially at the present time, when his Testimonies and his Armed Conventicles were endangering the newly-acquired liberty granted, for ends of their own, by James and his Jesuit cabinet. A price was fixed upon his head of several hundred pounds, to inflame the cupidity of every base wretch in the kingdom. Letters of intercommuning hung over his every movement, forbidding any one, on pain of death, to yield him shelter or resting-place, a mouthful of food, or a cup of cold water; to salute him, converse with him, interchange writing with him, or offer to him the smallest services of common humanity. Thirteen times during the one year, 1687, had the troops made the strictest search for him throughout the whole country, prying

into every cellar, and tearing off the thatch, and pulling down the ceilings of the houses. He had to travel in disguise by the most unfrequented paths, chased like a partridge on the mountains; and to him the mist was a protecting garment, and the dead hour of midnight the guardian of his footsteps. He lived in rude and remote cottages, in shepherds' huts on the tops of the hills, in bosky forests, in caves and in rocks. Wherever he was, he had watches stationed all round to give the alarm. He preached with a fleet horse standing beside him, saddled and bridled, on which he could mount in a moment and leave far behind him all the troopers in Scotland. Amid all his labours, toils, and jeopardies, he had no word of encouragement from the Presbyterian clergy of the day, no hand of friendship stretched out to him by any party of politicians. Instead of this, many of them branded him with names the most odious, and raised against him calumnies the most groundless and detestable. He was, on their respectable lips, the "enemy of the brethren," the "intruder," the "Jesuit," the "white devil going through the land carrying the devil's flag;" with many other as unsavoury and frantic expressions of their malice. They endeavoured to destroy his character both at home, and amongst his religious patrons and friends in Holland. And why? The little fragments that remain of his sermons prove that he preached only "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and that with a fulness, earnestness, and success, that might have put to shame his accusers. His life was blameless, his rules of conduct scrupulous; and there is no such

thing as piety in the world, if his piety was not genuine and ardent. He fed his flock with no mere wind of doctrine, but enforced purity and holiness of life, and maintained the most correct and careful discipline amongst the United Societies. What, then, was his fault, in the eyes of the Presbyterian clergy and political moderates of that day? It was this:—That he strictly adhered to the principles of the Covenant, when they themselves were sliding away from them; that he refused indulgences and tolerations which came from polluted hands, and which were meant to amuse and lull the nation asleep, in order to the introduction of despotism and Popery; that, in one word, he had anticipated the future verdict of all Britain, had disowned the sway of the Stuarts, would have none of their gifts, would render them no allegiance, and chose rather for a season to live in a state of nature—an outlaw, but a free man!—until God should dash to pieces the throne of iniquity, and in His own good time establish a new throne in righteousness.

"Let me be mistaken as men please," he says in one of his letters, well knowing the charges made against him of stiffness, and of running into extremes. "Let me be mistaken as men please. This is my study, not to partake in other men's sins, neither to cover them; but, considering the confusions of this time, and the weakness of poor people, I hold it my duty to be a help and a prop as I can to those that are staggering, and to carry so toward such as will go off, as their

stumbling, neither in law nor in my own conscience, may be charged upon me. This is like unto my Master, who hath promised to save them that halt, and gather them that are driven out."

In his correspondence there are many striking accounts of his labours and sufferings. Perhaps the most pathetic is the following :—

" My business was never so weighty, so multiplied, and so ill to be guided, to my apprehension, as it hath been this year ; and my body was never so frail. Excessive travel, night wanderings, unseasonable sleep and diet, and frequent preaching in all seasons of weather, especially in the night, have so debilitated me, that I am often incapable for any work. I find myself greatly weakened inwardly, so that I sometimes fall into fits of swooning and fainting. When I use means for my recovery, I find it someways effectual ; but my desire to the work, and the necessity and importunity of people, prompt me to do more than my natural strength will well allow, and to undertake such toilsome business as casts my body presently down again. I mention not this through any anxiety, quarrelling, or discontent, but to show you my condition in this respect. I may say that, under all my frailties and distempers, I find great peace and sweetness in reflecting upon the occasion thereof. It is a part of my glory and joy to bear such infirmities, contracted through my poor and small labour in my Master's vineyard."

As he approaches the goal of his brief eventful career, his letters deepen into solemn pathos, into the sublime

devotion of one who feels himself ready to be offered. "Those whose souls are vexed with the now abounding abominations," he says in writing to Sir Robert Hamilton, "shall have a Zoar to fly into, when the fire of God shall fall down upon our Sodom. I am certain the Lord will have a sanctuary for his people. We must be brought to that extremity wherein there can be no longer subsistence without present help, but God will not leave his people there. . . . *There is now strange thirsting after my blood, but that moves me not;* though they had it, they would not be satisfied."

One beautiful passage more. It occurs in a letter to two sister ladies in Holland, to whom he offers thanks in his correspondence for their bountiful remembrance of the afflicted people of Scotland. "Count the cost of religion. God is a liberal dealer; deal not niggardly with Him. . . . Lay down to Him your names, your enjoyments, your lives, your all at His feet, for He only is worthy to have the disposal of them, and the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. Think not much to quit the vain and carnal delights of the world; they cannot satisfy your senses, much less your souls. *The earth is round, the heart of man is three-cornered, therefore* this *cannot be filled by* that. And though ye could find content in them, yet how vain were it because inconstant, and how unsolid because uncertain!"

In the month of January 1688, Renwick came to Edinburgh, and as the Presbyterian clergy had now

formed something like Assemblies, he lodged in the hands of the Moderator a protest against the Toleration to be laid before their ensuing Assembly. He then passed over into Fife, where he held numerous conventicles. On the last day of January he returned to Edinburgh, and with two friends repaired to his usual place of concealment there, in the house of one John Lookup, in the Castle Hill. John was a Cameronian. Moreover he was a merchant dealing in English goods, and as the two kingdoms were then separate, and under different fiscal arrangements, John, rightly or wrongly, was suspected of doing something in the *contraband* line, and his premises were rather exposed to sudden visitations from the Custom-house. Thomas Justice, an officer, being upon the search in Lookup's house, happened to overhear family worship, and noticed that some one conducted it who was above the ordinary stamp. He knew that the landlord was a follower of Renwick, and thereupon he made his own conjecture who the guest was. In the course of the night, when he was drinking with his boon companions, the conversation turned upon a report that Houston, Renwick's associate, had been apprehended in Ireland. Justice remarked with a knowing look, he should have another of them ere long, and lifting up a glass of wine, drank Renwick's health, saying he should have him prisoner by seven next morning. By that hour accordingly, he and a posse of tide-waiters entered the house on pretence of searching for contraband goods. Renwick hearing a noise, came to the door of his chamber, when Justice challenged him, exclaiming, " My life

for it, this is James Renwick! All within this house must go to the guard that they may show what trade they are of." Renwick in a determined manner replied, "I shall soon show you what is my trade." Justice, seemingly afraid to grapple with him, rushed to the street, crying for help to carry "that dog Renwick" to the guard. Renwick, now armed, in company with his two friends, attempted to escape by another door, but on opening it found that a considerable crowd was standing there also to stop all egress. He thereupon fired a pistol so as not to hurt any one, when the crowd gave way on each side in fright, and left an open passage, by which means he and his friends escaped from the house. But in passing, some one in the crowd, with a long staff, struck Renwick on the breast, which pained and weakened him much in running and caused him several times to fall. Justice and his comrades had raised the hue and cry, and set off in pursuit. Notwithstanding the pain and falls, Renwick had cleared the old Castle Wynd, made across the Grassmarket, and was at the head of the Cowgate. But his strength was failing him, and a mob of people gathering, and not knowing what the matter was, one of them seized him, but his two companions escaped free. Thus simply at last was *he* apprehended, who for five years seemed to bear a "charmed life," and whilst ever active, ever at his work, continued to elude the whole swarm of Government spies, of malicious enemies, and of the troops constantly scouring the country in pursuit of him!

He was conveyed to the guard-house, and was for

some time exposed to the insults of a low and ignorant rabble who came to see the famous "Cameronian outlaw." Graham, the captain of the guard, stared with astonishment at him, so small in stature, so very youthful in appearance, so sweet and comely of countenance. "What!" he cried, "is this *boy* the James Renwick that the whole nation has been so much troubled with?" Renwick answered him only with a gentle smile. By order of the Council, he was committed to prison and laid in irons. As soon as he was left alone he betook himself by prayer to God. "He made an offer of his life freely to Him, and supplicated through-bearing grace. But he prayed earnestly that the cruelties of the enemy might be so far restrained as to do nothing farther against his body than take his life." Like most men of finely organized and sensitive nature, physical and mental, he had always felt a great fear of torture. Living in constant hazard of being taken, subjected to torture, and executed, he would sometimes look to his hands, and say with a shudder, "How shall I endure to have these struck off, and my legs tortured in the boots, and my head taken from the body?" All the braver! that he stood firm to his cause notwithstanding these natural shrinkings and horrors. True bravery lies not in dead insensibility, but in a perfect knowledge and lively sense of the threatened danger, yet hardening one's-self against the very first instincts of nature, in the prosecution and defence of that which is believed to be the cause of truth.

Prior to receiving his indictment, he was brought

before the Chancellor Perth, Viscount Tarbet, and other Members of the Council. It is plain they were very much struck with him; instead of a wild, shallow fanatic, or an empty agitator, as probably they expected, finding him a youth of excellent parts and thorough education, of a candid and judicious frame of mind, of modest carriage, combined with the most extraordinary heroism, of mild engaging temper, and of great dialectic power. Tarbet especially, a man of superior intellect, but lax and easy in his opinions—a favourite under Charles, under James, at the Revolution, and down to the reign of Queen Anne—seemed to take pleasure in raising discussions with him. In after times he would often recur to this noble-minded youth, and would say—"He was the stiffest maintainer of his principles that ever came before us. Others we used always to cause one time or other to waver; but him we could never move. Where we left him, there we found him. We could never make him yield, or vary in the least. He was of old Knox's principles."

He had hitherto been kept a close prisoner; but a little before his trial his mother was admitted to see him. Being a most affectionate and tender-hearted woman, she said to him one day in an agony of grief, "How shall I look upon that head and those hands set up among the rest on the port of the city!" He smiled, assuring her she should never see that: "I have offered my life unto the Lord, and have sought that He may bind them up; and I am persuaded that they shall not be permitted to torture my body, nor touch one hair of

my head farther." He afterwards surmounted even the fear of torture, which had always during his whole public career, and after his apprehension, lain heavy upon his mind. "The terror of it is so removed," he said, "that I would rather be cast into a caldron of boiling oil, than do anything to wrong truth." To some friends who were bemoaning his loss, he addressed these deeply touching words:—"You have more need to thank the Lord, that I shall now be taken away from the reproaches which have broken my heart, and which cannot be otherwise wiped off." Poor young sufferer! and so the evil days and the evil tongues had struck him more keenly than appeared to the outward eye,—looking only at the composed and beautiful countenance, and the mildness and serenity of his demeanour.

The heads of his indictment were—his denying the King's authority, his preaching the unlawfulness of paying Cess (the war-tax), and his counselling his followers to come with arms to the field meetings. He in fact admitted the indictment.

"I own all authority," he said, "which has its prescriptions and limitations from the Word of God; but cannot own this usurper as lawful king, seeing both by the Word of God such a one is incapable to bear rule, and also by the ancient laws of the kingdom, which admit none to the Crown of Scotland until he swear to defend the Protestant religion, which a man of his profession cannot do. . . . As to the cess exacted to the present usurper, I hold it unlawful to pay it, both in regard it is oppressive to the subjects for the mainten-

ance of tyranny, and because it is imposed for the suppression of the gospel. Would it have been thought lawful," he exclaimed, warming with his theme as he proceeded—"Would it have been thought lawful for the Jews, in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, each to bring a coal to augment the flame of the furnace, to devour the three children, if they had been so required by the tyrant? And how can it be lawful, either to oppress people for not bowing to the idols which the King sets up, or for their brethren to contribute what may help forward their oppression? . . . That I have taught my hearers to come armed to their meetings, and, in case of hostile opposition, to resist—I admit. It were inconsistent with reason and religion to teach otherwise. You, yourselves, in the like circumstances, would do the same. I own I taught them to carry arms to defend themselves, and to resist the acts of violence perpetrated by your command, or under your authority."

As a matter of course he was brought in "guilty;" and was sentenced to be executed within three days. The Justice-General asked, if he desired longer time. With the tranquil magnanimity which always characterized him, he answered, "It is all one to me. If protracted, it is welcome: if shortened, it is welcome. My Master's time is the best."

After sentence, the greatest efforts were made by official men and parties in connexion with the Government, in order to have his life saved. What the motive was, it is difficult at this distance of time to ascertain. It might in part be owing to the interest which his

talents, integrity, and mild demeanour, even his youth and beauty, had undoubtedly excited in some of the leading men of the State. In this case—the first and only time these thirty barbarous years—something like *heart* was displayed by the rulers. This anxiety to prevent any fresh execution might also be attributable to the fine doctrines of universal toleration now in vogue amongst the governing party. In Scotland, as in England, though not in the same marked degree, the Anglicans and the Romanists were both bidding against each other for the favour of the people, especially of the Nonconformists ; and they might both dread the effect of Renwick's execution on popular opinion, the odium of which might be thrown on either of them, or on both, and kindle new and increased hostility against them. The Bishop of Edinburgh, and several of his curates, the King's Advocate (Sir John Dalrymple), and even a number of Romish priests, thronged his prison—all in one way or other importuning him to apply for pardon ; or to signify in the most modified terms that he acknowledged the authority of the King, and his pardon would immediately be granted. If he would sign his name, or even let fall a drop of ink on a blank sheet of paper, he was assured of pardon. But he resisted all these temptations with a firmness which commanded respect, and with a meekness, and a sense of the courtesy shown to him, which seem to have inspired personal esteem and regard. The Bishop commended him highly as a young man of ability—often saying, "It was a pity he had been of such principles, for he was a pretty lad !" The

Jesuits, who troubled him very much, seem to have fared the worst at his hands; for it was a proverb in Edinburgh Tolbooth for many years afterwards—"*Begone!* as Renwick said to the Priests."

On the morning of his execution, he writes in the following terms to Sir Robert Hamilton:—"This being my last day upon earth, I thought it my duty to send you this my last salutation. The Lord hath been wonderfully gracious to me since I came to prison. He hath assured me of His salvation, helped me to give a testimony for Him, and own before His enemies all that I have taught; and strengthened me to resist and repel many temptations and assaults." After giving the most cool, business-like directions as to some papers of his, which were in Hamilton's hands, he thus concludes: "Remember me to all that are friends to you, particularly to the ladies at Lewarden (in Holland), to whom I would have written if I had not been kept close in prison, and pen, ink, and paper kept from me. But I must break off. I go to your God and my God. Death to me is as a bed to the weary." "*Death to me is as a bed to the weary!*" These were the last words, within a few moments of his execution, traced by the hand of James Renwick—still, for years, in the morning of life—ere his sun had reached its noon. Oh, what a weight of labour, what a web of care, what an age of sad experience, what a crushing of the young earthly feelings, are in these few dirge-like words, "*Death to me is as a bed to the weary!*"

When he came to the place of execution, on the 17th

February 1688, he manifested his habitual composure, fortitude, and spiritual elevation of mind. Never had been seen such a multitude as was there gathered, of earnest and sorrowing spectators. The furnace of martyrdom was refining him, and making him precious in all eyes, even in those which had hitherto despised or looked upon him with jealousy. Little of what he said was heard, for the drums beat all the time he spoke; and he was frequently interrupted by the officials who were upon the scaffold, probably when he uttered expressions which they construed into a reflection upon the Government. Once only, when there happened to be a momentary pause, his clear, sweet, ethereal voice, was heard by the assembled thousands, like one great sudden gush of the lark's melody as it is mounting heavenwards: "I shall soon be above these clouds—I shall soon be above these clouds; then shall I enjoy Thee and glorify Thee, O my Father! without interruption, and without intermission, for ever!"

In a few moments he submitted to the executioner, and the yearnings of his soul were realized.

Renwick was, in one sense, the last martyr of the Covenanting struggle; in another, he was the *Premartyr of the Revolution*. Like the shepherd overwhelmed in the snow-storm, he perished within sight of the door. The door of deliverance was speedily opened on the arrival of William in November 1688.

XII.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

After James's accession in 1688, at least after he had got rid of all his foes by the discomfiture of Argyle and Monmouth, his policy, as we have already noticed, underwent a sudden and total change. Having, as he fancied, reached the summit of absolute power, he recurred to his long-cherished project of establishing Romanism in Britain. He commenced his operations by affecting to extend toleration to all classes of Non-conformists, and by repealing the tests and penal laws on which the Church of England had reared her supremacy. This looked all very well on the outside; but the nation were aware that these pseudo-liberal measures were only meant to usher in the old Popish domination. Here once more came up the point, and the only point, where all the religious sects and all the political parties of the country could unite. Whatever their differences otherwise, the attempt to introduce Popery was sure to bind them fast together. The alarm once given, they were all up in arms against the Court. The Anglicans contributed their corporate influence, their weight of numbers, the learning and eloquence of their highly-

trained dignitaries ; the Nonconformists their active and fervid zeal ; the Royalists their old English prejudices, and their old English swords, if needed ; the Popular party their aristocratic chiefs, their traditions and watch-words, and the memory of their recently martyred Russells, and Sidneys, and Baillies. It was the movement of a nation. It was decisive and resistless.

Besides, the complication of European politics at the moment rendered it necessary to wrest the empire of Britain from the corrupt, cruel, detested hands of the Stuarts, who, from the strong, racy, original stem, had, in the two last of the race, degenerated into rotten stumps. Both Charles and James were sold to France for so many million francs ; and James, in mind and spirit, was the most miserable, drivelling slave that ever kissed a Pope's toe ; and he never would have rested until, had it been possible, he had dragooned every stiff-necked Briton in his dominions to perform the same degrading operation. William of Orange, in whom both European necessities and British predilections centred, came over with 14,000 Dutch bayonets, and cut the matter short. On his approach, the race of the Stuarts melted away from the throne of Britain, like a guilty spectre at the first dawning of morn.

The part taken at this turning-point of Britain's history by the strict Covenanters or Cameronians was decided and eventful. Amongst the parties of the day they stood alone for energy, disinterestedness, courage, and unalloyed public zeal.

In about six months from the martyrdom of James Renwick, the alarm rang through the country, that William of Orange was on his way to the British shores.

Confining our view more particularly to Scotland, all was there consternation, confusion, helpless paralysis. The Scottish Ministry, lately irresistible in their terrorism, with their prisons, racks, and scaffolds, were blasted as in a night, and fell into universal contempt. They kindled beacons on the hill-tops to rouse the people against the threatened invasion. The people, on the contrary, rejoiced in these blazing lights as the first morning beams of their own deliverance. The butchering troopers being called up to England by the King, the Ministry issued proclamation on the back of proclamation, summoning the militia. "They called spirits from the vasty deep, but would they come?" The only response was mockery and laughter. The head-torturers, Perth and all his sanguinary brood, fled headlong from the seat of power, and left Scotland without a government. The Cavalier or Royalist party were like men suddenly awakened in the midst of a shipwreck. A few retired sullenly to the poop, determined to go down with the vessel; but most of them were clutching at spars and splinters to carry them, if possible, to some place of safety. The Moderate Presbyterians, those who for the last thirty years had been edging as far as they could out of the sweep of persecution, and had been thankfully accepting indulgences and tolerations, and been denouncing their stricter co-religionists, vilifying Cargill and Cameron and Renwick, mingling in the hue and cry

against the United Societies, and branding the Armed Conventicles in terms the most opprobrious; the Moderates, who, amid the upheaving shocks of Revolution, always affect a monopoly of wisdom, and are always to do such great things when the proper time comes, which proper time will be somewhere about the Greek kalends, —these Moderate Presbyterians were as prostrated and helpless as the Royalists. They had condemned and discouraged the use of arms, and had joined, open-mouthed, against the armed Cameronians as rebels and assassins; and now, without arms, without discipline, without concert, and enfeebled by their own timid habits, and their system of compliances contrary to their fundamental principles, they stood trembling and terrified like a flock of sheep, gazing wistfully at what might happen, but having no definite policy, and unable to originate any direct or active movement. In the meantime, William of Orange, though accompanied in his march with endless good wishes and complimentary addresses, had little real force to depend upon but his own fourteen thousand heavy and stubborn Dutchmen. And as regarded Scotland and Ireland, the Royalists were beginning to recover from their first fright, and to assume a very menacing attitude. Claverhouse was posting to Scotland to take command of his dragoons—commander and troops thoroughly matched—burning with wrath to crimson their swords once more in the blood of Scotland's peasantry.

Was the country then to be plunged back, before it had well breathed, into the horrors from which there had seemed a prospect of escape? Was there to be no

voice raised? no defence offered? Were no volunteers to start up for mother-land, and the national faith? Yes! the silence was suddenly broken; the nation was instantaneously revived, and made to feel that she still had undegenerate sons. Clear and loud as the clarion's sound—distinct, bold, and unwavering, from the wild mountain solitudes of Wanlockhead, long the haunt and refuge of the persecuted,—there issued a voice, when all others were mute. It was the voice of the *Cameronian Host!* And thus it spake:—"Duty and safety require that we should rise in a posture of defence, when all will be compelled to take a side and declare whom they are for. It will be a reproach, when the quarrel is for religion and liberty, if they who have borne arms hitherto for the defence thereof, shall now lay them by as indifferent."

Listen to the well-known accents! The same voice in 1688 that was heard in 1638; the lapse of fifty years has neither cracked nor weakened its freedom-loving, tyranny-defying tones.

The armed Cameronians modelled themselves into a military force. They were the first Volunteers in Britain who appeared for the Revolution of 1688. They—the persecuted, despised, maligned Cameronians—were called to Edinburgh to protect the Scottish Parliament, whilst deliberating on the transfer of the crown to William, against the perils which environed them from the plots of the Jacobites, who were mustering together under Claverhouse. For this inestimable service, they accepted the thanks of the Parliament, but refused any pay; they

were serving, not as mercenaries, but as men devoted by Covenant to the salvation of their country. And now that they had arms in their hands—in short, were the only army in Scotland, and had full scope to wreak retribution on their persecutors, to have at least one bloody week of vengeance for thirty years of nameless wrongs and horrors—did they break loose into Sicilian Vespers, or a repetition of St. Bartholomew's Day? No! but the United Societies, their authoritative body—as opposed to anarchy as to despotism—learning that here and there a disposition was manifested to "rabble the curates," published a Manifesto, which almost entirely put a stop to these comparatively trifling disturbances. "Perceiving that some are too bent to take redress of wrongs rashly at their own hand, in doing whereof disorders may be committed whereby the cause, their brethren, and themselves will suffer reproach, we judge it expedient *that parties aggrieved should not at their own hand take redress, seeing there are now some hopes of getting wrongs redressed in a legal and orderly manner.*"

And, finally, when the Revolution Government, though nationally recognised and sanctioned, was still infirm and precarious, and in urgent want of increased military force, especially in Scotland,—in the spring of 1689, without bounty, without beat of drum, starting to their feet in a moment at the cry of their distressed mother-land, the Cameronians assembled, nine thousand strong, on Douglas Moor, the very gate into their western hills, those glorious ramparts of British freedom; and at once, without the least difficulty, and without any stimulus except a belief

that the Revolution was in danger, and a determination to defend and establish it, they turned out a regiment of eight hundred brethren, ready armed, fit for the field, under the command of Lord Angus, and William Cleland, the young hero of Drumclog. This was the origin of the celebrated *Cameronian regiment*. They further offered to the Government to raise and equip other regiments, if required—and ultimately they consecrated 1200 brethren in all—to aid in securing, and placing beyond all danger of attack, the newly-planted liberties of the country, civil and religious.

Such was the part which the Cameronians performed in achieving the Revolution of 1688. These armed, and trained, and desert-bred, and God-covenanted legions were the legacy which Cameron and Renwick bequeathed to their country, when the hour struck for Britain's redemption, or her tenfold slavery for generations and generations to come.

And so far, the REVOLUTION SETTLEMENT—in the main adopting what was universal, and rejecting what was exclusive or over-grasping in their views—was the consummation and triumph, civilly, and politically, and to a large extent ecclesiastically, of "THE FIFTY YEARS' STRUGGLE OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS."

We have thus surveyed the whole fifty years of the Covenanting struggle, from the first swearing of the Covenant in 1638 to the settlement at the Revolution of 1688, when its objects were substantially accom-

plished, and when it ceased, therefore, as a paper document, to have any further active operation.

Under the Stuart reaction, seeking absolute sovereignty, and, as one step to that end, a king-ruled Church, there was aimed a deadly blow at legitimate aristocratic power, at public opinion, and at the conscience and independence of man as a religious being. To countermine this universal attack, the Parliament and the Kirk of Scotland united as one; and, seeing that no national movement can be brought into coherence, or rendered permanent, without some unific symbol, the leaders both of Kirk and Parliament caught up the whole voices of the people, and compressed into the Covenants all that they were vaguely and inarticulately longing to express.

The Covenants, viewed not simply in themselves, but under the side-lights thrown upon them by their received interpreters, like all popular standards, had something that was local and special, and breathed the imperfections of the particular age; and something universal, and perpetual, and interesting to all mankind, so long as there shall be such things as the true love of liberty, and the free, pure exercise of religious belief and worship. There was *Universality*, and there was *Exclusivism*. That which was *exclusive*, was the avowed intention to extirpate (putting the most charitable construction upon the modes of extirpation which were meant)—to extirpate certain other churches and creeds, and the desire and tendency to impose upon the three kingdoms, if possible upon the world, a Presbyterian uniformity.

That which was *universal* was the principle, that the people should be governed by fixed laws passed in assemblies representing the national will; and that religious belief, and the Church as the embodied organ of the individual beliefs, should be secured in perfect spiritual independence.

It may be true that many of the Covenanters attached equal value to the Exclusivism as to the Universality. It may be true that they would not have struggled so long and strenuously, with the ardour of devotees, with the bravery of soldiers, with the constancy of martyrs, for that which was universal, if they had not been incited by the expectation of thereby gaining, for the aggrandizement of their own sect, that which was exclusive. All this may be partially true, and it is true only partially. But if we had time to illustrate, this is a tale which may be told of all even the most patriotic parties, of all even the most important and beneficial movements. The motive power may be a temporary and imperfect thing, yet the principles which are involved, and the results which are wrought out, may be of essential and lasting benefit to the world. The spur which rouses into mettle the swift steed, is a piece of dull, cold steel; the occasion is nothing; it is the fine muscle and noble blood of the animal that truly carry him forward in the race. Is it not from a worthless-looking nut that nature rears her oaks? Is it not within a rough, mean coating that she forms her precious pearls? So is it with great human struggles and great human reformations. The immediate impulse may be common, insig-

nificant, imperfect, yet we must do justice to the great principles which have been stirred up and driven forward in the movement, and to the golden prize, richer than perhaps he dreamed of or anticipated, which ultimately crowns the brow of the charioteer.

But whatever impetus the Covenanters might derive from the not unnatural desire to see their own creed and sect all triumphant, on the other hand, that they were perfectly cognizant of—that consciously and purposely, as part of their struggle, they laboured after—that which was universal in civil and religious liberty, has been previously demonstrated beyond the possibility of contradiction.

It is this which connects them with ourselves. I have not been rehearsing an old-world tragedy, "a tale of Troy divine," which may tickle the ear or excite the feelings, but which does not touch our own blood, or come home to our own business and bosoms. In the grand leading outline, their principles are ours. Their mode of national action is the same which we now adopt for achieving any great and difficult public object—that is, by aggregate association, and by binding ourselves to some standard document expressive of our general principles. They grappled, on its first appearance, with the monster form of Absolutism, under which, but for their determined and long-continued resistance, we might have been trampled down even till this day. Their Fifty Years' Struggle has insured us our many long years of peace and freedom. If we sit at our firesides in security; if we travel and traffic without restraint; if we own no

subjection but to fixed law ; if we know little or nothing of the influence of the Crown beyond the good example and beneficent actions of the possessor of it ; if we have rights and franchises, and are proud of our burgh charters, and are convened together to elect our legislators ; if we hold public meetings, and every man may speak out his mind according to his measure of understanding and courage, there being none to make him afraid ; if we can read and hear and discourse at pleasure, always within the fair bounds of truth and justice to our neighbours ; if we can sing the evening psalm in the bosom of our families with none to mock or molest ; if the Sabbath bell, in silvery sweetness, calls us to offer the sacrifice of free worship to our God—almost everything we do, or enjoy, or expect, connects us in the bonds of a sacred union, which distance of time does not impair but only the more hallows, with the spirits of our Covenanting forefathers.

We shall best repay their care, and best prove that we are their true posterity, if we preserve with jealous fidelity the rights which they have transmitted to us, at the cost of how much suffering, how much blood ; and if we gradually carry out those rights farther and farther, beyond what was given to them to accomplish, to foresee, even to conceive. Like them, let us not be solely absorbed in material interests, but act up to the full freedom and dignity of man. It is well that we should have our physical comforts, our sanitary improvements, our new commercial openings, our high-art decorations :

but it is also well, it is better, that we should possess and carefully guard our rights as intellectual, moral, active, and religious beings. Had it been the will of our Creator, that our mere outer-world interests should be the be-all and end-all of our existence—that we should only be clean-littered like the bullock, well fed like the dog, regularly trained and breathed like the horse, and ridden with bit and spur to keep us from stumbling, and to get us properly along in our journey of life,—if, in short, Materialistic Government had been all that God intended us for, I venture to surmise that He would have constituted our natures somewhat differently than He has done, and in their formation would have kept out one thing which happens to be there—one thing which happens to be the greatest there—one thing which happens to be the essential glory of man, shared by no other creature on earth—that is, the inquiring, aspiring, ever-working SOUL!

Despise then the designing cant about *Paternal Government*, which of late has been creeping too much even into this free, bold country of ours. Scorn the shallow modern foppery which lisps as if the world were made for Cæsar; as if we should simply eat and drink, and die to-morrow; as if there were not a principle worth the trouble of moving one's tongue; as if there were not a human right worth a moment's struggle, far less a struggle of Fifty Years. I adjure you—especially ye brave, uncorrupted youth who may be hearing me—to keep yourselves unspotted from this jargon of slavery, from these dregs of a used-up civilisation, running down

into mere atheism, and the last corruption of moribund states. The good old manly custom in Britain—may it be perpetual!—has been, to contend earnestly for all human rights. Never let us sell our birthright: never let us pawn our crown. Least of all *now*, when we are the elder brethren of great empires of free men, already beginning to cover the wide prairies of Canada, and the boundless tracts of the Australian continent.

But above all, let us study that our lives be more noble and Christian. Such lives will be the best antidote against the evils which now threaten Europe, and are even casting a shade over the horizon of our own country. What avails our boast, "The Bible, the Bible is the religion of Protestants," if, whilst our creed is biblical, our lives and actions are unbiblical? I am not afraid of foreign despotisms or invasions. Britain has resources and energy enough to meet and foil all mere external and physical assaults. What I most dread, as portending evil and ruin, is the pride, and avarice, and corruption, and fraud, and tawdry idiotic vanity which prevail so much amongst us, and which, I think, are upon the increase amongst the young. A thousand barbarous legions rushing against the boss of our shield, would be snapt like so many bulrushes. But our own vices and follies may unfit us for being any longer God's instruments, as in many important respects we have hitherto been, in "teaching the nations how to live," and the Governments how to rule with freedom and order combined.

And let others trust for renovation and improvement to mere human agency: I cannot. Even philosophy and the facts of the age pronounce any such expectation to be hopeless. A higher Power must intervene. A new and celestial influence, fresh from the chambers of the sky, must breathe upon society, and quicken, cleanse, and sweeten it. As God alone could create, as God alone upholds, so God alone can regenerate and renew the world, when it has sunk into one of its periods of moral decadence and dissolution.

That He may speedily do so, and especially that He may winnow and purify Britain, and render her more than ever the missionary of civilisation, freedom, and religion to the ends of the earth,—let this be our earnest prayer, let this be our humble endeavour, as fellow-workers along with His almighty goodness. I believe in the future of my country. Our empire has not half accomplished her mission. Heaven's light points the way, and a Voice from the cloud proclaims, "O Britain! continue to be the nurse of Freedom! THE MIGHTY MOTHER OF FREE COLONIES, AND OF THE FUTURE FREE EMPIRES OF THE WORLD!"

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